

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXI

FEBRUARY, 1906

No. 4

THE BRIBE THAT WENT ASTRAY

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WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



THE only question to be settled was, Who shall hold the money?

The "trolley crowd" was to advance the money, and certain legislators were to get it. There was no misunderstanding as to the amount that was to be put up, no misunderstanding as to what was necessary to "earn" it, and no misunderstanding as to how it was to be divided. The price of each man needed had already been quoted and accepted. But the sum was large, the transaction rather complicated, and the confidence of one party in the other extremely limited. The "trolley crowd" did not care to pay the money and trust to the "honor" of the legislators to "deliver the goods," nor did the legislators care to "deliver the goods" and trust to the "honor" of the "trolley crowd" to pay the money. A man does not always "stay bought" when the purchase price is paid in advance. He may mean to do so when the deal is made, but the pressure of public opinion is often

strong, and there is no way of recovering a bribe that is paid. On the other hand, it is unwise to deliver goods for which it is impossible to collect if the "purchaser" chooses to repudiate. These were all honorable men, of course, and they prided themselves on keeping faith—with each other, but not with the public. Still, it is just as well to protect one's interests in all possible ways. So it always came back to the question, Who shall hold the money?

The "trolley crowd" had planned to put a line through a certain part of the State, and, in fact, had already built part of the line. But there was a marsh that proved most annoying. To cross the marsh would entail a heavy expense; to skirt it would be cheaper, and they could not forget that the marsh represented many miles of country that would give them no traffic. A virtually uninhabited stretch of country gives little encouragement to trolley-road promoters, even when there is a good district on each side of it. In this case the two good districts prom-

ised an excellent profit, which the space between would sadly curtail. Not that it was not good business policy to make the line complete and continuous, but it was hard to have any part of the territory going to waste.

The "trolley crowd" had gone over the ground many times and discussed many plans, but the marsh was always there to add to their expenses and cut into their profits.

"This line," said Major Butts, "would be nothing short of a gold-mine if we could make this ten miles of marsh produce traffic."

"Of course," admitted Henry Pettison; "but it's the very fact that it won't produce traffic that has left the district undeveloped from a trolley point of view, and has given us our chance to break in. It has stood in the way of progress for some distance on each side of it. But there's a pretty good thing in our plan, anyhow, especially as we will connect with some of our other systems and strengthen our trolley mortgage on the State."

"Oh, yes," returned Major Butts, "it is a pretty good thing, but it is n't good enough. The marsh has kept people away until we got here, but it seems like a personal affront for the marsh not to move on when we're ready to take this stretch into our system."

"It could be drained," suggested Fanning, the engineer of the party. "It would cost a good bit, but it would be worth it to the road, especially if we acquired some of the land in advance."

"There ought to be a good thing in that," remarked Pettison, thoughtfully. "Acquire the land—or rather the water—first, while it can be had for practically nothing. Some of it belongs to the State, you know. Then put the trolley through, and that will lift the price a little. After that we can organize a company to take over a part of the land and drain it all. We ought to win two ways on that plan."

This looked like a big thing to several members of the party, and after a moment of thought they commended it with enthusiasm. It would cost a great deal of money, but men who had financed a big trolley system should have no difficulty in a scheme that promised such big returns as this. It was a big undertaking for big men.

"Don't you think," asked Major Butts at this point, "that it would be better and cheaper to have the State drain the marsh?"

The possibilities brought into view by this question were so great that there was a dead silence, while the various members of the party made mental calculations. If the State would build a drainage ditch to reclaim its own land for sale and settlement, the rest would be easy. They could acquire the rest of the marsh without appearing in the transaction at all, and then bring up the drainage question on the plea of developing the district in connection with the trolley. The trolley plan had not been announced yet, so it could be said that it depended upon this. That would bring all the people of the vicinity to the support of the measure, for they wanted the trolley, to break down the barrier that now existed. And a drainage ditch would be of great value to many of the farms in the vicinity. But each and every one of them knew that these arguments would carry no weight at all, except as they were used as a subterfuge by the men who supported the plan from other motives. It would be a steal of wonderful magnitude; the State would be asked to spend a great sum of money to reclaim a small tract of land for itself and a big tract for the "trolley crowd." The legislation would have to be "greased," and even then it would be advisable to have it put through as quietly as possible, in order that the public might not grasp the real meaning of it until it was too late. The "greasing" would be expensive, but not nearly so expensive as the drainage, and the profits, in connection with the trolley development, would be enormous.

So Major Butts, being the practical man in legislative matters, went to the State capital to look the ground over, and shortly thereafter certain "ring" legislators learned that some one was going to "cut a large melon." It had to be a large one, because they could readily see what it was going to be worth to the promoters.

"It will cost us \$65,000," Major Butts reported, "but it will cost the State \$200,000. We save the difference."

When the "trolley crowd" had calculated the difference and taken another

look at the probable profits, the money was promptly forthcoming, although Major Butts was advised to be extremely cautious as to the method of paying it out.

Then it was that the question arose, Who shall hold the cash?

\$65,000 is a large sum to intrust to the "honor" of any one, especially when there are so many different views of what constitutes "honor." A man who is most punctilious in all the business dealings of which commercial law takes cognizance may prove untrustworthy when so large a sum is left to him without possibility of its legal recovery. On the other hand, a man whose vote is on the market or who is an adept at all kinds of trickery may be absolutely honest in the handling of such a fund. A good many men would rather trust a boodler than a business associate with an uncounted roll of bills. One man's "honor" depends on the law, and another's on the custom of his kind; the unrecorded transactions of one class would give the shivers to another, and in boodling there must be implicit trust somewhere.

Major Butts showed that he had the money, and announced his willingness to do anything in reason to prove his intention of paying it over at the proper time, but he positively would not pay for undelivered legislation. Some of the legislators had sufficient confidence in him to leave the matter in this shape, after actually seeing the cash; but others feared the major might forget, and they were sure they would be too diffident to care to

use strenuous measures to bring the matter to his attention: they preferred to have the cash in the hands of some trustworthy third party. But who? The man who was conducting the negotiations, in order that the law-makers might not be seen too often with the major, charged up two pairs of shoes to expenses and became discouraged.

"How about Billy Creeden?" some one finally suggested.

Billy Creeden had his point of "honor," like the rest of them. He was one of the clerks of the lower house, and he was not above selling perquisites of one kind or another; but he was "square." There were many favors (some proper and some not so proper) that he could do for legislators and others, and he received occasional financial presents, but he always "delivered the goods." Major Butts himself had got inside information from Creeden at times, and had learned to trust him. Creeden was fat and jolly and apparently very frank, and this made him popular with such of the general public as

knew him. He was, in truth, one of the last men who would be suspected of countenancing any crooked work in the legislature, which added to his value to those who knew how to use him.

"Creeden will suit me," said Major Butts, when the suggestion was brought to him, "if he'll tackle the job."

The majority of the "ring" also decided that Billy was all right, if he would tackle the job. There seemed to be some doubt on this score. As before stated, there are degrees and kinds of "honor,"



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

BILLY CREEDEN

and Billy might readily accept "tips" for information, and even questionable favors, and still balk at handling "real boodle." It was the difference between a misdemeanor and a crime. But he naturally knew all about these things, and it was worth trying.

Major Butts went to see Billy himself. At first he thought of having Billy come to see him, but the wiser course seemed to be to go to Billy. A good deal of interest was manifested in the major's callers, for he had been identified with other legislation needed by men with great corporate and business connections, and this was a matter of such importance that it was advisable to take every possible precaution. The major could go to Billy's rooms with little chance of discovery, and with a practical certainty that no one would note the length of the conference, for Billy lived in a boarding-house and the major at the principal hotel.

Billy was writing a letter when the major called. He put the letter aside and greeted the visitor warmly, but with some surprise: he knew that the major was not making social calls on a mere clerk of the house. Still, Billy did not underrate his own standing as a "good fellow," clever entertainer, and valuable "friend." He stood in no awe of the major, but, on the contrary, gave him the familiar greeting of a friend.

"What 's doing, major?" he asked.

"Something pretty big," answered the major.

"Naturally," said Billy, "or you would n't hunt me up. Want a little advance information on a committee report, if I can get it?"

"That would n't bring me here, Billy," returned the major. "We could fix that up in two minutes anywhere that we happened to meet—hotel lobby, barroom, or anywhere. But this may need a little talk, and I could n't trust it to any one else."

"Let 's have it," said Billy in his bluff way; "and I hope you 're feeling generous, major, for I need the money."

"Oh, I should say that your assistance in this matter would be worth a thousand dollars to me," the major announced.

"Wait a minute, major," cautioned Creeden; "wait till I get my breath. Fifty or a hundred, or even two hundred,

for some favor I could do you might be all right; but a thousand— Why, major, that 's getting big enough to look like bribery."

"Not in the least, Billy," explained the major. "This is something entirely outside of your official duties; so it 's about as far from bribery as anything can be."

"Glad of that!" exclaimed Billy. "Have a cigar, major, to give me time to think it over. I was afraid you wanted me to get a bill stolen, or a roll-call doctored, or an error slipped in, or some other dangerous thing. I always like to favor my friends when I can, but I don't want to be asked to sell out my whole job. Now, go ahead and tell me what 's wanted."

"I want to place a little matter of \$40,000 in your hands, to be distributed, according to agreement, in a certain contingency," said the major, slowly and impressively; "or to be returned to me, in a certain other contingency."

The major paused, and Creeden suddenly lost his light, jocular air.

"Go on," he said.

"That 's all just now, Billy," returned the major; "that 's all, until you say you 'll do it. You were n't born yesterday, and you don't need any explanations."

"What 's it for, major?" persisted Billy.

"You will get full instructions with the money," answered the major. "There are reasons why this money can't be paid in advance, and there are reasons why the money should be placed in escrow before the desired services are rendered. All you have to do is to take the money and pay it out or return it, according to the instructions that will be given you. Will you do it?"

Billy Creeden was no child in legislative matters: he knew exactly what this meant, and, if pressed, he could have made an accurate guess as to the legislation that it concerned. He knew it was bribery—not the bribery of himself, as he looked at it, but the bribery of others, for whom he was to hold the bribe-money. Billy might have found some difficulty in explaining the difference between the presents he got for certain improper favors and the presents legislators got for

certain improper votes, but they did not seem to him at all the same thing. He never had been mixed up with "the real thing" before, although he generally knew what was going on.

"I did n't think," remarked Billy, thoughtfully, thus showing his knowledge of the general situation, "that the boys would do so big a job so cheap."

Creeden smoked and looked at the ceiling as he sprawled back in his chair, and the major smoked and looked at Billy. It may seem strange to the man with another point of "honor" that Billy should have any hesitation about this, in view of the minor industries that served materially to increase his income; but he was really having a fight with himself. Billy



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"BILLY BLEW SMOKE AT THE CEILING FOR A LONG TIME"

"There is \$25,000 more," explained the major, "that is to be paid direct. Some of the boys are willing to trust me, and some don't seem to want to take any chances."

"Will they trust me?" asked Creeden.

"They have agreed to that," replied the major. "All they want is your assurance that you have the money. You stand pretty well with everybody, Billy."

"Yes," admitted Creeden in a matter-of-fact way; "I'm square in all my dealings. You know that, major."

"If I did n't," replied the major, "I would n't trust you with \$40,000 of good money."

was good-natured and popular. The things that he did added to his popularity as well as to his income, and a wish to be obliging first led him to do many of them. This obligingness helped to make his position secure, so it all worked together in a sort of endless chain. But handling bribe-money was another matter. Billy blew smoke at the ceiling for a long time.

"Suppose," he said at last, "the deal slips up at the last minute."

"You get your thousand dollars, just the same," replied the major. "The cash delivered to you will be \$41,000, of which \$1,000 will be yours, no matter what happens in the House and Senate."

"You 'll not get a bit of my handwriting on anything," persisted Creeden.

"Why should we?" asked the major. "What good would it do? We could n't go into court in a deal like this. That 's why we have come to you: it 's an affair of honor."

Neither the major nor Billy saw the delightful humor of calling a conspiracy to rob by bribery an affair of honor. Perhaps they were too preoccupied.

"I 'll do it," announced Billy at last. "Now, come down to details."

The major pulled his chair up to the table and produced a copy of the roll-call of the Senate and House. After certain names there were numbers, and these numbers, he explained, represented hundreds—"5" meaning "\$500," and so on. This would show what sums were to be paid to what people. The payments were to be made when the Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill was passed, or, in case of its failure to pass, the money was to be returned to the major.

"Oh, I knew what bill it was the moment you spoke of money," said Creeden.

"I naturally supposed you did, Billy," returned the major; "which is why I did n't see the need of using real, plain words until we had come to an understanding. Plain talk in the wrong place does a lot of harm. Where are you going to put the money, Billy?"

"Safe-deposit box," replied Creeden. "I 've had one here ever since the session began."

"Good thing," commented the major. "Big sums suddenly deposited in a bank create comment, but nobody knows what 's in a safe-deposit box. But you 'd better check off your own list of men, Billy; for I don't like to have my figures lying around any more than you do."

When the major had gone, Billy put a package of bills in the inside pocket of his vest, and then added a postscript to his letter. The fact that it would hardly do to follow the major out of the house gave him time to do this before going to his safe-deposit box.

This was the postscript:

P. S. You may close the deal for that house, after all, if Briggs will wait for the first payment until I get home. The session has been pretty good so far, and just as I was

closing this letter a man came in and put me in the way of adding quite a bit to the sum already salted away in my safe-deposit box. If things continue lively, I may be able to do a good deal better than Briggs expects; but this last piece of luck makes the first payment more than sure, and we can take chances on the rest. So you see, dear, you are finally to have the long-sought pleasure of moving into a house that is your own, at least temporarily; and, as things look now, I guess there's no danger of losing it. There are lots of ways of making money here that you would n't understand, and I only wished to be sure that things are really coming my way this session before yielding to your arguments to buy. I 'm glad the chance came just as you discovered a place that so pleases you, with a good yard for the children, and all that. And I know that Briggs is all right.

Your loving husband,

Billy.

The next day, while on his way to the Capitol, Creeden was greeted with considerable warmth by a legislator he chanced to meet.

"By the way, Billy," said the latter, after passing the time of day, "what number am I?"

"Twenty-five," replied Billy, promptly.

"And you 've got it?"

"Sure," said Billy.

Thus the legislator learned that Major Butts had kept faith with him, that he was down for \$2500, and that Creeden had the money.

Others asked similar questions, and the answers ranged all the way from "5" to "100," for there were some big men who came high, and there were some little men who were mighty cheap. Of course, it was not necessary for the major to buy all his votes with cash, for some could be secured by political manipulation and some could be bamboozled into supporting his bill; but, all in all, he had made sure of enough to carry him safely and comfortably through both the Senate and the House—"if nothing broke." In these matters, as he well knew, one is never sure that "something won't break" until the work is finally done. But the major had taken more than ordinary precautions, and his bill moved along smoothly and quietly. Thus it would go until it came to the final dash, when the plan was to "jam it through" hurriedly to avoid any possible last-minute complications.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"AND THEN ADDED A POSTSCRIPT TO HIS LETTER"

At the proper time a delegation from the Hartland Swamp vicinity appeared and urged that this drainage ditch was a great public necessity. Delegations can be secured to advocate any thing, but in this instance the men were entirely honest, for the plan would benefit them, and they did not know all that lay behind it. Their advocacy, while earnest, was unassuming, however, and no one else seemed to be paying very much attention to the measure. It was attacked by those wise and honest legislators who could see the "scheme" in it, but even they did not appreciate the magnitude of the steal, and their protests received little attention from the outside public. So long as the public remained quiescent, the major knew that he had little to fear: it was only under the pressure of public opinion, vociferously expressed, that some of his votes might melt away. Some there were who would stick, but some there always are who may be easily frightened into honesty. It was the knowledge of this that induced the major to put up enough to give him "a margin to the good," as he expressed it. A rebuff at the critical moment, even a delay, would be pretty sure to mean ultimate defeat; so he planned to be able to lose a vote here and there without losing the measure. He had been cautious, too, seldom seeing the legislators personally, except as he met them casually in public places, and carrying on his negotiations through trusted lieutenants or with representatives of the "ring." So cleverly and carefully was it all done

that it really seemed as if the thing would go through without a hitch.

And that is precisely what happened.

Billy Creeden—smiling, good-natured Billy—came and went, and laughed and joked, and kept their minds at ease by being very much in evidence. Billy knew how they trusted him, but he knew that that trust was not great enough to leave them entirely at ease if he happened to be absent from a session or to break an appointment. The more they saw of him the less occasion they had for anxiety. And \$40,000 in cash that could not be legally claimed might be a very great temptation to an ordinarily honest man. But Billy never even thought of appropriating it to his own use: it was the most natural thing in the world for him to do with it precisely what he had agreed to do. If it had been a public fund, it might have been a different matter. A public fund may be legitimate spoils, but the people back of such a private fund as this are the kind who make money for those who serve them well. Aside from the question of "honor," it was policy to be "square," for the major might easily put him in the way of making half a million in some stock deal at a later day.

So Billy kept himself in view, and the day the bill passed the Senate, having previously passed the House, Billy nodded understandingly to the many who looked anxiously his way, and let it be understood that "to-morrow will be settling day." The legislators were anxious that the melon should be "cut" in a

hurry, for a veto by the governor might materially change the situation. The governor's action really had no bearing on their part of the bargain, being the major's risk, but a veto might discourage him. Anyhow, it was just as well to have the cash in hand. But Billy would be unable to get to his safe-deposit box before the vault closed that afternoon, so they would have to wait until the morrow. Besides, Billy did not wish to be too hasty.

Pettison and Fanning and some others of the "trolley crowd" had joined the major when their measure reached the voting stage of progress. Little was seen of them until the last vote had been recorded, but they deemed it wise to be on the ground at the critical moment, in order that they might take prompt action in an emergency. Men who have advanced \$65,000 to save \$135,000 and make many times that sum, with the possibility of losing the original investment, may be excused for hovering close to the battle-ground, anyway. For the moment this was a center of absorbing interest.

They came from cover with the passage of the bill and discussed the fight and their prospects. It had been so easy that they rather regretted now that they had not asked the State to do the entire drainage job. As it was, the State was to dig the main ditch, which was the really costly part of the work, but they would have to attend to the minor details so far as their land was concerned. It had been deemed unwise to ask the State to do more than that, but now they regretted their modesty.

"The ditch alone won't do the work," grumbled Pettison.

"No," returned Fanning, the engineer; "but the ditch will do a good part of it, and it makes it possible for us to do the rest at a mere nominal expense."

"And we got all that it was safe to try to get," added Major Butts. "If we had tried, for more, somebody would surely have got too curious. As it is, you're likely to hear some tall yelling when the people wake up."

"Looks as if some of them were getting excited and worried already," remarked Fanning, indicating a group of men at the other side of the hotel lobby.

"They're waiting for Billy Creeden,"

laughed the major. "Billy is to pay over some of the money,—not here, of course; but I understand he was to show up here this morning before going to the safe-deposit vaults. He must be late."

"That's no case of ordinary worry," exclaimed Fanning, a moment later. "They're crazy, man! dead crazy!"

The major looked again. There were two or three excited groups, and some wild-eyed men running from one to another. There was anger, doubt, bewilderment in the eyes and gestures of many, and a very apparent attempt to refrain from showing unusual excitement on the part of others.

"What's happened?" called the major to a man who was hurrying past.

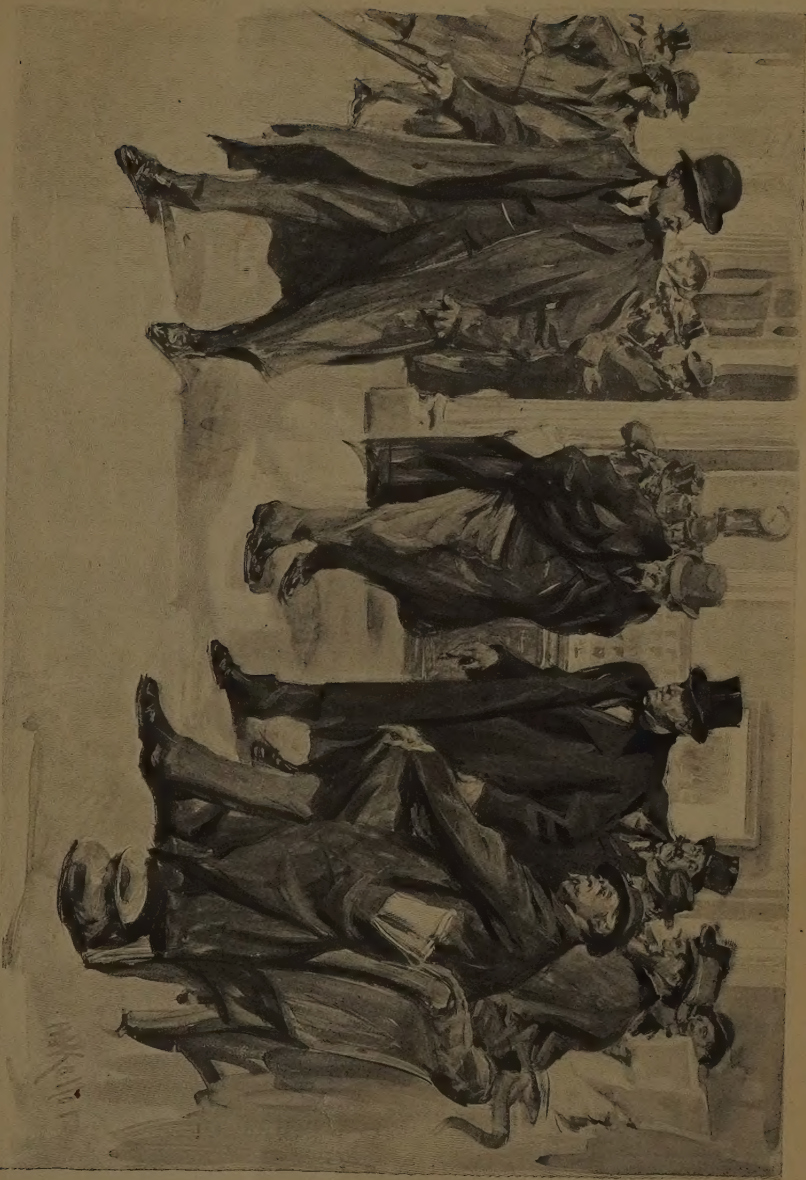
"Billy Creeden died of heart disease last night," answered the man. "Found dead in bed this morning."

The major was ordinarily quick, but it took fully a minute for the full meaning of this to percolate through his brain.

"Good Lord!" he cried at last. "He's got \$40,000 of Hartland Swamp money locked up in his safe-deposit box, and how the devil is any one going to get it?"

BILLY CREEDEN'S widow arrived at the State capital a few days after the funeral. She was not an entire stranger there, having accompanied Billy during one of the previous sessions of the legislature; but she knew very little of the legislature, and the legislators knew very little of her. They sent some fine floral pieces to Billy's funeral, held at his late home two hundred miles away, and among the letters of condolence that the widow received was one from Major Butts, in which he expressed his great admiration for Billy and an earnest desire to be of service to the widow in any way possible.

Mrs. Creeden was a quiet, demure little woman, very unbusinesslike, and it required the promptings of her friends to induce her to make the trip at this time. She knew that Billy had a safe-deposit box at the capital, and that there was money in it, for he had so written to her; but she had some sort of idea that the contents of this box would be sent to her. However, she was induced by her friends to consult a lawyer about the will, and the lawyer informed her that she was made the sole executrix, without bond,



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"BILLY CREEDEN DIED OF HEART DISEASE LAST NIGHT," ANSWERED THE MAN"

and that it would be better for her to go in person and open the safe-deposit box. If there were any complications, she could telegraph him, and he would join her; but he anticipated no trouble, as, aside from some trifling bequests to the children, she was the sole beneficiary. So, armed with the necessary papers for her purpose, the widow reached the capital.

Major Butts met her at the station. The major had been having a strenuous time since Billy's death, and he was glad that a former meeting with Mrs. Creeden and his well-worded letter of condolence had led her to regard him as her friend and to notify him of her coming. They were only slightly acquainted, as a result of her previous visit; but she had heard Billy speak of the major, and she was sure the major, as a friend of Billy's, would give her the slight assistance necessary to make matters a little easier at this time. In fact, he had expressed a wish to do this—and the wish was a sincere one. The widow had access to \$40,000 that was troubling the major, and the major did not wish to have any one else helping her to get it: he preferred to have the job done in his own way and in his own time. Incidentally, he did not wish to have it done at this particular moment.

"You are tired," said the major.

"A trifle tired," admitted the widow, "but quite equal to whatever has to be done."

"I could not think," said the major, "of taking you to the vaults now. It may require some little time to arrange matters, and a longer time to investigate and itemize the contents of the box. You must let me take you to the hotel for luncheon first. I have a carriage waiting."

Such solicitude seemed to require gracious acquiescence, and the widow acquiesced. She noticed, however, that she attracted a good deal of attention at the hotel, and she mentioned the fact to the major.

"Yes," he returned; "they know who you are, and Billy was the most popular man here."

After luncheon the major left her in the hotel parlor and went to the office. An observing man might have noticed that he suffered unusually from the heat, though there was no heat. The air was

bracing outside, and it was not uncomfortably warm inside; but the major was perspiring. A little talk that he had with Senator Ratlin in the hotel office did not add to his peace of mind.

"I notice, major, that the widow is here," said the senator.

"She is," admitted the major.

"I notice, also," continued the senator, "that she has not yet been to the safe-deposit vaults."

"You are observing," remarked the major, sarcastically.

"I am," replied the senator, "and I shall continue to be. If the widow pockets that money, major, and you have not previously settled with me, I shall proceed to take the lid off."

"I am doing the best I can," said the major.

"In one way only," returned the senator. "There is more money where that came from."

"I hope to save this," explained the major.

"I hope you do," retorted the senator; "but I do not intend to take any chances."

On the way back to the widow, after interviewing the hotel clerk, the major was informed significantly by another legislator that "things are due to happen pretty soon." The major scowled, but his face was clear and smiling again when he met the widow.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of engaging a room for you, and I would suggest that you rest for an hour or so."

"Oh, that is quite unnecessary," protested the widow. "I am ready to go now."

"I could never forgive myself," said the major, gallantly, "if I permitted you further to weary yourself at this time. The strain of recent events and the long trip have told upon your strength severely, and a little rest is of the utmost importance. Besides, there are some preliminaries that I can attend to while you are resting. Really, Mrs. Creeden, you must leave it to me to arrange this matter so that it will involve the least possible tax upon your strength and time. If you will lie down for an hour or so, I'll have you called when I return from my interview with the manager of the vaults."

Mrs. Creeden submitted resignedly. She realized that there might be a little

red tape about securing access to Billy's box, and it certainly was kind of the major to relieve her of annoying details. But the major was merely playing for time. He had emissaries at work endeavoring to get the governor's signature to the Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill, and, that secured, he could afford to laugh at the threats of the legislators.

But the governor was cautious. He was disposed to sign the bill, but he believed he had a political future, and he did not wish to jeopardize it. Certain interested parties, among them Senator Ratlin, had advised him to take his time. As a last resort, the major had secured the influence and assistance of certain men very close to the governor, and they were now laboring to get the desired signature. It may be said for the governor that he had no conception of the real value of this bill to the promoters. He believed that they were entitled to some encouragement in their proposed plan to put a trolley-road through the swamp and connect the districts lying on each side of it; but others might look at it differently, and his future largely depended upon what others thought. So the governor hesitated, and Mrs. Creeden tossed restlessly on the couch in her room, and the major argued with Senator Ratlin while awaiting word from the State-house.

"It is your own fault," said the major. "If you had trusted me, the money would have been paid. You insisted upon having it turned over to Billy Creeden, and now there is \$40,000 locked up in his safe-deposit box, just waiting for the widow to come and take it out. I don't see how you can expect me to get it."

"I don't expect you to get it; but I expect you to duplicate it if you don't get it," returned the senator.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the major. "We can't put up another \$40,000."

The senator smoked placidly.

"Major," he said, "there was \$65,000 to be paid for that Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill, and \$40,000 of this was put in Billy Creeden's hands and seems in a fair way to get to Billy Creeden's widow. The other \$25,000, due to those who did not insist upon its being put in escrow, was to be paid direct; but not one cent of it has been paid."

"Your fault, senator," replied the ma-

jor. "In your effort to induce us to duplicate the \$40,000, you threatened to start an investigation that would uncover the \$25,000 feature; so we could n't afford to pay it over. As long as nothing was paid there could be no case."

"So, as the matter stands," continued the senator, "you have your legislation,—all except the governor's signature,—and we have n't got a cent for it. Major, if you don't settle with us before that \$40,000 leaves the city, the governor will veto the bill."

The major glanced at his watch and wondered how his emissaries were succeeding with the governor. The major could keep his temper and could think and act coolly, but there were occasions of worry when he could not control his temperature sufficiently to look cool, and this was one of them. He was beginning to perspire again. The major was accustomed to plan thoughtfully and have things happen very much as he had planned, and they were not so happening now. He had the governor and the senator and the widow and his own associates to handle, and they all required attention about the same time.

"You may have headed off an investigation by your refusal to pay over the money," persisted the senator; "but there is a newspaper story in the affair,—a fine newspaper story,—and the governor will veto the bill so quick it will make your head swim when the story is published. The governor has n't much nerve, major."

"That's a bluff, senator!" declared the major.

"I have a newspaper friend," returned the senator, calmly. "He is coming to see me to-morrow, and he would like that story. He could write it up well, too. If this matter is n't settled as I have stipulated in my several conversations with you, there will be series of explosions that will jar things. You have done all the procrastinating that you can do."

The major, deeply worried, went in search of his associates, who had joined him at the capital when matters reached the critical stage. He hoped that the widow was getting a good rest, but he deemed it unwise to make any inquiries. The widow might want to go to the safe-deposit vaults at once. As a matter of fact, the widow did want to go, and she



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

**"THE MAJOR FOUND THAT HIS SPIRITS WERE DOING A SEE-SAW ACT.
THEY WERE DOWN NOW"**

was becoming impatient. Instead of resting, she was now sitting by the window, holding a book in her lap, and trying very hard and very unsuccessfully to read. But the major did not know that, and it would have made no difference, anyway: he had to see his associates.

"You'd better get ready to put up another \$40,000," he told them. "I don't say that it will be necessary, but it looks that way. I can see only two chances of escaping that necessity: the governor's signature to the bill before the widow gets the money, or an agreement by the widow to surrender the cash. Our best chance is with the governor, and that's not as good as I could wish. So far as the widow is concerned—well, it's certainly not going to be easy to convince her that the money in her husband's safe-deposit box did not rightfully belong to him. It really looks like a case of more cash."

"An outrageous imposition!" exclaimed Pettison; "a case of highway robbery!"

"Precisely," admitted the major; "but when the robbers have you at their mercy, what can you do?"

"A nice mess you've made of it!" said Fanning, angrily.

"I do not see how I am to blame," returned the major, warmly. "As a matter of fact, Billy Creeden had no business to die; but he did. Still, if you are disposed to blame me, I'll cheerfully step aside and let some one else do the sweating for a while. I've been fighting these legislative hyenas every minute since Billy died; I've been pulling every possible wire to reach the governor; I've headed off the widow, and got her cooped up in a room up-stairs; I've done all the thinking and all the work, and the situation has been of a nature to make me feel that a chill would be a positive luxury. If any one else wants to get into this mental Turkish bath, however, I'll gladly step out."

"No, no," was Fanning's hasty reply. "You're all right."

"But we don't want to put up any more money," added Pettison. "It's a shame to ask it. Still, as a last resort—"

"When we get to the last resort, action will have to be mighty quick," interrupted the major. "Remember that, and be ready for me. We're getting to a point where the minutes count. I can't coop the widow up much longer."

The major decided that it was unsafe

to leave the widow longer to her own devices, but, before he could reach the desk, Representative Connor backed him into a corner of the hotel office. Connor was the representative of the minority interest—the leader of those who had consented to let their money remain with the major.

"The boys are getting warmer every minute," said Connor. "Billy Creeden did n't have our money. You have it, and we want it."

"Then cork up Ratlin and his crowd!" retorted the major, irritably. "They threaten an investigation that will land us all in the penitentiary, and they know how to investigate. There's no evidence so long as the money is n't paid. I've told you that before."

"There's only one way to cork up the Ratlin crowd," said Connor, "and it's your business to do it. We relied on you, major, not on Billy Creeden, and it's your business to do what's necessary to keep your promise to us. If we don't see the color of your money mighty soon, somebody will begin to tear things loose. There are ways of making trouble, major."

"You'll get every cent that's coming to you," declared the major.

"And we'll get it in a hurry," was the threatening reply.

At the hotel counter another man caught the harassed major.

"The governor," whispered this man, "will not sign the bill to-night. He may to-morrow, after he has consulted his political dream-book, but he's got to sleep on it one more night."

"The governor is an ass!" muttered the major.

"The governor is a coward and a political trimmer," said the man. "I showed him the promised land, but he's afraid."

"When the governor wakes up," said the major, "he will find that he has neither wealth nor political prestige. He's unreliable. To-morrow it will be again to-morrow, unless we can tie him down. Get after him early."

The major felt as if they had raised the temperature of the steam-room a little, but he smiled and pretended to be at ease when Mrs. Creeden came tripping out of the elevator. He had sent up his card, expecting she would receive him in the

parlor, but it was evident that she expected to start at once for the safe-deposit vaults.

"I thought you'd never come," she said; "and I am most anxious to have the matter settled, so that I can return."

"I was delayed," explained the major, speaking truthfully for once: "a most important matter, involving a considerable sum of money, and it required my immediate attention."

"I am sorry to have put you to so much trouble," said the widow.

"I am delighted to be able to be of service to you," returned the major. "I only regret that a matter that could not be neglected has delayed me until it is too late to get at Billy's box to-day. We can go the first thing in the morning, however. Shall we return to the parlor, or would you like to take a drive? An hour in the open air before supper might refresh you."

The widow was disappointed, and she showed it. Still, she did not blame the major. He had been very kind, and doubtless he had important personal interests demanding his attention. She was not in the humor for a drive, however, so they returned to the parlor, and later had supper together. The major was most attentive and sympathetic. He led her to talk of her plans, and again expressed a wish to be of service to her in all possible ways.

"Billy had charge of a little deal for me at the time of his death," explained the major. "Perhaps he mentioned it."

"Yes," returned the widow; "Billy told me something about it in his last letter. At least, he told me that some one—I presume it was you—had put him in the way of making a considerable sum of money, and on the strength of this I bought a house."

"You bought a house!" The major had been encouraged by her first admission to think that it might not be so difficult to convince her that Billy was merely custodian of the fund, but the purchase of a house was disquieting.

"Well, I agreed to buy it," explained the widow; "but I don't know what to do now. It's one of a block of three," she went on with the utmost frankness. "If I could buy all three, I could live in one and get the income from the other two;

but one won't help me very much, if it takes all my money."

"You don't know how much is in the vault, then?" queried the major, anxiously.

"Only that it is a considerable sum."

"What would you call a considerable sum, Mrs. Creeden? Pardon the question, but I have a reason for asking."

The widow knitted her brow in perplexity.

The major smiled, but his heart was sinking. This little woman was ingenious and unsophisticated, but she had faith in Billy, and it would be difficult to explain.

"Suppose," he remarked a little later, "I should tell you that there was a trust fund in that box—a large sum that was temporarily in Billy's custody."

"I shall certainly carry out any of



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE MAJOR WAS ELATED, AND HE ASSURED HIS ASSOCIATES THAT IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT"

"I don't know," she said at last. "Billy was always so truthful that I think I'd consider whatever he left a considerable sum. I've simply made up my mind to be satisfied with what I find."

"I should think you would be," said the major, under his breath.

"But I would like to get those other two houses," added the widow, wistfully. "Then the children and I would be comfortable."

Billy's obligations," said the widow, and the major's spirits rose. "Of course," she went on, "anybody who gave Billy money to keep must have a receipt." The major found that his spirits were doing a see-saw act. They were down now.

"Why, the fact is," said the major, "it was a confidential matter, and Billy had such a high sense of honor that no one thought of taking the precautions with him that would be taken with others."

"I can readily understand that," said the widow.

"However," persisted the major, "so far as this particular sum is concerned, I can give the denominations of the bills, and I can also give an exact description of the memorandum that accompanies it. That ought to be convincing."

"Yes," admitted the widow, hesitatingly, "that ought to be convincing."

"If I prove to be absolutely correct in every detail," said the major, "you will permit the fund to be used for the purpose intended, will you not? Of course, we shall expect to pay handsomely for your custodianship."

"I certainly do not want anything that did not rightfully belong to Billy," said the widow, with a troubled look; "and, as you say, an exact knowledge of the matter would be very convincing. I'll have to trust a good deal to you, major, for I don't know anything about business."

The major was elated, and he assured his associates in the hotel lobby that it would be all right. If the major could have seen what the widow was doing, he might not have been so certain. She was so unsophisticated that the story the major had told had not seemed to her improbable. Indeed, Billy's talk of legislative affairs had led her to understand that the ordinary safeguards were frequently lacking in financial transactions at the capital, but she never had troubled her head about the reason for it. Now she did. It was evident that there was a large sum in Billy's safe-deposit box that had no certain owner. She wanted to be honest about it, but she wanted to be sure. She had been almost convinced in her talk with the major, but now, as she turned the matter over, it occurred to her that possibly the problem was a little too deep for her. So, while the major was losing the steam-room effects of his strenuous day, this telegram was speeding from Mrs. Creeden to her lawyer:

"Come at once. Important."

The next morning the lawyer arrived, but his presence was not made known to any but Mrs. Creeden. After his conference with her he might have been seen to chuckle, after which he informed himself confidentially, "I guess that will jar them a little." The lawyer knew something of legislative ways. He did not

tell the widow what he knew, but he assured her that the money undoubtedly belonged to Billy, and he told her how she could demonstrate it. The lawyer could not see that anybody had any legal claim to the cash, and he was of the opinion that it would do the widow more good than it would any one else. Besides, it was a good joke. The lawyer laughed then, and he laughed afterward. He said some time later that it restored an impaired digestion.

About the time that the lawyer concluded his conference with the widow, Senator Ratlin was having a little talk with his newspaper friend. The senator thought it was time to "throw a scare into the major," as he expressed it.

"Major Butts," said the senator, confidentially, to his newspaper friend, "can give you a great story, if he will—a regular screamer. Just ask him what was found in Billy Creeden's safe-deposit box."

The senator knew the major to be a resourceful man, so he was confident that the newspaper man would not get the real story. But the major would understand whom he should see to settle the matter finally and properly, and he would know that no time was to be lost. The senator put himself where he could be found, and waited to see the perspiring major hastening in his direction, for he knew the major would perspire when that question was put to him.

It so happened, however, that the major was in a private room at the safe-deposit vaults when the newspaper man was trying vainly to find him. In front of Mrs. Creeden, who sat near the major, was Billy Creeden's box.

"Before you open it," said the major, "I would like to give you this type-written memorandum of certain of its contents. If it proves correct in every detail, it will be proof of the truth of what I told you about a trust fund."

The widow looked very innocent and guileless.

"I know so little about business," she said, "that I have decided the matter ought to be referred to some one else."

"A wise precaution," said the major, anticipating no trouble in securing the selection of a satisfactory referee, and



Senator Arthur J. Keller. Hal-Some place engraved by F. H. Wallington.

"HE SWORE, AND HE REACHED OVER AND GRABBED THE FOLDED MEMORANDUM HE HAD GIVEN HER"

further realizing that any objection would seem suspicious.

The widow took his folded memorandum and laid it on the box.

"Without opening either of these," she said, "I propose that we take them to the judge of any court of record in this county and leave the adjustment of the matter to him. I shall be satisfied—"

The major did two things with startling suddenness: he swore and he reached over and grabbed the folded memorandum he had given her. The major decided instantly that some wise person was behind this demure little woman, for she certainly never would have thought of a judge of a court of record.

The widow, as she drove back to the hotel, decided that the major had been trying to swindle her; the major decided that his business was to see Senator Ratlin at once. He found the senator waiting for him. His plan was to hold the senator off until he could get word from the governor, and then, if the governor failed him again, to accept the senator's terms. They were close to the finish now.

"I thought that newspaper boy would bring you to terms," laughed the senator.

"What newspaper boy?" asked the major.

The senator suddenly lost his jovial air and explained the situation. A stray newspaper man with a sensational "tip" is enough to make any boddler anxious. They could see no way in which he could do serious harm, but it was disquieting to have him disappear. They started out to find him. An hour later they accidentally discovered that he had met the widow immediately after her return from the vaults, and the major went to the widow's room without the formality of sending up a card.

"Did you tell him what you found?" demanded the major.

"Certainly. Why not?" returned the widow.

The major made no reply. He could not have made a reply that it would be proper for a lady to hear. But he and the senator paid a cabman a considerable sum for fast driving in their effort to locate the newspaper man. He usually wrote in his room or in one of the press galleries at the Capitol, but he was at none of these places; nor could they find him at any of his usual haunts in the

city. If the major did his customary trick of perspiring at this time, he had the consolation of knowing that he was not the only one. Large sums were slipping away, and danger was threatening.

They found their man finally at the telegraph office. In order that his story might be sent "running," he had written it at the elbow of the operator.

"Great stuff!" he told the senator, cheerfully, as he handed in his last sheet of "copy." "Widow did n't know what the money meant, but I did. Rushed up to get an interview with the governor,

and he's writing his veto message now. Wants to get it in before the story's printed. Say, but that Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill is dead!"

"And we've all lost—all except the widow," sighed the major.

"And she's going to buy a row of three houses," said the newspaper man. "Told me so herself." The newspaper man laughed. "Pardon my frankness, gentlemen," he went on; "but this is the first deal of this character that I ever knew to come out exactly right."

They had n't the spirit left to reply.



A SEA-GHOST

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

OH, fisher-fleet, go in from the sea
And furl your wings.
The bay is gray with the twilight spray,
And the loud surf springs.

The chill buoy-bell is rung by the hands
Of all the drowned,
Who know the woe of the wind and tow
Of the tides around.

Go in, go in! Oh, haste from the sea,
And let them rest—
A son, and one who was wed, and one
Who went down unblest.

Aye, even as I whose hands at the bell
Now labor most.
The tomb has gloom, but oh! the doom
Of the drear sea-ghost!

He evermore must wander the ooze
Beneath the wave,
Forlorn, to warn of the tempest born,
And to save—to save!

Then go, go in and leave us the sea!
For only so
Can peace release us and give us ease
Of our salty woe.



THE RUNAWAY

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY



WAS extracting my feet from arctics in the dim red light of the narrow hall, when the door of Mrs. Belter's private parlor opened an inquiring crack, and then the round, amiable, white face of Mrs. Belter mooned upon me, and without a word her dramatic hand bade me enter. When fairly out of my wraps, inside the room, and the door prudently closed, she broke out, "I must tell somebody."

"Somebody who can be trusted," suggested I, with the ardor with which I loved to play up to her dramatic moods in a comedy that afforded us amusement, however it might impress an outsider.

"Don't be so everlastingly vain," she tossed back, as she composed her abundant person on her sofa near the fire. Mrs. Belter was a woman of parts in more senses than one; she sailed with convoy; there were always multifarious wings, annexes, and appendages to her toilets in the way of floating Liberty-scarfs; of fringed silk shawls of marked cohesive qualities that make them cling to everything but the body they adorn; of soft white chuddas that one adores to feel; and of metallic trappings like the cross-bearing gold chain, the indispensable eye-glass cord, and a large bland cameo brooch, or a quaint Roman mosaic pin and pendants bearing witness to nothing less stupendous than the Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine. To all this she added a trick of catching up a black-and-Roman-striped afghan, and swathing herself in it when stepping into

the garden; and long before box-coats came in for women she would affect my covert-cloth as the handiest garment for a confidential evening stroll in the neighboring park, where no amount of lamplight daunted her, however it might her companion. She lived in a breeze, and her gowns were invariably of thin, voluminous silk.

"You know all I want," she continued, "is a pair of ears, and whose else can I command at this time of night?" As the mellow tones of the big city-hall bell were booming an early ten when I put my latch-key in the door, our conference had not the conspiring, midnight character her words implied. Her soft-coal fire had fallen to a magnificent glow, and the deep rosewood chair, with red velour cover and a firm pillow at the back that just fitted me, was drawn up before the grate opposite to her sofa. "And I am sure your feet are cold," she asserted with maternal solicitude.

"I shall sleep better for toasting them," I assented, "if your spoils and stratagems don't produce too swelled a head."

A smile was playing about her mobile lips and delicate nostrils. "Many things have happened in this house," she began, "but nothing before quite like this."

"This very night?" I queried, all attention, stretching my feet to the gratifying glow, and tuned to unlimited confidences.

"Not an hour ago; but only the first act."

"I can't stand suspense, you know."

"Well,"—Mrs. Belter drew herself up to her most Orphic pose, her face full of amused mystery,—*"it was nothing more nor less than—let me see, what shall I call it?—than simply a runaway."*

"Is that all?" I scorned. "An elope-ment, and you party to it?"

"Oh, dear, no; nothing so common as that! I've turned away dozens of those. They're always coming here, as if I kept a Scotch tavern. This was a lady alone."

"Who has run away from her husband. And you would inflict that yellowness on us!" I mocked.

"Don't be so obvious! I've shut the door in the face of shoals of that kind, too; they're commoner than elopers. It was nothing so cheap," Mrs. Belter triumphantly exclaimed. "This lady has run away from her millions."

"Her millions? Her millions of husbands? Or her husband's millions?"

"She has n't any husband, and that is the trouble. From her father's millions. It is Miss Upples." She wound up without further parry, fixing me with her blue eyes, and staying her laughter, for this time there was no comedy in the sufficient wonder with which I received the announcement.

"I know of only one Miss Upples," I gasped.

"There is only one Miss Upples," Mrs. Belter retorted.

"Well?"

"Well!" she echoed, leaning back dramatically before showering me with the delightful laughter that came at last. What a world bathed in rosy light, if one half its denizens could extract from it such laughter! "Ah, but why should I laugh?" She caught herself up. "It is not comic; it is pathetic—it is tragic; but then it is—" Mrs. Belter gave me a look rich with meaning.

"Miss Upples, the daughter of Gad D. Upples, run away?" I demanded.

Mrs. Belter cast her eye circumspectly at the closed door. "I was sitting here alone at about half-past eight. Mattie had gone to her room, and I had taken up the morning paper,—for it was the first minute I had had to myself all day,—when Libby came to say that there was a lady who wished to see me alone on business. 'Alone'—that always demands a stiff upper lip, so I stiffened; when in

fluttered a tall, vague, distracted, crane-like creature, in a short sealskin with high astrakhan collar, a large black-plumed chapeau, the face swathed in a dark veil, while the black-gloved claws clutched a big, bumpy, black-satin bag drawn up with a ribbon. The poor thing wavered and trembled, dropping into that little chair by the door as if her knees had collapsed. "This is Mrs. Belter?" she gasped. "Can you take me in? That is, I should like to come here and board." "I beg your pardon." "Excuse me—of course you don't know me." She pushed up her veil, and I saw then who it was. "I am Miss Upples." Poor thing! her beak was red, her eyes were hollow from weeping, her cheeks green, her lips white. She looked sixty, if she looked a day."

"Dear Mrs. Belter, be merciful!" I cried.

"I am not exaggerating one particle. The woman is forty, and looked twenty years older."

"Say fifty."

"I won't. You never saw such a worn, haggard, scared countenance under that great, clumsy, heavy ostrich-plumed chapeau, as if the bird of night had settled upon her. She always wears too big hats."

"I have seen her look almost aristocratic," I threw in; "for she dresses well, as a rule."

Mrs. Belter pressed up her lips. "She gets on too much." This stone from a glass house gave me an inward spasm. "Well, there she sat tremulous and wordless, and I let her take her time to collect herself. 'You can take me, can't you?' she finally gasped. 'I don't know what I shall do if you can't—at this time of night.' I told her I could, for you know the Braxleys are away, and she could have their room for a while. By this time she was on the verge of tears, and had her handkerchief out. So I got her out of her furs, and fished for hat-pins, while the tears were running down her face, and then got her on to the sofa. Libby came to say the lady's trunk was at the door; so that was sent up-stairs, and there she was—installed!"

Mrs. Belter paused, and looked at me with a troubled, questioning smile. "You are good and kind," she broke out; "I shall tell you everything, for you must help us."

"And you did n't allure me in here merely for my pleasure, then?" I exclaimed.

She would n't stoop to notice my mocking, and continued: "The long and short of it is, she has run away. She could not stand it any longer."

"Does he beat her?" I asked. "Or has he married again?"

"Nothing of the sort. There was no climax, no quarrel, no words, no last straw, apparently; only the time had come. He has gone up-river for a few days, and she took the opportunity to escape in cold blood—with cold hands, certainly; I never felt such icy claws. She has two hot-water bags now—one at her feet and one clasped in her hands. You need n't look for yours; I took it out of your wash-stand. Poor child! it is a plan she has been brooding over for years. She sat here, and poured out her heart to me as she never has, I am sure, to any one else. And now look here." Mrs. Belter leaned forward and put her hand on my arm. "This is serious, do you understand? You are sworn to secrecy. That old gnarled hickory-stick, her father, has n't any more heart than a piece of stove-wood. Old miser! Old tyrant! He has treated her all these years like a child, like a slave; she never has had a soul of her own. Can you imagine?"

"But, my dear Mrs. Belter," I protested, "I have seen her dressed magnificently, and does n't she go everywhere?"

"Clothes! Yes, that is all she has. He clothes her and feeds her, but a woman's soul can't live on clothes and victuals. He pays her bills and grumbles. Every item has to be explained, and she has not one cent for charity, for clubs, for travel, to indulge her private, personal fancy. When she goes to the lake for a day she asks him for car-fares. If she goes to the theater, she must beg him to buy her a ticket, and he never buys but one. If a friend is with her, it is a Dutch treat. Think of such a life for a grown woman—the degradation, the humiliation, the abasement, living in that magnificent house, knowing what her father has, and rich in the eyes of the world! Can you conceive it?" Mrs. Belter was standing, for expression always got away with her; she needed a large stage, for motion was imperative. "A paid servant with

fixed salary and stated duties is independent and self-respecting compared with that woman," she continued.

"And so she has run away," I pitied. "And is she as gentle and sweet as she should be after such self-suppression?"

Mrs. Belter switched round at me. "You silly! Sweetness and gentleness are not grown in such gardens. Poor child! She is her father without his will—but I may misjudge her."

"But what does she propose to do?" I asked.

"Anything, anything," she says wildly, and you know what 'anything' means. 'I have nothing but my clothes. My father never will forgive me—never! Oh, you don't know him, Mrs. Belter. He never will speak to me. He will be thankful he has n't my bills to pay.' 'My dear Miss Upples,' I protested, 'he is your father; he can't be indifferent. He does n't realize.' 'You don't know him,' she iterated. 'He does n't care any more for me than if I were a doll. He will come to meal after meal, and never speak a word. I sit there and hear him eat. If I make a remark, he simply looks at me. I try to tell him of where I have been, of what I have done, but he never replies. Could you live if you had no one to talk to? Sometimes I wish I were dead. He will hardly know I am gone; it will just be a relief. Oh, I know my father! There is only one thing he thinks about or cares for.' 'But, my dear lady,' I said, 'sometimes we misjudge those nearest to us. When he understands—' 'Never, never!' she broke in. 'He never will see me again; but I can support myself now. They say he can't disinherit me,—that is, Minnie Flanders says I could break the will. I don't care; he will live for years—his father was ninety. I can support myself reading aloud to invalids, or go as traveling companion—I know a little French, and I have always been dying to go to Europe; or I could take up my china-painting—I once decorated a fish-set with sea-moss; which was exhibited at the exposition. Lots of people said I ought to have got the prize. If you would let me help here with the housekeeping for a few weeks while I look about, I would be satisfied with any room. I may have to do fine sewing. I love to hem-stitch and make buttonholes. You know

buttonholes cost fearfully, and now they are wearing so many buttons. I knew a very nice girl, just as cultivated as she could be, and of nice family; she was in my class at Miss Dadd's. She had everything elegant then,—a great deal handsomer than I had,—silk petticoats, and real lace on her clothes—well, her father died, or absconded, something dreadful happened—I don't know—anyway, she and her mother were left in straitened circumstances, and she supported herself making buttonholes."

I was getting now what I had been bidden for—the only, the inimitable Mrs. Belter. She gasped, she hurried, she stumbled. I heard the wan, high voice; I saw it all—even the fish-set done in sea-moss.

"Why do you harry me?" I wailed. "What am I to do? Am I to marry her?"

"Oh, you men!" she scorned. "Perhaps you think, with Minnie Flanders, that any old will can be broken. My plan is harder than that. Of course she must go back."

"Go back!" I pitied.

"Go back, without a soul knowing of the escapade. Is there any other solution? You must see him; you must arrange the treaty."

"My dear lady, is this Macedonia—is this Sicily—are you a Taney? Can't we help her to be free? Would n't it be more sensible to—to—"

"More amusing? Yes, it would be more amusing to see this little hysterical outburst foam out like a Seidlitz powder; to see her shame when she realized her utter helplessness. It would be amusing to see her try china-painting, or fine sewing, or buttonholes; to see her discover that the demand for readers to invalids, and traveling companions who know a little French, is somewhat oversupplied; and in the end it would be delicious to see the old hickory-stick come and say in brutal scorn to the cowed creature: 'Come, Grace, don't be a fool: you 're ready to come home now.' It would be amusing to have the town ring with it, everybody laughing and the papers from one end of the country to the other taking up the tale; for Gad D. Upples's name is known from Dan to Beersheba. It would be lovely for my house to figure in it; it would be

amusing to see the little woman"—she was half a head taller than Mrs. Belter, but no matter!—"go back to her prison covered with shame and mortification. It would kill her."

"And yet," I said, "what do you propose?"

"I don't propose to make a scandal; I don't propose to ruin her life, but to make it."

If you could see Mrs. Belter at her best! Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. John Gilbert, could not surpass Mrs. Belter's best. She would have given joy to thousands if she had only chosen—let me say it—the boards rather than boarders. In the flow of feeling she was moving dramatically about the room in her soft draperies and floating appendages, ostensibly to straighten a chair or two, but really to give play to her emotions. And there are people so dull as to predicate vulgarity, commonness, of any beautiful, copious, forcible expression off the stage; as if to bottle up the expression did not kill half the feeling, half the fun.

"Poor child!" she continued, "she is as innocent as a babe unborn of what is before her. She does n't know what publicity and laughter are. She thinks her flight rather romantic—giving up her millions for independence, when all she wants is to be loved."

"And you want me to fetch the old man?"

"Yes, yes; who else can I turn to? You must show what is in you. I can't go chasing after him; besides, I must stay on guard. Not a soul shall know she is here, if we can help it."

"Libby knows."

"Libby does n't know who she is, or why she is here, and Libby can be trusted not to blab."

"And what is my rôle?"

"He has gone to Branchbrook on business, and will be home some time to-morrow. You must see him as soon as he arrives and open the case."

"Let me bring him here," I cried, "and you talk to him like a mother."

"I mean to—he shall know what I think of him before we are through." Mrs. Belter was forcible. "Only we must n't get him too mad; but we have got to fight her battle for her. She could n't hold out two minutes. We

have got to get him to promise what he will do before he is allowed to see her."

"Does she know of your plan?"

"Not a word of it. I agreed to her wildest propositions—even to the price of the little west bedroom when Mr. Mixon goes. I insisted that she should take a day to consider things, before any one was made party to her flight."

The fire needed replenishing, and I had sat until the little glass clock chimed twelve before I got to my own room with a head rather too swollen for immediate sleep. Men like to tell of the night before their first battle: the palpitating hours in which they measure their courage, and try hard to blink certain possibilities, certain chances, certain ends. H'm! Gad D. Upples! I was to face that old pirate in the guise of knight-champion for—of all absurdities—his own daughter; to negotiate terms of ransom! From laughter and fear my bed-springs shook.

II

THE name of Upples, though known from St. Louis to St. Paul, figured larger in the commercial than in the social world of Blaireau; but any school-boy there could have told you who he was, where he lived, what he was worth, and how he had made his money. The fair crown of all the aberrant magnificence of Mayflower Avenue was the Upples mansion—or the "Upples palus," in local parlance. Set in a spacious lawn that stretched from street to street, on the crest of the long hill, it reared its gray rock-face, limestone towers, turrets, tourelles, topnots—what you will, of heavenward projections, lumpy Norman, indigestible, primeval, cactus-like architecture—twelfth-century necessities and unregenerate baronial pride turned to express crude heaps of nineteenth-century cash, and a dearth of culture and the humanities nothing less than abysmal. On each side of the entrance reclined a stone lion of benignant countenance, the image, ingenious youths declared, of the mild pastor of the Presbyterian church; and, except for an ax-hewn fountain and some fine elms, the broad grounds were devoid of ornament. There were no borders of red geranium, or crescent beds of coleus, or circles of canna,—the indispensable embellishment

of every other lawn,—or any shrubbery, and through most of the summer the lawn as sadly needed trimming as its owner's beard and mane.

You were told that Gad D. Upples was the richest man not only in the city, but, most persons declared, in the State. He had begun with one steamboat on the river—but that was n't the beginning: the real beginning was a barrel of Jamaica rum; but still back of that was the barefoot boy on a rocky hill-farm in the State of Maine, on the New Hampshire border. Maine is a mother diligent to inculcate thrift, and not a few of her sons have succeeded in laying up treasures on earth.

However, if it had n't been rum, it might equally well have been a load of junk; any nest-egg would have served Gad Upples. He knew the secret of pillled rods of poplar. One steamboat begot others, and boats begot elevators, and elevators sent out sporadic shoots of railways, and railways took to themselves townships of virgin timber, and townships of virgin timber always go into partnership with legislatures, and legislatures send senators to Congress. All Upples' eggs were fertile, and all were hatched; he never made sponge-cake.

The only loss he ever met with was the loss of his wife, and that came at a time when he could afford it. After she had worn herself out saving for him, when she might possibly have become a spender, might even have become an expensive invalid, she passed economically away. She was a tall, patient, hard-working, long-handed helpmate, who had served her apprenticeship teaching school before she was married, and she began her wedded life in cooking their own beans and brown bread, reseating her good man's pants,—she never knew any other name for them,—and darning his big wool socks. She cut up old table-cloths into napkins, and she sponged and remade the one proverbial black-silk dress more than once. She was very tired when she died. Grace was then seventeen, and able to assume the cares of housekeeping.

It was shortly after his wife's death that, for some unfathomable reason, Upples built the stone "palus" on the Avenue, and moved from the comfortable enough, though shabby, frame house on North Eleventh street, where he had

lived for years. The reason, though, I fancy, was not so unfathomable as Blair-eau used to imagine. The block on the Avenue had more than doubled, and doubled again, in value in the twenty years Upples had lived there; the land alone would pay over and over for the castle; and as for the old Eleventh-street neighborhood, that had gone down in value. Figure it out as you would, however, there was still a mystery. The new house might possibly have been a business venture, but why had he held the old house tenantless all these years, the windows boarded up, the verandas sagging, the steps rotting, and the paint scaling from the walls? When the street had been graded, the place was left with a five-foot bank across the front, which had remained unchanged all these years, an ugly red-clay cut between the neatly grassed slopes of the neighboring places. The out-of-date, countrified picket-fence was propped up and strung with barbed wire, and the gates were nailed fast, secure even against Hallowe'en predations. The garden became an annual source of contagion, from which spread a plague of dandelions, plantain, dock, and pigweed over the whole neighborhood, to the rage of every amateur gardener, and to the emolument of numerous small Polack weeders. The place was nothing less than a scandal and a reproach, though not technically a "nuisance." Together with the great stone palace, it rounded out the man's character to the popular imagination: for one typified his wealth, and the other his meanness.

III

"Does n't she really care for him? Is n't there any regret, any hesitation, any shame, a trace of natural piety?" I asked of Mrs. Belter. I had swallowed a hasty dinner, and was going to beard the lion on his arrival from the North.

"Poor child! she is too excited over the novelty of her situation to begin to regret. I can't make out that she really cares for anything very much, unless it be for dress and for eating; the other emotions, apparently, have been starved to death."

"How under the sun, in a day, can you make that out?"

"Little things betray one. Even Libby,

who took up her trays, remarked her anxiety about her food, and her questions as to what we usually had for dessert; and she told me, with a sigh, that she should miss dreadfully her handsome clothes. I fancy our hearts wither up without exercise, don't you? This revolt will be the making of her; there is a spark of longing for something human."

"And she still thinks her father won't come for her?"

"So she believes. I have kept her secluded to-day, and no one suspects she is here; but she declares now that she is rested and prepared to meet people. If we are to get her back without a scandal, you must bring the old man to terms to-night."

"And he will damn me for interfering," I sighed.

"Of course," Mrs. Belter cheerfully assented; "but that is your opportunity."

I PACED the sidewalk in front of the broad, frozen lawn for fully five minutes before a cab turned into the sweep and drew up by the ministerial lions. I saw the tall figure alight, with his fat valise in hand, and, after settling with the driver, let himself into the deserted palace. As soon as the cab had creaked out over the icy gravel, I advanced and rang the bell. For some minutes no one responded, and I fancied an excited maid-servant already in a flood of incoherent explanation concerning Miss Grace's absence. After a decent pause I pressed the button again, and soon one valve of the high, clumsy, brutal door opened a crack, and I was confronted by the dark form of the master of the house silhouetted against the light of the hall.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" he demanded with a suspicious insolence of tone—perhaps of my imagining, but which wholly obliterated every first sentence I had planned, thinking to be ushered into his office after he had inspected my card. As he did not offer to let me in, I was forced to parley with him through the doorway; so I gave briefly my name and business connection, stating when and where I had met him. He stood aside at this and allowed me to enter, closing the ponderous door with an ogreish bang behind me. He was still in his long, faded fur-lined overcoat, with his high,

visored sealskin cap drawn down to his fierce brows, his mustache above his beard spangled with drops of moisture. He piloted me down the large hall, dimly lighted by one gas jet held aloft by a bronze female posed on the fat newel, and turned up the light in his bare white-walled den, to which the decorator had never penetrated. He pulled off his coat, and dropped into a swivel-chair before a big roller-top desk, leaving me to seat myself if I chose.

Upples was a tall, ramshackle figure, with high, narrow head covered with a grizzled mane. He had a big beak of a nose; ugly, high-cut nostrils, to be distrusted; and deep-set, lead-colored eyes overhung with shaggy brows. His strong yellow teeth behind the grizzled beard looked as if they could bite hard.

"Well, sir?" he said briefly, fixing me with his stony eyes.

"Mr. Upples," I began discreetly, "I don't want you to begin by misunderstanding me. I am not a reporter. I have come here, at the request of a lady, merely to deliver a message in which personally I have no concern. I have come from Mrs. Belter; you probably know who she is." This sounded like the smooth adventurer, but it was the best I could do.

He nodded assent, without speaking.

"Well, sir, your daughter went to her last night, and asked her to take her in. She is at Mrs. Belter's now; I came to apprise you of the fact."

His eyes did not swerve. "Did my daughter send you here?" he demanded.

"No; Mrs. Belter asked me to come."

"Why should that old woman come between me and my daughter?"

"She has not. Your daughter went to her, and begged her protection. She claims to be unhappy in your house, and wishes to be independent."

"Good God!" the old man exploded, "who are you to come to me about my daughter? She never left this house of her own accord. This is some damn scheme of blackmail and seduction. I won't hear a word you have to say."

I thought I had myself well in hand, ready for the onslaught, but when the explosion came my gorge rose instinctively and I found my voice trembling. "You had better hear—it is for your in-

terest to hear. There is no blackmail about it."

"What have I done that my daughter should leave me? Has n't she had everything she wanted? Don't she live in the finest house in town? Don't she spend a fortune on dress? And who pays the bills? Tell me that. She has been abducted, and they won't get a cent out of me." His fists were closed hard and fast.

"You can believe me or not; but it is true, all the same. Your daughter left this house of her own free will, and is now at Mrs. Belter's. No one knows it—"

"I don't care who knows," he broke in roughly. "There is some trick, some scoundrel, at the bottom of it. Grace is a good girl; she's my only child. Why should she leave her father's house unless she's crazy?"

"You do care who knows," I cried; "you care for your reputation; you are not going to have it said that you have driven your only daughter out of your house because you were too mean to take care of her."

"Lord!" he yelled, with a string of strong river oaths. "Are you crazy? Am I crazy? What are you talking about? I driven my daughter out?" The idea of his having ever made her unhappy, of her having now revolted, could n't take on the slightest form of rationality. "It is some scheme to get money, and they won't work me."

I tried to explain, but his brain was impenetrable; and the more I talked, the more I felt like taking his old, skinny turkey-neck in my two hands and wringing it hard, as the only convincing argument. "Come," I said, "and see for yourself. I have delivered my message." He still hung fire. "You are her father; blackmail or no blackmail, seduction or abduction, your daughter is at Mrs. Belter's, and, what is more to the point, no one knows of her being there."

Finally he rose, hesitated, glared at me again, and then took down the fur-lined coat; and as we left the room he did not forget to turn down the hissing light.

IV

MRS. BELTER was magnificent, her mouth tense, her eyes unswerving. "You may stay," she said to me, and with the same

authority to Mr. Upples, who remained standing without offering to remove his long coat, "Pray, sir, take off your coat and be seated."

"Is my daughter here?" he demanded.

"Will you be seated?" she replied firmly, with a dignity that could not be disrespected.

He slipped out of his coat and dropped it on a chair. "I would like to see my daughter," he said sulkily.

"I am sorry, sir, she is not prepared to see you."

"What right, madam, have you to come between me and my daughter?"

"Miss Upples is her own mistress; she is free to do as she likes."

"And you mean to say she won't see me?" The old man was on his feet again, reaching for his coat.

"Mr. Upples, won't you listen to reason?"

He turned testily on her. "What do you want? What does she want? Who has put her up to this? I have n't done anything." He was honestly bewildered; it was an exigency no corner, or deal, or legislative committee had prepared him for. "I came home, just as usual; Grace had n't said a word—why did n't she say something? If she has n't been drawn into this, she is crazy. I tell you, I know my daughter."

"There you are mistaken," Mrs. Belter said. "You never have known your daughter."

"She's a fool. What does she expect now—that I will support her out of my own house?"

"She does n't expect it."

"What will she live on?" he returned incredulously.

"She will support herself," Mrs. Belter replied with decision. "I had visions of buttonholes and of fish-sets in seaweed."

"Damn it! she never showed any disposition to support herself before this." He smiled grimly. "She can't earn her own shoe-strings. She don't know the value of a dollar. She would spend money like water if I would let her."

"You never would let her," Mrs. Belter commented dryly.

"This is a game of blackmail! How do I know what my daughter wants? Why don't you let me see her?"

"Because I won't let you trample on

her in my house." Mrs. Belter was quiet, but her tones would have brought down the galleries.

"Very well." Upples got on his feet again. "She may stay here. I give her four days—just four days; after that she need n't come whining round my doors. I mean it." He picked up his coat.

Mrs. Belter also rose. "Mr. Upples, don't spoil your life and hers too. This is more important than any trust you ever went into. You have n't anybody else in the world belonging to you: she has n't any one but you. You have both made mistakes. Don't go too far. No one knows your daughter is in this house; the time to settle it is now."

The old man turned and looked at Mrs. Belter. He hesitated; his lips worked, and I could see his big, hairy hand tremble. The strangeness of his trouble closed in on him; he threw down the coat. "What do you want me to do?"

"Be good to her; that is all. She believes you will be glad to get rid of supporting her; that is what she thinks of you; that is the side you have turned toward her. You are"—Mrs. Belter broke off short; she was on the verge of plain words, but only her eyes finished her sentence.

Upples winced. "Did Grace say that? How could I know if she did n't open her head? I thought she had all she wanted."

"Wanted?" Mrs. Belter scorned—"wanted? Do you think a woman *wants* to scheme, and crawl, and beg, and connive, and contrive, to work a great, big man for every cent she spends—*wants* to feel that he owns her body and soul? Do you think that makes for freedom, for character, for happiness? You are not the first man who has treated a woman like a little dependent child—like a slave, almost. Are you surprised that such women draw a long breath when their masters die—that they never taste life until then? It is pitiful—it is horrible! The best thing your daughter has ever done is to break away from such a life: she has not had all hope crushed out of her. And you think you care for her, and for twenty years you never have cared *that* for her pleasure or her happiness—never once!"

"I do care for her; I am not the kind

to talk about those things. Her mother never felt toward me as the girl does."

"How do you know how her mother felt?" retorted Mrs. Belter, boldly.

"If her mother were to come to-day, she would find everything in her old home just as she left it," the man said solemnly. Could he have added anything—any explanation of the mystery of the old house; could he have expressed his own motives and feelings? I doubted it. I divined some crude spiritualism, some spirit of atonement, some loyalty to relations past, as the origin of the mummied house; and these feelings gradually transformed into an obstinate habit that made change impossible. We persist in doing extraordinary things simply because we have begun to do them. I could not imagine that the old man's affection for his wife persisted with sufficient force to swerve him a hair's breadth in any decision, action, or plan of to-day. Every man cherishes mummies under sealed stones, unaware that they have become dust and ashes.

The victory was not gained in a minute. Mrs. Belter almost gave up, but finally her patience and tact were rewarded.

He said, "I will give her what she asks for."

"She will never *ask* for anything. Is that kindness?"

"I will give her what she needs, but I won't have her wasting my money. I have n't any money to throw away."

"It won't be *your* money—it will be *her* money. What will you give her to do with as she likes?" Mrs. Belter leaned toward him, coming down to business. Her eye flashed to mine as witness.

"I will give her thirty dollars a month and pay her bills."

"She would rather pay her own bills."

"I will give her sixty," the old man said with an effort.

"You will give her five times that," declared Mrs. Belter, firmly.

The old man jumped up. "I won't! You can't say what I shall do. I can't afford it. I won't, I tell you!"

"Of course I can't; but if you are a rich man, as people chatter—"

"It is all lies, all bosh, the veriest rotten talk, what people chatter."

"Well, I don't pretend to know or to guess about your affairs; but a man who

could not give five per cent. of his income to his only daughter does not deserve her respect or affection." Mrs. Belter wound up magnificently. "Whom else are you living for?"

Upples glared at her. Casting per cents. was not a long process in his mind, and he knew that three thousand dollars was not one half of five per cent. of his income. "Tell Grace to come down," he said.

"You agree, then, to allow her two hundred and fifty a month?" said Mrs. Belter, definitely, as if concluding a bargain. I thought of the three thousand dollars that he was said to have paid for one vote in the legislature that passed the U. & O. franchise bill.

"It will ruin me," he muttered.

I left the old man alone; his face was purple. Mrs. Belter went to Miss Upples. That poor lady declared her father never would forgive her. "But he has forgiven you," Mrs. Belter assured her. "He wants you to come home; he will make you independent: he did not realize you were a woman grown."

"You don't know him: he may promise to be kind, but he never will give me a dollar to spend. I would rather not go back. He never will let a man come to the house."

When Mrs. Belter assured her that her father had definitely named a sum of money, the poor woman's eyes opened. It sounded to her like a fortune; she was dumfounded. Money was so wholly the key-note of their lives that if he had not come down to figures, neither would have felt that anything had been accomplished. Dollars measured the affection on both sides. "I believe he must care for me, after all," Miss Upples sighed weakly.

When she went down there, was no embracing. The old man said grimly, "Well, Grace, are you ready to come home and let by-gones be by-gones?"

"Mrs. Belter has been so kind—" she broke out tremulously.

"You'd rather stay with her, would you?" he said jocosely, as little children are spoken to. "We've made out together for forty years; we might try it awhile longer."

She smiled feebly, and turned to Mrs. Belter. "I suppose I had better go to-night?"

That good woman had bid me call a

carriage, and it was at the door. We made a pretty mystery of the departure. I smuggled the hand-bag and cloak into the carriage, and Mr. and Miss Upples walked out as if they had been making an evening call. At the steps a thought came to him. The old man turned and

said to Mrs. Belter magnificently, "You can send your bill to me."

Grace sent her a handsome black-onyx pin set with a spray of lily-of-the-valley in pearls.

"As suitable to my age," said Mrs. Belter, with a twinkle in her eye.



"THE STICKING-PLACE"

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

WITH PICTURES BY J. R. SHAVER



LOVE at first sight does not often obtain in Dorset Centre; an engagement is not entered into lightly, but soberly, in the fear of a change of mind, and after long years of careful deliberation. Such, at least, was the case with Silas Hollister and Martha Webb.

There was no little awe mingled with the admiration which Silas felt for Miss Martha. She was a tall, powerfully built woman, with poise and placidity of bearing. The light-brown curls on her forehead were always elaborately arranged, and the large, somewhat prominent gray eyes depressed Silas by their aloofness; for they shone from behind rimless eyeglasses—the only pair in Dorset Centre. There was about her a touch of elegance no one else in the town possessed, and of which Silas was helplessly aware. She played the melodeon with an air of easy mastery, and her voice could be heard in the prayer-meeting hymns above all others. On Sundays Miss Webb sat in the railed-in place at the left of the platform and shepherded the choir,—now supporting the soprano, now helping the bass over stony places; and if the tenor, Lonny

Bassett, grew suddenly alarmed at heights, she came to his assistance. Sometimes she sang solos in a strong, masculine voice.

For fifteen years Silas had been Miss Martha's escort. He took her to the church socials and "sugar-eats" and paid for her at the ten-cent suppers of Dorset Centre. Sometimes he went with her to prayer-meeting, but not often; that was too bare-faced an acknowledgment of his feelings and, besides, presented special difficulties. Miss Webb played the melodeon, and the long walk from the vestry door to the seat in front which her high position necessitated, the hush which succeeded the creaking of the vestry door, the dozen or more inquiring bonnets turned to see who had come in, Mrs. Tripp's large spectacles, which were instantly focussed upon him—all this might well have deterred a bolder spirit than Silas. It was better—far better—to be waiting outside and to step beside her when she came out, as she always did, with Aunt Maria and Aunt Marcia Prescott.

Silas Hollister in his youth had not been prepossessing in appearance, and now the bald spot on the top of his head was gradually increasing its diameter and his kindly blue eyes were irresolute; but his

mustache might have belonged to the fiercest of Italian brigands. In the earlier days, when Silas first found Miss Martha's charms potent, this striking feature had been balanced by thick black hair; but the crowning glory had departed, and only the mustache was left, a relic of former grandeur.

"Seems ter me," remarked Deacon Harding to the little circle of men who sat about the big stove in the Dorset Centre store, toasting their feet and exchanging bits of gossip—"seems ter me that Sile Hollister's mustache takes too much of his strength. P'raps," he added meditatively, as he watched the little man go down the steps and tuck himself into the delivery-wagon (on runners for its winter duty), where the stately figure of Miss Martha was already ensconced, "ef it was cut off, he might git up spunk enough ter ask her."

In the other town council, the sewing society, much the same opinion prevailed. The ladies met on Thursdays, and in the winter, in order that they might stay to prayer-meeting, provided themselves with a supper, which was served in the dining-room at the rear of the vestry; and when, afterward, with skirts carefully pinned up and covered with aprons of generous proportions, they washed the dishes in the little kitchen adjoining, Martha's affair was sure to be discussed.

Maria Prescott always superintended the dish-washing; Mrs. Tripp was not allowed to take part in this operation. She could scarcely see the hymns when she held the book within a foot of her eyes, much less be sure that every speck was off the cups; but she was not one to miss so excellent an opportunity for information as this ceremony afforded, so she went back and forth with dishes from the little kitchen to the dining-room. She set a tray of silver on the dining-room table, where Mrs. Worthington was carefully bestowing the forks in a Canton-flannel case. (Mrs. Worthington's sister had given this silver to the society and so she took a personal interest in seeing that it was properly cared for.)

"Say," remarked Mrs. Tripp in an impressive whisper, fixing one eye on Mrs. Worthington's spectacles, while its fellow cast an apprehensive glance toward the kitchen, where the tall, thin figure of

Maria Prescott bent over the dish-pan, "Marthy 's goin' to marry Sile Hollister pretty soon."

"H'm-m!" sniffed the other. "Emmeline Tripp," she added with emphasis, "I 'll believe *that* when I see 'em stand up before the minister." And she rolled up the case of forks and tied the red tape with a jerk.

"Well, it 's so," declared Mrs. Tripp. "When Sile got his mail at the office last night he said, 'I guess I might 's well take Marthy Webb's too,' an' he kind o' smiled as he said it. But that ain't all," went on Mrs. Tripp, breathlessly. "I was in to see Maria and Marcia when he brought it roun' to the house. There was jes the 'Recorder,' an' he showed Marthy the notice of Sim Parker's weddin'—an' that 's gettin' pretty near the subject fer Sile."

"H'm-m!" was again Mrs. Worthington's comment—"near 's he 'll ever get. Lord knows, it ain't Marthy's fault. It 's nothin' but that Hollister shiftlessness. His father was just like him; forty years ago Merrill Hollister was wantin' to buy that piece of meadow-land Henry sold to Colonel Davis. Well, Merrill 'lowed he wanted it, and then he 'lowed he did n't want it just then, till Henry got clean tired out and let the colonel have it. If I was Maria Prescott, I 'd 'a' had Silas propose to Marthy fifteen years ago," she finished emphatically.

"'Man proposes, but God disposes,'" said Mrs. Tripp, sententiously, with her one available eye fixed solemnly on Mrs. Worthington's face.

"When a man is such a shilly-shallyin' creature as Sile Hollister, the Lord expects the 'woman to propose,'" returned the other, decisively; and her teeth clicked shut like a steel trap, for the subject of their discourse appeared in the doorway.

The day after this discussion at the sewing society, Silas was standing in the Dorset Centre store, his back to the group about the stove, where gossip and plug tobacco pleasantly mingled, waiting until Luke Simmons had distributed the mail. He looked through the glass squares of the post-office boxes, idly watching thirteen-year-old Marietta's air of blasé impatience as she snatched a packet of letters from her father's slow fingers, and then stood on a bench poking them into the

proper pigeonholes with a pert alacrity which kept old Luke in a state of humble admiration. Silas crossed the store, passed under the row of dangling boots with red-flannel lining temptingly dis-

bring out my mail, do yer? I dassent leave this horse."

Silas looked at the old white horse, standing as if it hoped never to move again, grinned and nodded, and withdrew



"'DAD BLAME 'EM ALL!' EJACULATED SILAS, WRATHFULLY, AS HE LOOKED AFTER THE RETREATING PUNG"

played, and was leaning on the candy-counter reading the labels of the patent-medicine bottles which lined the shelf behind, when he saw Deacon Harding's horse drop into a walk as he turned in from the street, and, in spite of the deacon's efforts, saunter leisurely up to the store. The deacon was beckoning to Silas.

"Silas," he called as the little man appeared at the door, "yer don't want ter

into the store to wait his turn at the post-office window, where young Marietta's flaxen head had just appeared.

"Hev a lift, Sile?" inquired the deacon, as Silas came up beside the green pung with a letter in his hand.

"Don't care if I do," he responded, climbing into the sled. "It's from your Joe," he remarked as soon as he was seated. "It's postmarked 'Schenectady.' He's at college thar, ain't he?"

But the deacon stuck the letter in his pocket without comment.

"Silas," he said with gravity, when by dint of persuasion the old horse had got into his deliberate trot, "I hate ter see people sufferin' if I can help it."

"So do I, so do I," responded the little man, cordially.

"I thought you 'd feel that way. Marthy Webb," the deacon went on, "may have patience enough ter stand on a monyment, as the hymn says, but the other women-folks ain't built that way. Now Emmeline Tripp is clean distracted, and she 'll have that nervous postponement they tell about if you don't propose ter Marthy pretty quick."

Silas was speechless.

"It 's one thing ter let a little grass grow up under yer feet; but, good land! man, you 've been lettin' the whole town grow up under yourn. My Joe was a baby the year you an' Marthy began keepin' comp'ny, an' he 'll be votin' in a couple of years."

Silas's mustache bristled and his face flamed while he strove in vain for words. "I intend to marry Miss Webb—" he said at last stiffly.

"That 's the ticket!" broke in the deacon, delightedly; "jest say that to Marthy, and it 'll be all fixed—"

"When it—it is—when I git round to it," Silas finished in wrathful desperation.

"There, there, Sile," said the deacon, soothingly, laying a big, fur-mittened hand on the other's arm; "don't mind an old fellow's nonsense. I know it 's skeery business askin' a girl; I was scart to death when I asked Electy. It 's jest like goin' in swimmin'. Yer see the little fellers shiverin' on the bank, stickin' one foot in the water, an' then pullin' it out ag'in; but by an' by you see 'em out on the pier divin' off into the river easy 's pie. 'T ain't so bad after yer once try it."

Silas was somewhat mollified, but remained silent until the deacon pulled up at the Hollister place, the horse stopping at the slightest suggestion.

"Good night, deacon; thank 'ee fer the ride," he said rather frigidly, as he climbed out of the sled. "Ain't goin' ter the supper ter-night, be ye?" he added, with an effort at politeness.

"Guess so," returned the old man,

affably. "Silas!" he called as the other was turning away, "there 's a passage of Scriptur' I want ter leave with yer."

"What is it?" asked Silas, suspiciously, facing him again.

The deacon's blue eyes twinkled. "It 's in Genesis; I was readin' there this mornin' when I come to it. 'That 's a message fer Silas,' I says,—'*Call the damsel, an' enquire at her mouth.*' There 's nothin' like actin' out Scriptur' in yer daily life, Silas. Gwon!" he said to the horse, and jogged down the road.

"Dad blame 'em all!" ejaculated Silas, wrathfully, as he looked after the retreating pung. Then he followed the narrow foot-path through the snow around to the back door.

Mrs. Hollister was setting out the shining, empty milk-pans on the kitchen table.

"There 's the paper," said Silas, shortly, as he threw it down on the table and picked up the milk-pail.

"Silas," began the little woman, "yer did n't see—" But her son had slammed the door and gone out to the congenial solitude of the cow-shed.

"Dad blame 'em!" he repeated vindictively, as he hitched the stool into position. The cow looked around in mild surprise, for, in a fit of absent-mindedness, Silas had tied her tail, as he did in fly-time, to the string which dangled at the back of the stall.

But, as he milked, the deacon's "message" kept ringing in his head with exasperating insistence.

"I 'll ask her ter-night, so I will," he declared; "an' we 'll git married as soon as she wants, jest to spite them old gabbers," he told the cow, who seemed to sympathize.

"Ain't nothin' ails yer, Silas?" asked his mother, anxiously, as she watched him parting his hair at the kitchen looking-glass. "Pr'aps yer ought n't ter go ter the supper ter-night. Yer look kinder peaked an' fevery-like. Hev yer got cold?"

"Naw," answered Silas, and went on with his toilet in outward calm.

"It 's *got* ter be ter-night—it 's *got* ter be ter-night," he kept repeating to himself as his footsteps crunched along the frozen road. "Seems 's if there was a piece about suthin' 's '*got* ter be ter-night.' Mebbe I c'u'd say that; mebbe that 'u'd help. It 's—it 's—it 's 'Curfew Shall

Not Ring Ter-Night!' That won't do," he went on despairingly. "Oh, Lord! how 'll I ask her! Why don't the girls do the askin'? They would n't mind it a bit; they never mind speakin' pieces, when any feller 'u'd ruther be licked; an' Marthy 'd jest as lieves marry me, anyway." Silas's footsteps slackened as he neared the Webb house. "Ef I can't git it out goin' ter the church," he thought, as he went reluctantly along the path to the side door, "mebbe it 'u'd come easier goin' home. Mebbe the supper 'd kinder limber me up."

At last he stood on the porch, scraped his feet carefully, and then rang the bell. Martha was waiting for him, her light-blue "fascinator" already on. Silas thought he had never seen her look so handsome. There were some bead things on the fascinator that caught the light like diamonds.

"Aunt Marcia and Aunt Maria 's been down to the church all the afternoon," said Martha, answering, as she supposed, the unspoken question in Silas's face.

"Marthy," he breathed as they stepped out into the frosty air, "yer—yer look—"

"Pshaw, Sile!" she responded; and then added, "We 'll be late, I 'm afraid."

The streets of Dorset Centre do not favor lovers. The two ruts in the middle of the road are made by the horses and the sleigh-runners; there is no intermediate track made by a single horse, for in Dorset Centre the shafts for a single sleigh are fastened in a lop-sided fashion, so that the horse is directly in front of the near runner. A sidewalk is dutifully and imperfectly plowed by the selectmen, but in the winter every one in Dorset Centre walks in the middle of the road, in the full glare of the moonlight, and the two ruts are just too far apart for confidences. People usually walk single file.

"There 's goin' to be a quartet to-night—me and Thirza Billings an' the two Bassett girls. Lonny Bassett 's goin' to play the cornet, and Thirza 's goin' to sing a solo," went on Miss Webb in her strong, placid tones, utterly oblivious of the passion which was striving for utterance three feet away. "Aunt Maria took down some beans and a lovely cake, and—"

"Marthy," broke in Silas, in a hoarse, strained voice—"Marthy, will you—oh, Lord!" he gasped and stopped.

"Why, Sile," said Miss Webb, turning to him in blank astonishment, "what 's the matter?"

"Rheumatiz," responded her lover, briefly, after a short pause—"rheumatiz."

"Does it hurt bad, Sile?" she asked solicitously. "You oughter rub turpentine and oil on the place. You take two parts of turpentine, one of camphorated oil, and one of ammonia. You never tried that, did you?"

"Naw; 't would n't do no good," said Silas, curtly; but he wistfully thought what a nurse she would make.

"Henry Worthington 's been awful sick; they 're goin' to have a doctor from Manchester. It 's nothin' but liver trouble; he 'd oughter take swamp-rut," Martha chatted on while Silas dispiritedly screwed at his courage, which, like a new E-string, dropped a little just as he thought he had brought it to the pitch.

"Marthy," he tried again tremulously, "it—it—it wa'n't all rheumatiz. I—" but there were bells close after them, and Silas had to step behind his companion to let the sleigh pass. It was Deacon Harding's.

"Hev a lift?" the old man called out cheerily. "You an' Sile c'n stan' on the runners, Marthy."

"I guess not," answered Miss Webb; "it 's only a little ways to the church now."

"Marthy," the deacon called back, turning half round in the sleigh, "don't let Sile fergit the verse o' Scriptur' I left with him."

"Dad blame 'em!" ejaculated Silas.

"Why, Silas," said Miss Martha, "how you talk! What was the verse? Was it for Christian Endeavor?"

"Naw," said Silas, and relapsed into hopeless silence, only breaking it at the church door.

"S'pose I 'll hev ter go home with yer?" he asked.

Martha nodded stiffly and went in.

The supper was already in full swing when Silas entered the vestry and seated himself at one of the two large tables which stood at the back of the room. Toward the front the chairs still maintained their prayer-meeting aspect, their backs turned as resolutely on the scene of frivolity as Lot's wife's should have been on Sodom. Silas caught occasional

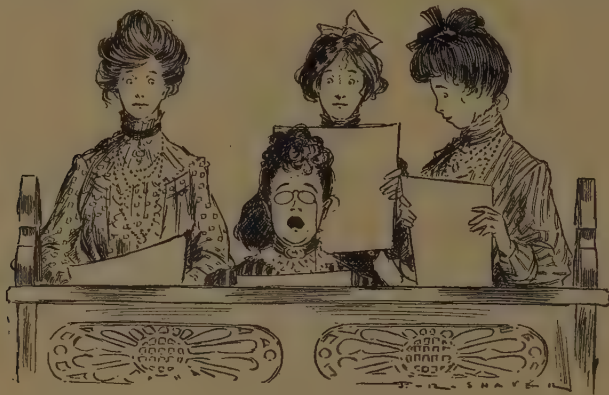
glimpes of Martha among the white-aproned girls who waited on the tables: that she was still allowed to act as a waitress on these occasions was a fine tribute to Martha's youth. The women's talk rattled back and forth across the table, but Silas was oblivious; he applied himself to his mince-pie and baked beans with a dogged resolution which would have carried him far in his love-affair. "How I c'u'd relish the victuals ef I c'u'd

I c'n say, 'Marthy, it 's hard work goin' up-hill; 'u'd you jest 's lieves marry me?' An' ef *that* won't come out, when we git by Deacon Harding's I 'll say his verse ef I bust."

"Keeses her, keeses her; I 'll not te-ell.
Dew it again!"

chirruped Thirza, who was studying elocution.

"Them girls!" muttered Silas, disgust-



"'I 'VE CAU-AU-AUGHT HIM-M!'"

only hev got it out!" he thought ruefully; and his mind went back to a day in the past summer when one of his young turkeys had nearly choked to death, and he had worked an hour over it with a loop of horse-hair before he could get out the big worm that was stuck in its throat. Silas knew now how the turkey felt, and wished with all his heart that Martha had used a horse-hair loop. "She 'd oughter know what 's stuck in my throat," he mused.

An entertainment followed the supper, but Silas gave it scant attention. Thirza Billings sang, Lonny Bassett played the cornet, and the children "spoke pieces"; but Silas heard them not. He was planning his campaign. "It 's got ter be ter-night," he said to himself whenever he felt his courage oozing. "When we git outer the church, an' 're goin' down the hill, jest as we git ter the big elm I 'll say, 'Marthy, yer don't want ter marry me, do yer?' An' ef I can't git it out then, when we git ter the railroad track I 'll say, 'Marthy, there 's suthin' I wisht I was on the other side of'; an' ef I can't git that out, when we 're goin' up the hill

edly. "Like ter see a feller stan' up an' speak that!"

At last the quartet rose to sing, and Martha took her place at the organ, Thirza Billings behind her, a Bassett girl on each hand. Silas was all attention. The song, as he caught it, was something about some frogs that were pursuing a beetle. "I 'll catch him!" shrilled Thirza in the refrain; "I 'll catch him, I 'll catch him," echoed the Bassett girls, faintly; "I 'll catch him!" came in Martha's sonorous voice. The next verse went on even more pleasantly, and again in the refrain, "I 'll catch him, I 'll catch him, I 'll catch him," in descending thirds; then a pause, and Martha's heavy tones boomed triumphantly, "I 've cau-au-aught him-m!"

There was a clapping of hands, then a hush, and then a subdued titter ran around the back of the room. Silas was oblivious; he was gazing, rapt, at the beaming face, behind the organ.

DEACON HARDING had just driven his old horse up from the sheds when Silas

and Martha came out of the vestry. The green pung was standing beside the horse-block, the deacon had climbed out, and was making his way up the narrow path to the vestry door.

"Hello!" the old man called as he met the pair. "Congratulate ye, Sile!" he said, laying his hand on Silas's shoulder and speaking in a loud whisper. "It was a leetle onusual way ter tell folks about it thet Marthy took, but we wuz all

mighty glad ter hear it. There 's nothin' like actin' out Scriptur', Silas," the deacon called back as he passed on in quest of his wife.

Silas went down the hill in silence. "Dad blame 'em!" he said at last helplessly.

"Don't you care, Silas," said Martha, comfortingly; and in the shadow of the big elm she bent and kissed the little man.

And Silas did n't care.



THE PORTRAITS OF KEATS

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THOSE BY SEVERN

BY WILLIAM SHARP

Editor of "The Severn Memoirs"

IN point of date, the first likeness of Keats is possibly the profile drawing in charcoal by Joseph Severn, now in the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Buxton Forman specifically states that it is the earliest of Severn's drawings of Keats from the life, and neither in the Severn manuscripts (memoirs, journals, notes, and fragmentary addenda) nor elsewhere have I found any conflicting evidence. If it could be proved that Severn knew Keats in 1815, there would be less dubiety as to this drawing having precedence over Haydon's first sketch. Severn was habitually inaccurate in minor details and particularly in dates, and as he advanced in years this characteristic became more marked. There is strong likelihood that Severn knew Keats in 1816, though whether early or late in that year is uncertain. In his autobiographical manuscript entitled "My Tedious Life" he explicitly says that he was first introduced to Keats in 1817. But elsewhere he as explicitly stated that his first meeting with Keats

was in 1813, oblivious of the fact that Keats had not then come to London "to walk the hospitals." The poet came to London from Edmonton early in 1815; and if another manuscript statement by Severn be exact ("When I first knew Keats he had already turned from hospital work, though in truth he had hardly more than begun his career of medicine"), we could conclude that the two young men had met before the close of 1815. But in the earliest of his manuscript allusions to his first acquaintance with Keats he says "it was in 1816."

If, then, this notable and most interesting sketch was made prior to November, 1816, it must rank as the earliest known portrait of Keats. Otherwise precedence should be given to the rough but boldly distinctive sketch which Haydon drew of his young friend and admirer at this date (November, 1816). This sketch was made in Haydon's manuscript journal, and has been admirably reproduced in Mr. Buxton Forman's library edition of Keats (Volume

¹ We desire to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Buxton Forman, for permission to include the portraits here reproduced from his library edition of Keats (published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, London); and also to the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M. P., for the use of the likenesses credited to him, which he courteously took much trouble to have specially photographed for this article; and to Nigel Severn, Esq., for similar courtesies.—THE EDITOR.



SEVERN'S CHARCOAL DRAWING OF KEATS

In the Forster collection, South Kensington Museum. After the engraving by Henry Meyer, published by Henry Colburn, London, 1828.

III, page 44). It was probably made between November 20 and 30, for we know that Keats's beautiful and enthusiastic sonnet to Haydon, beginning,

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,
was written on November 19-20, immediately after his first meeting with the famous painter; while in Haydon's manuscript journal for November is this sketch, with, below it, in Haydon's handwriting,

"John Keats by B. R. Haydon." There is an interesting note at the bottom of the folio page, also in Haydon's writing:

Keats was a spirit that in passing over the earth came within its attraction [*then some deleted words*] and expired in fruitless struggles ["to regain his former height" *deleted for*] to make its dull inhabitants comprehend the beauty of his soarings.¹

This fine profile head was a sketch for the portrait of Keats introduced by Hay-

¹ The use of the past tense would seem to indicate that Haydon inserted this note in his journal for November, 1816, subsequent to Keats's death in February, 1821, and (probably) that he then inscribed the name of the poet and his own.

don into his large picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," now in St. Peter's Cathedral at Cincinnati.¹ This portrait appears to have been considered an excellent likeness by Armitage Brown and others.

Severn's first charcoal portrait, then, whether done in the winter of 1815-16, or later,—and my own conviction is that it was drawn in 1817,—may be the earliest actual portrait of Keats, as distinct from a mere sketch. It is of extreme interest, not only as giving us an idea of a painter-friend's impression of Keats as he was when he "first came as a poet into his kingdom of youth and romance," but from the further warrant it gives to the authenticity of the invaluable life mask. This charcoal portrait was first reproduced, in an engraving by Henry Meyer, in Leigh Hunt's large imperial-quarto volume entitled "Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries," published by Henry Colburn in 1828. Severn considered the plate used by Leigh Hunt as a "caricature" of his drawing; and unquestionably the reproduction of the original (with which it is virtually identical) in Mr. Forman's library edition is much the finer. Whatever the actual date of composition, it cannot be later than the end of 1817 or the beginning of 1818; for, as Mr. Forman has pointed out, it was done in England in the presence of Shelley, who never was in England after that time.

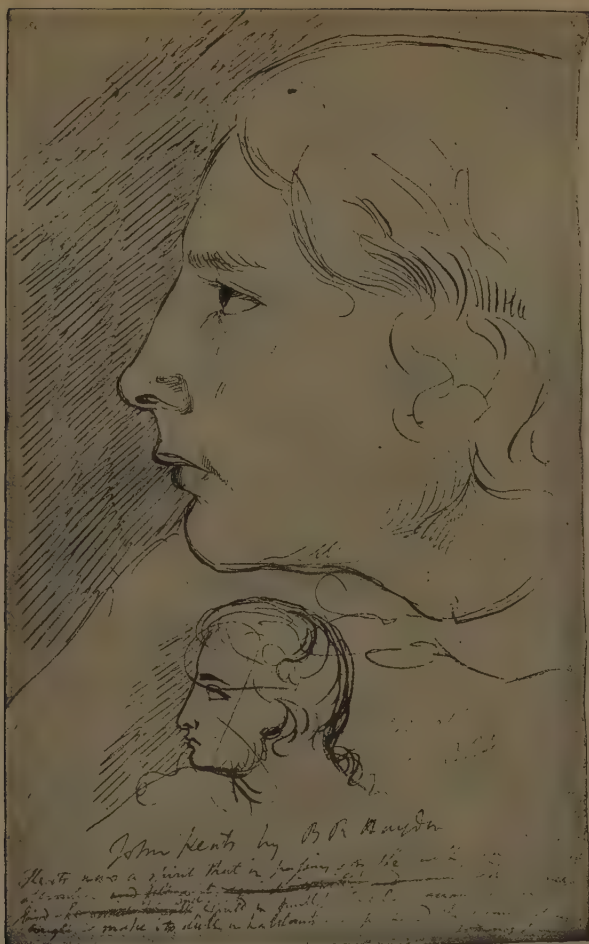
Next in point of date,—but of course, if the charcoal sketch be as late as 1817-18, of prior date,—that is, second to the rough sketch in Haydon's journal,—comes the famous life mask. This is believed to have been molded by Haydon, and the circumstantial evidence is all but conclusive²; but the fact remains that the most definite assertions still remain unproved, and that no one has ascertained when, where, and by whom the life mask was made. In all probability it was made by Haydon early in December, 1816. He was then engaged on his picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem"; he had already, as we have seen, made a profile sketch of Keats somewhere

between November 20 and 30; and it was his habit to make clay models of the features of those whose likeness he was about to use on canvas. There would seem to be obvious allusion to this mask in a letter from Keats to Charles Cowden Clarke, dated London, December 17, 1816. Here the poet playfully alludes to Clarke's right to have a copy of "my awful visage." True, Mr. Buxton Forman suggests in a foot-note that this letter "probably refers to one of Severn's portraits of Keats." But, as already stated, it is not absolutely certain that Severn knew Keats in 1816; again, there is nowhere any implication that by that date he had made any other drawing of Keats than the charcoal profile; and, finally, that profile portrait was not reproduced till 1828, when Colburn had it engraved for his issue of Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries." Of course, Keats in his letter to Clarke may have indicated a copy by Severn, but it is not a convincing supposition, while "my awful visage" seems much more apposite to the death-like features of the mask than to the poetic face of Severn's first study. It is interesting to know that so early and so intimate a friend of Keats as Cowden Clarke considered this charcoal portrait by Severn as the best extant likeness of the poet. However, Señora de Llanos (Fanny Keats de Llanos, Keats's sister, who died at Madrid, December 16, 1889, at the age of eighty-six) told Mr. Forman that she considered the mask a more satisfactory representation of her brother than any of the portraits; and, as Mr. Forman adds, "in some respects it has certainly a far higher value and interest." Naturally; for here we have the actual features, every contour, of Keats's face, though the closed eyes and general immobility give that enigmatical expression so often perturbing in masks, whether from the living or the dead. A little monograph might be written on the vicissitudes of the few known plastic originals (i.e., the few original copies of the mold). Masks belonged to Rossetti, Philip Bourke Marston, a notably fine one to Sir

¹ This picture was formerly in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, where it was much injured by a fire in 1846. The identification of Keats's portrait is in doubt. It is presumably the figure of St. John, with a three-quarter view of the face; but a less prominent figure in profile bears more resemblance to Haydon's pre-

liminary sketch. Neither face is agreeable in the expression of the mouth, probably by reason of the repairs made to the painting after the fire.—THE EDITOR.

² For Severn's positive statement on this point see Mr. Gilder's note on his visit to Severn, in this number.—THE EDITOR.



THE HAYDON SKETCH

Facsimile of a page of Haydon's journal, showing profile sketch of Keats by B. R. Haydon. (From the "Life of Keats" by H. Buxton Forman, published by Reeves & Turner, 1883.)

Noël Paton; there is one in the National Portrait Gallery; the finest I have seen is that which belonged to Severn, and is now in the possession of Mr. Nigel Severn. Excellent "process" reproductions of it appear in Mr. Buxton Forman's library edition, and in Mr. John Gilmer Speed's American edition of the "Letters and Poems."¹

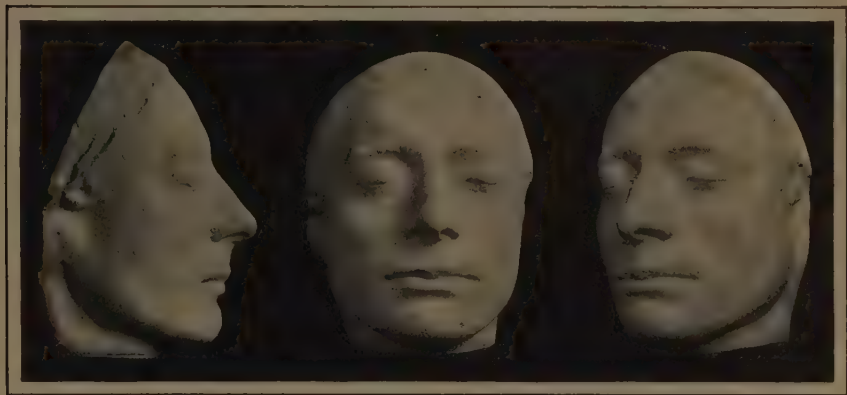
Next in date and perhaps first in importance comes the miniature painted by Joseph Severn in the winter of 1818, or more

probably in the early spring of 1819, for at that time Keats was in good health (as revealed in the miniature), whereas late in 1818 he was so poorly and looked so ill and worn as to make Severn, for one, very anxious. This is the miniature which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1819. It was also about this time—possibly earlier, as I have seen a copy marked *circa* January, 1819—that the fine silhouette portrait was made (reproduced in "The Severn Memoirs"): possibly, though this is mere

¹ Plaster copies of a copy of the mask can be procured in New York at a moderate price.—THE EDITOR.

surmise, by Edouart, who made the well-known full-length silhouette of Miss Fanny Brawne, Keats's fiancée. Walter Severn told me that he had heard his father speak of this as lifelike to an extraordinary degree to any one who had known Keats. Copies of the 1819 Academy miniature, now accepted as the standard likeness of Keats, were made by Severn both before and after the poet's death: a few of these were replicas, others are reminiscent rather than undeviating copies of the original. The original was given by Keats to Miss Brawne, from whose possession it came

owned by Charles W. Dilke, Keats's friend and the grandfather of the present baronet —appeared in the "Life and Letters" edited by Lord Houghton (then R. Monckton Milnes). Most of the engraved portraits in the many English and American editions of Keats's poems are reproductions of this engraving. The photographic reproductions on gray-blue cardboard autographed by Mr. Walter Severn are not from a new original, but from a version of the 1819 original. I had at one time several of these (unsigned and signed), and am under the impression that the auto-



THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS

Attributed to Haydon by Severn. From a cast made in New York presumably from a cast of the original. An electrolyte of the mask is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

into that of C. W. Dilke; it is now a treasured heirloom in the hands of Sir Charles Dilke. Sir Charles Dilke also owns two replicas, and Mr. Buxton Forman has another replica, from which was made the fine photographic reproduction which constitutes the frontispiece to Volume I of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Keats, and which is almost identical with the original; i.e., is truly a replica. Severn gave a first replica of the original to George Keats when the latter went back to America after his flying visit to London in January, 1820.²

An engraving made by H. Robinson in 1848, from a copy of the original—a copy

graphed copies³ were intended for the subscribers to the fund raised some years ago for putting the graves of Keats and Severn in order.

So far back as 1830, as is evident from a letter of Severn to Brown (January 17, 1830), the painter had himself taken in hand the graving of his miniature of Keats. From the same letter it is obvious that not all Severn's copies were in color: that belonging to Brown was evidently a "black-and-white," perhaps a pencil drawing. "Respecting the portrait," Severn writes in this letter, "I shall be proud to make my appearance before the public

¹ The library of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., contains a replica of the original miniature of Keats by Severn, painted by him for Mrs. John W. Field, and presented by her to the library in 1891. It has been reproduced in an edition of the English Poets published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (1899).

² Mr. Speed informs us that his grandmother (Mrs. George Keats) told him "as recently as 1877" that this portrait was made in 1818, the year she and her husband came to America.—THE EDITOR.

³ One of these photographs received in New York is inscribed: "John Keats, from my father's last picture. Walter Severn."—THE EDITOR.

as the unchanged friend of Keats, loving his memory now he is dead, as I did himself and his works when he was alive, and this is an honour that no one shall share with me, not even the engraver, for I will take up the graver once more and fancy myself inspired to give his semblance to the world, faulty as it may be, yet done with all my heart and soul. I think the miniature will make a good engraving. . . . It would be necessary to have the one in colours to engrave from, which can soon be had from England, as it is such a trifle." (Severn here alludes to the miniature belonging to Miss Fanny Brawne.) "Not that I think yours defective in any respect, but it is a great advantage always to engrave from colours when it [is] possible. I take it one great reason why the Italian engravings are so strong [*sic*] and lifeless is because they are copied from mere black-and-white drawings, whereas there exists a singular power in engraving in the insertion of colours. So pray write immediately for the original in colours, and I will commence the moment I receive it."

Severn's own long-retained copy, a panel, so closely resembling the replica which was photographed by Walter Severn at the time of Joseph Severn's death, is now in the possession of Mr. Nigel Severn. It is uncertain to what date this miniature may be ascribed. It is almost certainly one of the portraits of Keats which Severn delighted to make later in life: but it is not less certain that in its original state (whether an unfinished replica or a reminiscent study) this panel preceded several of the miniature portraits made in Severn's later years; for the late Walter Severn told me that he distinctly recollected having seen it in his father's studio in Rome "some twenty-five or thirty years ago." Mr. Nigel Severn so far corroborates this statement by his father, though without clear recollection of the number of years back. Joseph Severn was in the habit of declaring that "here was my dear Keats, just as he was"; and (so Mr. Walter Severn averred, or "seemed to remember") preferred it to the more idealized original of 1818. The panel is unfortunately cracked, slightly accentuating the breadth of the forehead. The difference between it and the original (i.e., the original and the "Dilke" and "For-

man" replicas) is much more marked than between it and the portrait photographed by Walter Severn as a Keats-Severn memorial. As a portrait it is inferior in painting, in drawing, and in resemblance to the contours of the life-mask; but Joseph Severn was wont stoutly to declare that it was none the worse for that; that the original was a trifle "Byronized" or "poetized"; and that "the real, every-day Keats" was recalled to him by this panel. On the other hand, the panel has obviously been repainted or worked over; and, again, Severn's memory in late years was in no wise to be depended upon, while his unintentional inaccuracy of statement was proverbial. The conclusive point is that the original and the early replicas conform convincingly to the authenticity of the life mask, and that the later portraits do not so conform.

The reproduction in colors which is the frontispiece to Mr. John Gilmer Speed's edition (1883) I take to be a reproduction of the George Keats copy, here reproduced in black and white. The coat there is a light brown with a tinge of green in the shadow. In other (later) versions the coat is olive-green. In the Severn panel alluded to above, and here reproduced, it is a dark olive-green over a dark-blue vest. In this "Speed" portrait Keats does not lean on a manuscript or book, but on a bare table-ledge. There are also variations in the necktie, the collar, and elsewhere, as also in the mouth, the drawing of the right ear, the lift of the hair, etc.

In a letter dated April 13, 1830, Severn discloses to Armitage Brown a project for a monument to Keats in Rome, and adds that he has consulted Gibson,¹ "who appeared willing." "I have a subject in mind for the Basso Rilievo, which I think I once mentioned to you before." It is Keats sitting with his half-strung lyre—the three Fates arrest him—one catches his arm—another cuts the thread—and the third pronounces his end." At the close of this letter he asks Brown when the latter will be done with his memoir of Keats, adding, "I would like to know, that I may be ready with the engraving."

After the first of these letters Brown had written to Severn explaining the inadvisability of asking Miss Brawne to lend her unique possession. "Were I to ask for the

¹ The English sculptor.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

John Keats.

THE "STANDARD PORTRAIT" OF KEATS BY JOSEPH SEVERN

From a photograph of the original, the only one of the miniatures done from life by Severn. It was painted for Fanny Brawne and was sold by her to Charles Wentworth Dilke, Keats's friend and the grandfather of the present baronet, The Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M.P., by whom it is now owned. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1819.

loan of it, I believe she would send it; and that belief makes me the more delicate in asking for it; besides, I cannot run the hazard of its being lost on the way. No, Severn; I do not feel myself authorized in making that request. I will send you my copy, and the drawing I made from your representation of him a little before his death, together with that foolish little painting I have promised, in a short while."

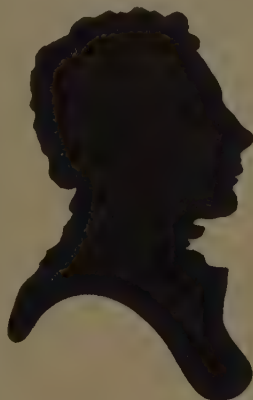
Five or six years later Severn heard of the project of the deputing to Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) of Brown's memoir, or at any rate of the editorial responsibility for the new edition of the poetical works (mainly, he believed, because of difficulties raised by George Keats), though Brown did not leave England for New Zealand till 1841; and in a letter of July 10, 1836, Severn says, alluding to this new edition, that he has been "invited to embellish it."

As I have stated, Monckton Milnes's edition, when at last it appeared in 1848, duly had as frontispiece an engraving of a copy of Severn's original miniature, not, however, engraved by Severn, but by H. Robinson. But before this the subject was often mooted and as often shelved. I have in my hands a letter from Brown (1832) full of enthusiasm for the medallion portrait of Keats made by Girometti from a study of Severn's miniature-copy or copies, of the silhouette portrait of 1818-19, and perhaps from other sources. Girometti's medallion, he says, is so good that he (Brown) now desires that the portrait for the "Life and Poems" must be from it. "The bas-relief he gave me of our Keats delights me," he writes; "never was anything so like: it seems quite a piece of magic." This is emphatic testimony from so familiar a friend of Keats, and yet the "likeness" is perhaps the least known of all the portraits of Keats. John Hamilton Reynolds, again, considered it 'the best likeness of Keats' he had seen.

Beyond the plaster-cast in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, and the wood-engraving by Scharf of the original prefacing an 1854 Moxon edition of the "Poems," reproduced page lvi, Volume I, of the Buxton Forman library edition, I know no other reproductions of the medallion.

No other portrait has so great an appeal as the lovely and pathetic likeness of Keats which Severn made during a long night-vigil some three weeks before the end. This drawing has been severally spoken of as having been made the night before Keats's death, the early morning of the day of death, and the early morning following the afternoon of his decease. As a matter of fact, the original (though some of the reproductions are without it) has the inscription in Severn's writing, "28th January, 3 o'clock m'g. Drawn to keep me awake—a deadly sweat was on him all this night."

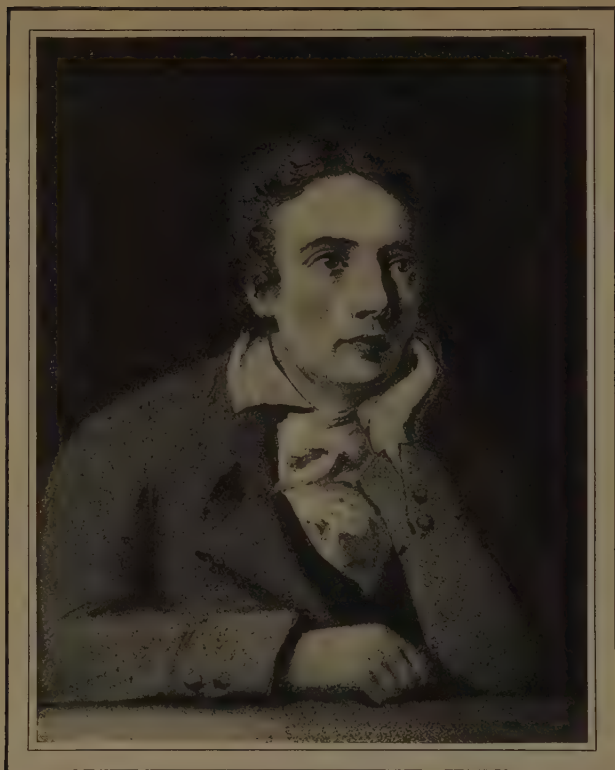
As to the actual day and hour of Keats's death there is bewildering discrepancy. The date has been given as the 28th, the 27th, the 24th, and the 23d of February, and the hour as the early morning, eleven in the forenoon, and about four in the afternoon. Any record of "early morning of the 28th" is obviously a mistake arising from misapprehension as to the significance of Severn's "Eve of Death" sketch—a confusion of January 28 and February 28. The mistake as to the 27th is due to the date at the head of Severn's famous fragmentary letter to Armitage Brown (27th) beginning, "He is gone," written four days subsequent to the decease. The inscription on the house in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome mentions February 24,¹ and the same date is engraved on the tombstone. But there seems no reasonable doubt that this is simply the date of the registration of death. Keats died in Severn's arms, and Severn's statement (twice repeated in extant letters written at the time) is explicit. "The death summons," he wrote, "happened



THE SILHOUETTE OF KEATS

One copy of this is marked "Circa January, 1819." It is attributed to Edouart. (From "The Severn Memoirs" by William Sharp.)

¹ The inscription on the house is in error in stating Keats's age as 26. Had he lived six days longer it would have been 25 years and four months.—THE EDITOR.



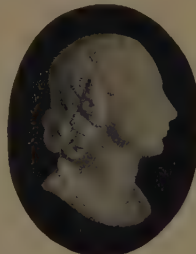
By permission of George D. Smith. Now owned by George C. Thomas
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WATER-COLOR PORTRAIT OF KEATS BY SEVERN, PAINTED FOR
GEORGE KEATS, THE POET'S BROTHER

This portrait was in the possession of George Keats in Louisville, Kentucky, till his death, and through his daughter descended to his grandson, John Gilmer Speed. It was reproduced in color in Mr. Speed's edition of Keats (Dodd, Mead & Co., 1883). Size $6\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

about half-past four on the afternoon of Friday, the 23rd" (and then follow the poignant, harrowing details). Again, in his fragmentary letter to Brown on Tuesday, the 27th, he writes, "On the 23rd, Friday, at half-past four, the approach of death came on. . . . [The death-agony] increased until eleven at night, when he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept." It would seem, therefore, that the most definite assertions as to Keats's death having occurred in the early morning of the 24th, or at eleven in the forenoon of either the 23rd or 24th, must be set aside before information so explicit as that of the one witness

of the poet's death, the friend whose ceaseless care and love had meant so much to Keats in those weeks of prolonged suffering since the January night or early morning of the famous "Eve of Death" sketch. In a word, it would appear irrefutable now that Keats died about eleven o'clock on the night of Friday, February 23. The beautiful and moving story has been often told, and is familiar to all lovers of Keats. The drawing itself (which has several times been copied by others than Severn) is well known through reproductions. To look at this drawing, and know "the bright falcon eyes" of the young poet closed at last, after



THE GIROMETTI MEDALLION OF KEATS

From an intaglio from it in the collection of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P.

so much bitterness and weariness and suffering, is to know one of the most poignant emotions afforded by literary history. I recollect Rossetti saying to me one night, when we were talking of what we should like to have as personal keepsakes of the great dead, and when we had put aside Shakspeare and Dante and Milton, that he would like to have for his own and keep by him the original of Drayton's famous sonnet, Severn's sketch of Keats on the eve of death, and that "polished, oval, white cornelian" which at the last Keats kept continually in his hand, "gift of his widowing love," says Severn, who adds that at times it seemed Keats's only consolation, "the only thing left him in this world clearly tangible."

The 1819 miniature was the original of other pictures—Severn made a large replica of it in a half life-size painting in oils, done to the commission of Mr. Moxon. In time this came into the possession of the late George P. Boyce, the well-known water-colorist, with whom I recollect having seen it; but I do not know in whose ownership it now is.

Another life-size half-length in oils, from the same type, is that by William Hilton, R.A.,¹ now in the National Portrait Gallery. It has interest because Hilton knew Keats, but it is of little value, not only because painted twenty years or more after Keats's death, but because it is an obvious "fake" from Severn's miniature, and is in almost no respect faithful to recognized detail; at any rate, it is not Keats whom, rightly or wrongly, we refuse here. A better variant is the portrait (whether earlier or later, I do not know) in the possession of Miss Tatlock of Brownfield House, Suffolk. What is of

much more interest is Hilton's fine, if too precise, chalk drawing of Keats (made about 1819–20, in all likelihood). This was engraved by Charles Wass, and published by Messrs. Taylor and Walton of Upper Gower street, in 1841; and now is familiar as the frontispiece to Volume II of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition. Possibly some day a (presumably) good early likeness of Keats of this Hilton-sketch period may be found. No one as yet, however, has dis-



Engraved by T. Cole

JOHN KEATS IN HIS LAST ILLNESS

From the sketch by Joseph Severn, January 28, 1821, which Charles Cowden Clarke characterized as "a marvelously correct likeness."

covered any clue to the lost bust by one Frederick Smith, which a writer in "The London Magazine" for May, 1822, mentions as being in the Academy exhibition—Mr. Frederick Smith's bust "of John Keats, the poet, which strongly recalls the gifted author of 'Endymion' to our remembrance."

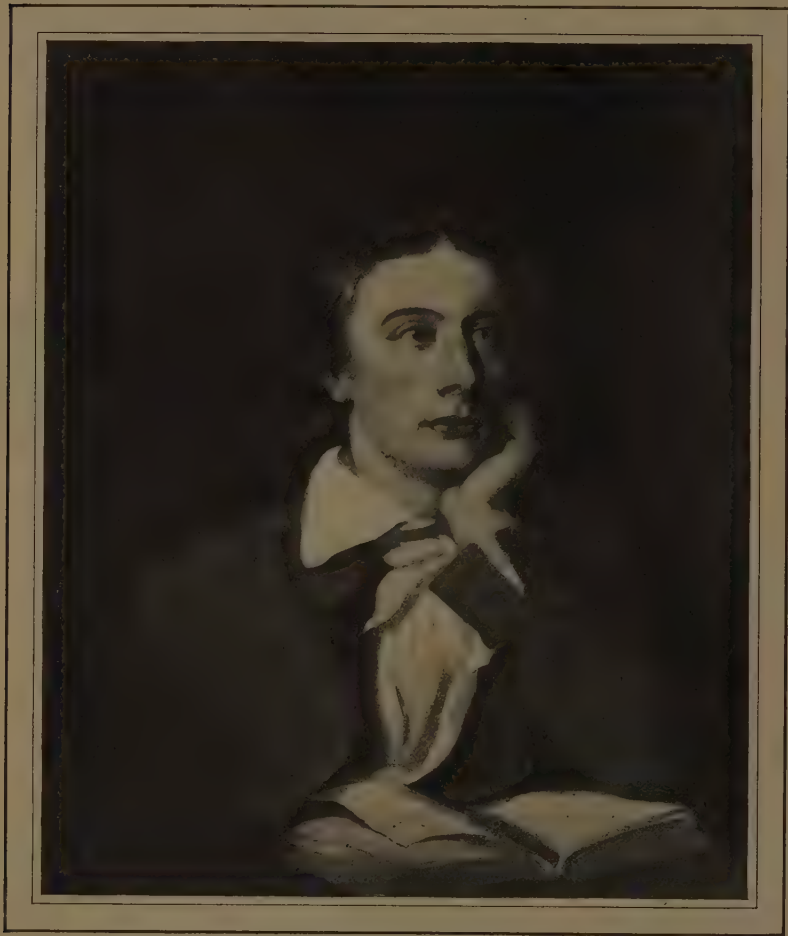
The full-length portrait painted by Severn about two years after Keats's death—i.e. fin-

¹ William Hilton, R. A., was born 1786, and so was nine years older than Keats. He was one of Severn's artist-friends. By 1818 he was already an R. A. Keats alludes to him in his usual generous way, in a letter dated June 20, 1818. "Tell Hilton that one gratification on my return will be

to find him engaged on a history piece to his own content." For a very characteristic anecdote concerning Keats (in connection with Severn) at a dinner party with Hilton and other friends, see quoted portion of Severn's *Roman Journal* in the *Severn Memoirs*, page 65. See also pp. 106–7.

ished in 1823, though begun not long after that sad event, partly "to occupy his brood-memory"—is now in the National Portrait Gallery. As is well known, it is a painting

Besides the few authentic portraits, and authentic replicas of one or more of these, there are several, and perhaps many, copies of copies which are averred to be "origi-



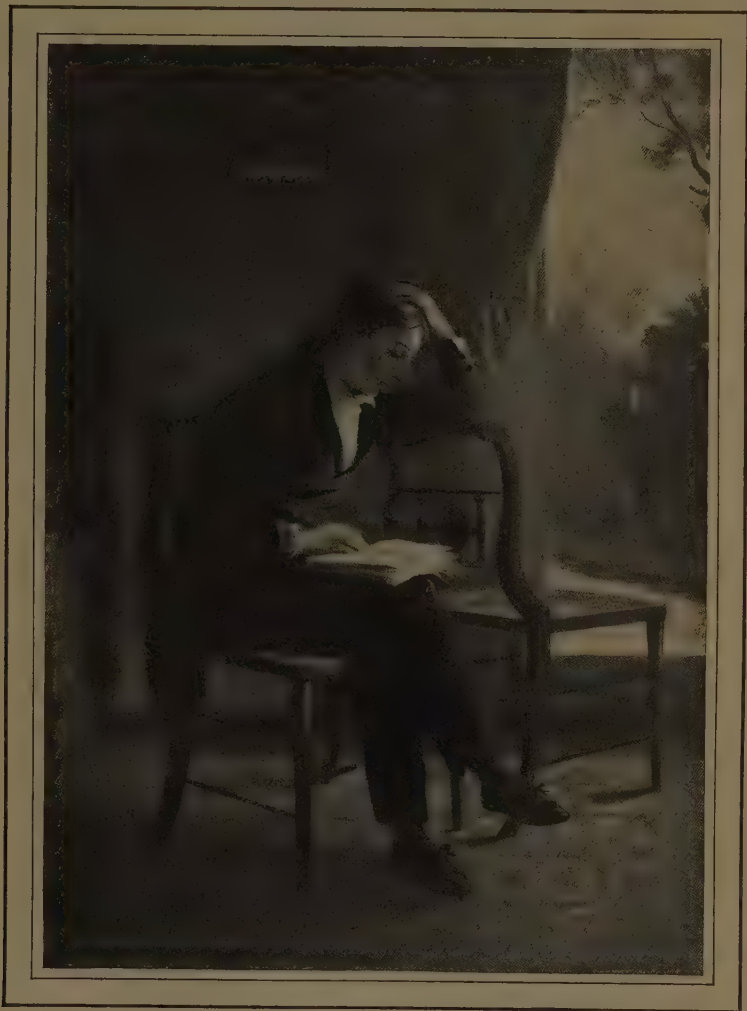
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

OIL-PORTRAIT OF KEATS PAINTED FROM MEMORY BY WILLIAM HILTON, R.A.,
AND NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

of Keats sitting reading in an open French-windowed room in Mr. Dilke's house, Wentworth Place, under a framed portrait of Shakspeare. Severn painted other subject-pictures and miniature-variants, the latter rarely replicas in the strict sense: memory-portraits, with him, could not but vary in details.

nal portraits" or copies of the 1819 original by Joseph Severn. Some considerable time ago I was shown in Edinburgh a miniature of Keats by Severn which at first glance had every appearance of authenticity, and for which a large sum was asked. Pasted on the back was an indubitable signature of Joseph Severn,

and above it were the words: "This is the best portrait of my dear Keats I ever painted." To the left of the signature of making to the commission of, or to oblige, admirers of the poet. The important detail alluded to was the color of the eyes. These

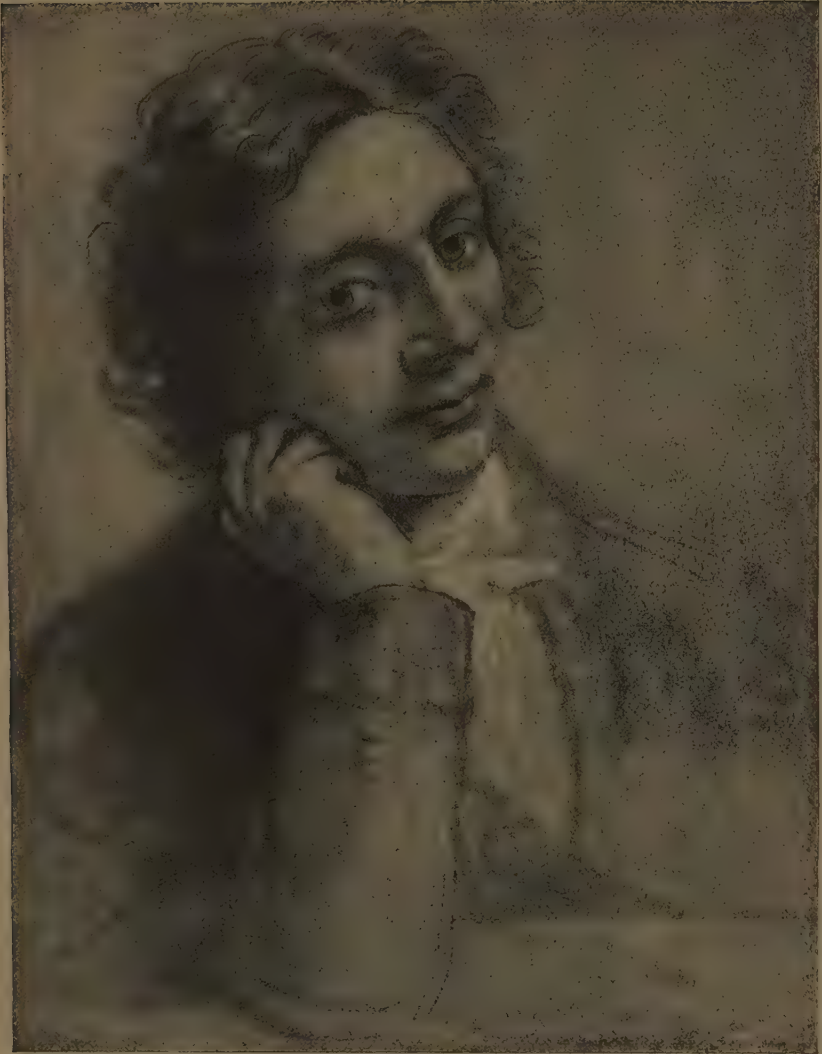


JOHN KEATS AT WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD

Painted in Rome from memory, by Joseph Severn, 1821-23. Now in the National Portrait Gallery. First photographed for Kenyon West in August, 1894, by special permission, and first published in her article "Keats in Hampstead" in *THE CENTURY* for October, 1895.

were the words "Rome—Autumn—1830." The miniature was painted with exceptional care, and except in one important particular bore a close resemblance to the best of the replicas which Severn was fond

were of a blue unlike that which I had noticed in at least two late-in-life replicas of the original exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1819. Keats's eyes were hazel. Severn himself in his early days



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE "LOST PORTRAIT" OF KEATS BY SEVERN

From a print published by John Slark and owned by Nigel Severn, Esq.

had noted this again and again, as, for example, in the fine phrase "the hazel eyes of a wild gypsy-maid in colour, set in the face of a young god." But in this miniature the eyes were of a blue that could not darken—not a pale or gray blue, but of a singular fixity of tone. A friend who had asked me to examine this picture was about to pay the large sum asked for it, but I persuaded him to wait a few days. These eyes seemed to me quite unconvincing; but, again, the written guarantee appeared incontrovertible. I still had in my keeping at that time several of the manuscript volumes of Severn's Roman journals, which had been used in preparation for "The Severn Memoirs." I sent to London for the volume for 1830, and discovered from it that Severn was not in Rome in the autumn of that year. So I wrote to Mr. Walter Severn to learn if he had any knowledge of this miniature. Naturally he was interested and curious, and the more so as the portrait might legally prove to be his; but he had never heard of it, knew nothing of it, and, from what I had written about the eyes and otherwise, doubted its authenticity. I had another look at the miniature, but this time with a magnifying glass. It was the inscription, not the painting, I wanted to examine, however. As I expected, the glass revealed an almost indistinguishable joining in the stained coarse paper. In a word, a genuine signature had been skilfully appended to a forgery! That the vendor was aware of this was evident from his confusion when it was indicated to him; and, as the outcome, no bargain was effected and the miniature was withdrawn from sale. What became of it I do not know; but when I was in the United States in November–December of 1904 I was casually asked (at Boston) if I knew anything of a miniature by Severn at the back of which he had himself written to the effect that this was the best existent portrait of Keats as a likeness. It may or may not be the same, but any would-be purchaser would do well to be wary. In New York, again, I was shown "a miniature of Keats by Severn," which was not even a late copy by Severn in advanced years; in a word, it was a clumsy imitation, made possibly by the same industrious gentleman who some years ago in Rome always had a mysterious Severn-Keats miniature for sale, or "knew a friend

of the family anxious to dispose of one." My opinion is that by no means all the recognized miniatures of Keats by Severn are genuine.

Again, there are the copies, both of the original miniature of 1819 and of the beautiful death-bed black-and-white drawing, made by at least two or three common friends. Thus, of the two copies of the former made by C. A. Brown, I am of opinion, though not certain, that the portrait of Keats attributed in the National Portrait Gallery of Edinburgh to Joseph Severn is one. It seems to me almost certainly not Severn's handiwork, unless of very late date. If neither his nor Brown's, it may be by Seymour Kirkup (who made "several" good reproductions, apparently), though without his characteristic delicacy of touch and tone.

As to the interesting drawing here reproduced (so far as I know, for the first time since its issue at an unknown date by John Slark), I can give few details. The original by Severn has disappeared. The portrait appears to be a reminiscent one of Keats, in a new pose, probably intended as a study for a picture or for inclusion in Severn's projected "Adonais" volume. I have seen no copy but that among the Severn manuscripts, now lent by Mr. Nigel Severn for reproduction. It appears to have been published by John Slark, of 12 Busby Place, Camden Road, London, whom now I cannot trace.

Of later subject-pictures associated with Keats, Severn believed that the best he had done were "Keats and the Nightingale" and the "Endymion." The latter was painted as late as 1861–62; as to the date of the former I have no present clue, save a very vague recollection that it belongs to the "twenties." It is in any case much the more interesting and valuable of the two. Severn told his son Walter that it was painted from the pine-clad spot on Hampstead Heath, near The Spaniards' Inn; and he always held the likeness to the poet to be one of his happiest records. This interesting picture, which has never been reproduced till now, is in the possession of Mr. Nigel Severn, with whose concurrence Mr. Hollyer has made for me the photograph of which a facsimile is now given. This photograph is excellent, though it does not adequately show such detail as the curiously shaped tall hat which the

poet—or his painter!—has deposited in a hollow of the adjacent tree-trunk.

I have never succeeded in tracing "the studio folio-page" (date unknown) with

saw it, but a Roman friend of Joseph Severn (I think the American painter Mr. Tilton) told me he was much struck by the remarkable likeness between the Keats bro-



Photograph by Hollyer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"KEATS AND THE NIGHTINGALE"

Unpublished painting by Joseph Severn, owned by Nigel Severn, Esq.

studies by Severn of several "heads", of what may be called the Keats group: Keats, George and Tom Keats, Reynolds, Leigh Hunt, Brown, Haydon, Fanny Brawne, Fanny Keats, and others. I never

thers. If so, I should imagine the sketch-page to be of late date, loosely reminiscent, possibly in connection with Severn's projected "Adonais"-folio scheme. This was a scheme to publish a folio edition of

"Adonais," with illustrations by himself and his two artist sons, Arthur and Walter; and, as text, copious annotations, biographical notes, and reminiscences. Indeed, he meant to comprise here all his reminiscences of Keats. But the annotations and memorabilia remain fragmentary in the interesting "Adonais" manuscript; for none of the illustrations were done, though he intended also to use certain already extant pictures, such as the "Endymion" and "Keats and the Nightingale."

An old studio sketch-book containing many sketches and a few relatively finished studies, with memoranda and personalia, with many jottings concerning Keats and his circle, mysteriously disappeared from Severn's studio either just before or just after his death in Rome on the third of

August, 1879. "Fine weather at last," were the latest written words of the old painter; and the name of Keats was the last word breathed by the dying man. In his eighty-sixth year, Severn was still inspired by the memory of the loved friend of his youth and "the pride of all his life"; for in his last days his thoughts wandered often to the subject of a newly projected picture, "Keats lying calm in death, and a beautiful Spirit bending over him." I have been asked if there is any sketch of this, however crude. None exists. The subject is mentioned among the very latest entries in his journals.

For the aged painter and the young poet, both long at rest together near the pyramid of Caius Cestius in the old Protestant Cemetery in Rome, "Fine weather at last."

A REMINISCENCE OF JOSEPH SEVERN

BY R. W. G.

AT the time of my first visit to Rome, in May, 1879, learning that Severn was still living, I made inquiry as to his whereabouts. A foreigner, whose home was in Rome, asked me why I wished to see Severn. I told him it was because he was Keats's friend. "Did you know Keats?" he asked. As Keats had died many years before I was born, I had to confess that my interest in the poet was not based upon personal acquaintance.

I found the old man at last in his apartment at the Fountain of Trevi. I visited him twice and spent delightful hours in the company of him who had witnessed perhaps the greatest tragedy in English literature—the untimely death of "Shakspeare's younger brother." To me there was something thrilling in the touch of the kindly hand that had ministered to the dying poet, had laid him away in his grave, and had written the simple story of those last tragic hours—a story one of the most

moving in the sad chronicles of genius and mortality. He placed in my hands, for a few reverent moments, the original of his pathetic drawing of the dear dying boy.

On the wall I was startled to see, for the first time, a mask of Keats's face. I asked him who made it, and he said it was a life-mask made by the ill-fated painter Haydon. I begged him to tell me where a copy of it could be obtained, and he said at a dæster's near Charing Cross. Being in London later in the year, I found that the plaster-cast shop had been removed some forty years before. But I persisted till I found where the mask could be had, and obtained two copies. One of these I gave to the blind poet Philip Bourke Marston, and it was this copy that subsequently served as an illustration in the edition of Keats edited by Buxton Forman, while the copy that I brought to America was used by Mr. John Gilmer Speed in his full edition of his great-uncle's works.

This mask has since become well known both in England and America. It is the most accurate and satisfying representation existing of the face of Keats. Being a life-mask, it has nothing of the painfulness of most of the masks of famous persons, which have generally been taken after death. As in the Lincoln life-mask, there is almost a touch of humor in the expression. When I showed my copy to Helen Keller, her delicate fingers revealed to her what the eye can only discern in certain lights. "He smiles," she said.

While Mr. Lowell was United States Minister to Madrid he looked up, at my suggestion, Señora Llanos, Keats's sister.

Severn was a cheerful old man, whose

devotion to Keats evidently grew out of his own natural spirit of kindliness no less than from a sincere sentiment of admiration and affection. This very devotion had brought him many friends and had made his life brighter. He died soon after my visit, and I was very glad to take charge of the American end of the subscription for his interment, with a "suitable commemorative stone," most appropriately beside Keats in the Roman burying-ground.

His monument is similar to that of Keats, but is, I am sorry to say, disfigured by several names of subscribers to the fund, carved (certainly without the knowledge of most of them) on the back of the marble.



THE INTELLECTUAL MISS LAMB

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY



MISS R. LAMB was pretty. This might be set down as merely an agreeable statement pertaining to Miss Lamb's sentient bodily structure, had her prettiness been of the palely classic or even of the darkly severe order. But the sort of exuberantly youthful, kittenish beauty exhibited in Miss Lamb's pink-and-white, curl-shaded, cherubic countenance was not far from being ridiculous when one perforce took into account the correlative fact that Miss Lamb was little more than a walking edition of the great Greathead's "Physiological Psychology." Now, the merest tyro in book-making would know better than to invest a profound treatise on the "Philosophy of Mind" with a rose-colored binding pranked out with a profusion of gold curlicues and illuminated text. And this simple illustration exactly fits Miss Lamb's case: her binding, if one may use the term, was strikingly inappropriate.

It is altogether probable that Miss Lamb herself recognized the fact and deplored it, for she invariably wore the primmest

and plainest of plain gray gowns when engaged in the arduous duties of her profession, and her tendrilly yellow hair was sternly inhibited from the liberties it would have liked behind her pink little ears. More than once she was observed to blush angrily when new students focused dreamy stares of admiration upon her undeniable charms. Later, these unwary ones were likely to forget that their instructor's eyes were the color of early violets, in their efforts to recall the elusive statements of psychology. The incisive coldness of Miss Lamb's demeanor upon such occasions was sufficient to chill the most exuberant of her youthful admirers into a state of objectified reluctance, than which there is nothing more unpleasant, when one comes to understand what the term means.

Miss Lamb was known to be working for her doctor's degree with the same avid persistency which she had displayed in obtaining lesser honors. To this praise-worthy end her corridor door frequently bore the legend: "Engaged; do not knock or enter."

It was Meredith Randolph who inscribed the words "To whom?" after the word "Engaged," a piece of impudence by no means original with Meredith, no fewer than twenty elderly alumnæ claiming to have invented it in the eighties. The original thing, as might have been expected, happened next: Miss Randolph not only knocked, but entered. She also stopped behind the closed door an unconscionable length of time.

"What in the world—?" yawned Spriggy Post, when the flushed adventuress at length emerged to view. "We've watched that door for an hour, and had come to the painful conclusion that you had been sacrificed on the stony altar of science. The creature 's cold-blooded enough to vivisect an angel."

"Your closing remark very neatly describes what took place, Miss Post," said Meredith. "Allow me to tender my congratulations upon the astonishing development of your intuitive faculties. I agree with you that 'the creature' is entirely inhuman at present, and therefore, after careful study of correlative psychoses, I've decided to ruin her career."

"What do you care about her career?" sniffed Nancy Powell. "She 's R. Lamb, B.A., M.A., already, and she 'll shortly annex Ph.D. to the list. After that, in the course of nature, she 'll ripen off, so to speak, till she looks like a last year's mullein-stalk. Those pinky blondes always do."

"What does 'R.' stand for?" lazily inquired a freshman.

"Riddle-of-the-sphinx, my innocent young friend," Miss Post told her. "That is one of the one hundred and one weird peculiarities about Lamby: she has never seen fit to acquaint the interested public with the title she bore as a studious infant. She told Merry Ran' that inasmuch as her given name did not coalesce with the definite aims and purposes of her career, she had decided to suppress it. The other one hundred delightful idiosyncrasies which distinguish the lady you will find out for yourself before you take your degree, and far be it from me to forestall the joys of discovery."

"On the contrary, our young friend will have to be quick about it," observed Miss Randolph; "for precisely at this point you will observe the formation of

an exceedingly complex psychophysical hallucination which will inevitably lead our beloved Lamby to the matrimonial altar."

"To the *what*?" intoned the audience, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy.

"Matrimonial altar was the destination I mentioned," mildly replied Miss Randolph. "Some of you are already aware that I am to be married to Jimmy Sayre in July; but you probably do not know that Miss R. Lamb, M.A., will officiate on that festive occasion as maid of honor."

"No!" responded the chorus, with fine rendition of despairing negation.

"Yes," amended Miss Randolph, cheerfully. "I've asked her, and she 's consented."

"What did she say when you asked her?" inquired Miss Post, with unconcealed curiosity.

"Your note-books, young ladies, if you please," began Meredith, eying her hearers with chilling dignity. "Now, if you are quite ready, we will begin. Our astute and erudite instructor first subjected your humble servant to a brief but searching examination, focused chiefly upon the correlated impulses, instincts, and desires which led up to my present conscious state. She deplored the inevitable sequence, but professed a lively interest in the (to her) wholly unfamiliar psychoses relating to the conative processes of so-called love-making. I regret to say that I flatly flunked the examination, for I could n't for the life of me give one analyzable reason why I should have fallen in love with Jimmy; whereupon she propounded the following axiom, which I should advise you to memorize at once: 'The outreaching of blind, instinctive impulse should ever be rigorously inhibited, else why were we given an intellect?'"

The chorus gurgled softly with excessive joy.

"Lamby has consented to act as maid of honor at my wedding for the sole purpose of studying at close range a type with which she is wholly unfamiliar," continued Miss Randolph, unsmilingly, "but which deserves some slight recognition in Lamb's 'Comprehensive Primer of Physiological Psychology' (in process of preparation). I refer to the adult male human. I will add that Mr. William Gregg is to officiate as best man."

Nancy Powell wiped her eyes. "Oh, why must I go to Europe this summer?" she sighed. "I sha'n't see anything to compare with it!"

"Tell me about him," demanded Miss Post.

"Do you mean Billy Gregg? Well, he's big, simple-hearted, and good-looking, in the plain, clean style we all like. I should probably have fallen in love with him myself if I had n't met the incomparable J. S. first. He'll be just the one for Lamby," she added complacently.

"I call it a mean shame to cast pearls before—"

"We're not forbidden to cast them before lambs, my child," Miss Randolph informed her, with a superior air.

An Excerpt from "Types of Mental Development, Consisting of Various Groupings of Individuals according to Temperament, Sex, Age, and Race. Collected and Tabulated by R. Lamb, Welles-mawr College":

"TYPE XIV: INDIVIDUAL NO. 1. Temperament, indeterminate; sex, male; age, thirty (approximately); race, indeterminate (probably Anglo-American).

"ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL NOTES. GROUP I: (a) The individual, William Gregg, is one of the few types of the human male adult I have been able thus far to examine at close range. What I have already ascertained with regard to this particular type fills me with an active desire to know more of it. As the relation of body to mind affords in itself an inexhaustible field for research, I will first briefly describe the physical appearance of W. G., keeping clearly in view the fact that the human body represents merely a system of physical elements which, under exceedingly complex and obscure influences from internal forces, modified by the action of age, sex, and environment, attains temporarily a certain morphological and physiological unity.

"W. G. is an exceedingly well-developed specimen, of a fine and commanding presence. Arguing from the outward aspect to the inward stream of consciousness, one would infer, at a first inspection, a powerful and commanding intellect. The contour of the individual's head and features still further confirms this primary inference. His eyes are in color

gray, with glints of brown in their depths. I noticed particularly that in conversation the tint of the iris seemed to darken, indicating clearly the singular force of the cerebral action. I made, further, somewhat careful mental notes regarding the hair, texture of the skin, etc., as all of these phenomena are invariably correlated to mind in the most intimate way.

"The brief table appended below recalls these facts:

Hair—Dark brown, abundant, waving.

Skin—Of a brownish cast (perhaps induced by the action of the sun).

Teeth—White, even, and sound (as far as I was able to examine them).

Eyes—Brilliant gray, with brownish shadings.

Brows—Even, firm, and dark.

Lashes—Long and curling.

Forehead—Medium height; temples commanding and prominent.

Mouth—Well cut, giving a smiling and agreeable expression.

"(b) I was not able, in the short time allotted to conversation, to sound the depths of W. G.'s mental processes; I shall hope to do this on some future occasion. But the following incident, slight as it is, may possess an important bearing on successive psychoses. As we (W. G. and I) followed the newly wedded pair down the aisle after the performance of the marriage ceremony (more of this under INDIVIDUAL. MEREDITH RANDOLPH. ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL GROUP. IV; note c), I noted the fact that W. G.'s arm, upon which I was leaning, trembled excessively. The fact interested me, pointing as it did to some corresponding emotional disturbance. When seated in the carriage I inquired briefly as to the cause of the phenomenon noted. W. G.'s reply surprised me.

"'I was wishing that I'd just been married,' he said.

"'Indeed,' I questioned. 'And what led to so remarkable a desire?'

"'Do you call it remarkable?' he asked.

"'From my standpoint, yes,' I replied. 'I can scarce conceive the momenta of mental movement, arrived at by converging two widely differing streams of consciousness into a single channel, as being conducive to the highest good of the individual.'

"He stared at me fixedly for a minute, as if trying to grasp the full significance of my comment; then replied decidedly, 'Well, do you know, I can.'

"'But is not this merely a primary inference?' I asked lightly. 'How, for example, can one put one's finger upon some definite point and say, just here emerged my first sensation of yellow, or the first feeling of esthetical emotion, or the first perception of a human face?'

"'I can do all that,' he replied, with a confident air. 'I've just realized yellow and blue and pink for the first time in my life, and I shall know to a dot when I fell in—'

"He did not complete this interesting statement; and as the carriage at that moment stopped in front of the house, I was not able to examine him further upon the point. I shall do so at my earliest opportunity."

Mr. William Gregg to Mrs. James Sayre

"DEAR MRS. SAYRE: Some old theological duffer once assured his congregation that the joys of the saved would be indefinitely enhanced by beholding the tortures of the damned, which they could conveniently do from the safe battlements of the Celestial City. Now if you can spare the time to peep over the rim of your crescent honeymoon you will be able to augment your bliss by observing the sufferings of a rash and impetuous idiot, who is decidedly 'out of it' at the present writing.

"I should have waited, of course, and conducted my courtship after the time-honored fashion; but I could n't bear to think of her grinding away for another year in that confounded college. Besides, I had somehow acquired a ridiculous idea that she liked me. To cut a weird tale short, I ran down on my car to Wood's Holl, where she had told me she was going to study in some beastly biological Laboratory. I found her working with a microscope over a lot of messy-looking stuff. She said she was studying types of the higher cryptogams. I can't for the life of me say why this should have caused me to become temporarily deranged; but it did, and I proposed on the spot. I did n't mean to, of course—at least not then. She looked at me as impersonally as though I were a jelly-fish,

and informed me that I had completely confused my primary inferences. She was as sweet and cool as a flower; and what do you think I did next? I kissed her. I simply could n't help it.

"I draw a veil over the scene that followed. Henceforth I am far, far less to her than any sort of creature, vertebrate or invertebrate. I've just one spark of comfort (?): she says I may come to see her again, for—mark this—she's making a tabulated analysis of my 'type' which she would like to complete. Ye gods! what have I done to deserve this?

"Yours wretchedly,
"W. G."

Mrs. Sayre to Mr. Gregg

"DEAR BILLY: You certainly are all kinds of an idiot. Yet I have hopes of you. The idea of you're not knowing any better than to propose to Lamby in a laboratory! She's positively inhuman under such circumstances, and nobody knows that better than I do. But I'm glad you kissed her. Really, that was great! It'll prove such a shock to her perceptions that she'll study over its correlated psychoses the rest of the summer. In the end you'll win. I'm sure of it. But, for goodness' sake, don't do any more love-making till I've had a chance to advise you further!

"Yours faithfully,
"Meredith Randolph Sayre."

Excerpt from Miss Lamb's "Tabulated Records"

"ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL NOTES. GROUP II: (a) I find the individual W. G. of increasing interest. I am at present inclined to indicate the temperament in this case as choleric, though possibly the compound term choleric-sentimental would more nearly indicate the fact. I own that I was surprised to find the sentimental expressing so strongly in the individual W. G.; I should thoughtlessly have credited him with a greater degree of subjectivity.

"At this point I am inclined to recall the principle of relativity as somewhat explanatory of the succeeding phenomena. Thus, W. G., being profoundly impressed by the scene of the wedding festivities, received therefrom a complex mental im-

pression, resulting in (1) a complete disturbance of ideation; (2) a consequent modification of accompanying feelings; (3) a distinct psychophysical hallucination.

"This latter phenomenon was, curiously enough, focused upon myself in the most singular manner. So far I am forced to admit the insufficiency of analysis as correlated to the synthetic activity of my own consciousness. I have determined to reserve its rapidly succeeding psychoses for more detailed and careful study at some future time, when the inevitable agitation attending the event shall have subsided to an appreciable degree.

"I am sensible that there is much to be learned in this unwonted experience."

II

(THREE YEARS LATER)

Mr. William Gregg to Mrs. James Sayre

"DEAR MRS. SAYRE: You 'll not be surprised, perhaps, to learn that I 'm booked for Russia, Australia, and—the Lord knows where. Having scored a distinct failure in the rôle of devoted lover, which I too hastily elected, I have decided to betake myself to parts unknown and stay there till I have succeeded in forgetting—Psychology.

"I saw her yesterday—for the last time, I believe. The interview was undoubtedly an interesting one from a scientific point of view; but I was unable to appreciate it. The net result of my three years of misplaced devotion lies before me as I write, in the shape of a thin, small volume entitled 'Lamb's Primer of Physiological Psychology: With Copious Explanatory Notes and Descriptive Tables.' It contains my name, and the neat autograph of the author, 'R. Lamb, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.'

"I am haunted by a sense of something divinely sweet and womanly beneath her impenetrable exterior, and I 'm reduced to the pitiable condition of a man perishing with thirst while he listens to the cooling trickle of a rock-bound spring a hundred feet underground. She 's to be full professor of that damnable philosophy next year. Pardon the profanity; I fancy you 'll find it justifiable.

"W. G."

Mrs. Sayre to Mr. Gregg

"DEAR BILLY: I 've been feeling so wretchedly unhappy for the last two years, as I reflect upon my own guilty complicity in this affair of yours and Lamby's, that J. is quite sorry for me. It 's effectually broken me of the match-making tendency, though. Catch me ever trying to make another woman happy! Billy, she is n't worth it. She 's just a miserable little pink-and-white copy of a psychology primer herself. I ought to have known better. The bare idea of her actually preferring any number of ridiculous letters after her name to the glory of writing M-r-s. before yours!

"And yet—and yet—I had a letter from the creature this morning, and in it she said two or three things that made me wonder if she 's quite so inhuman as she appears. I 've an idea, too,—a sort of forlorn-hope scheme. If you 're not too irrevocably committed to your Ishmaelistic idea, come to Lenox for July. Your cottage is right next to the one we 've taken for the season. In any event, you could n't be any worse off than you are. Besides, I want you to see your namesake. William is simply immense in every sense of the word! I am depending upon him to cut this 'Gordon knot,' as Jimmy calls it.

"As ever, faithfully yours,
"M. R. S."

Mrs. Sayre to Miss Lamb

"DEAR LAMBY: We are all awfully pleased to know that you can come to us for July. You 'll be delighted with William, I know. We call him William to distinguish him from the human male adult known to us as Billy.

"William is an absolutely normal specimen of The Child, and as such ought to engage your scientific attention for at least a month. Who knows what new light you may be able to shed upon the nature of instinct as differentiated from impulse and desire, and the correlation of all three to the appetitive consciousness! I fear that William at present presents a sad example of the human infant swayed solely by uninhibited impulse. But he 's all the more fascinating on that account.

"No; I'm not disposed to find fault with you, Lamby, because you have broken Billy Gregg's heart and trampled him under foot like an earth-worm for more than two years. I've carefully analyzed the matter, and concluded that you are simply the victim of a large and indefinite amount of hallucination, and that your sense-perceptions are correspondingly deflected from the normal. I'm awfully sorry for you, Lamby. I never supposed that you would so confuse the primary inferences with true logical concepts. But perhaps you can't help it, poor dear!

"Yours psychologically,
"M. R. S."

Excerpt from Miss Lamb's "Tabulated Records"

"I HAVE in immediate prospect the first opportunity of my life to study the human infant at first hand. William Sayre has attained the age of two years, a period of the greatest possible interest to the psychologist. In order to obtain the most complete account of this interesting individual, I shall in future resort to the more simple narrative style, interspersed with a few brief tables, with a view of reducing the whole to an intimate psychophysical study of The Child at my earliest opportunity. The circle of means to be employed will embrace (1) observation; (2) analysis; (3) induction; and (4) the framing of theories, to be tested, when possible, by experiment.

"Objectively considered, the individual William is described in appended table:

Body—Plump, well formed, active.
Hair—Reddish, fine, curling.
Skin—Singulantly smooth, of a delicate pinkish tinge throughout.
Eyes—Brown, limpid, bright.
Nose—Indeterminate.
Forehead—Prominent.
Teeth—Small, white, and sharp.
(*Note.* Upon being introduced to the infant, it playfully bit my hand.)

"William is possessed of a loud, resonant voice which he uses without modulation. Biology may, or may not, be correct in regarding every amœba as endowed with a will of its own; but there can be no reasonable doubt that this term designates a primary and indubitable da-

tum of William's consciousness. This datum may be briefly illustrated thus: I met William this morning on the lawn in company with the nurse-maid. He approached me in the most friendly manner and laid hold of my gown.

"'Do walk?' he stammered interrogatively.

"'Yes, yes, Master William,' replied the nurse, 'William go walk with Mary.'

"'No—no—no!' asseverated the infant, his voice rising in ever higher cadences. 'Me not walk wiv Mawy. Me walk wiv my Lamby.'

"I own that I was primarily shocked and displeased at the want of respect indicated by this mode of address; secondarily, a slight feeling of amusement mingled with the transiently felt displeasure; and, thirdly, the two first emotions were speedily blended in one of fatuous satisfaction at the initial triumph of my influence over that of the individual known as Mary.

"'You may walk with me, William,' I said; 'but you must call me Miss Lamb.'

"The child stared at me thoughtfully. 'Me walk wiv my Lamby,' he repeated firmly, and turning his broad, though short, back upon his nurse, he drew me away through the shrubbery.

"'Shall we walk in this direction, William?' I asked, indicating a path which led toward the house.

"'No,' said the infant.

"'Why not?' I inquired. 'I should like to walk this way.'

"'No,' repeated William, tersely.

"I yielded to the pressure of the small fat hand within my own, experiencing a certain unknown pleasure in the thought of surrendering my own will to this new but powerful influence.

"'Me walk to barn,' said William, pleasantly. And having no adequate inhibitive objection to proffer to the child, we strolled down a pleasant path bordered with blossoming rose-bushes, passed a low hedge, and presently came in sight of a picturesque, red-roofed building half hid in trees. At sight of it William chuckled. 'Me like Unc' Billy's barn,' he muttered; 'me dwive horsey wiv Unc' Billy.'

"I drew back hastily. 'We must return to the house at once, William,' I said decidedly. I did not then realize

the identity of the individual indicated by the appellation 'Unc' Billy'; but it occurred to me that I had unwittingly trespassed upon another's domain.

"'No!' said William, tugging me powerfully in the direction of the red-roofed building.

"'I shall certainly not yield to your wishes in this instance, William,' I said sternly. 'You must, instead, surrender to my higher sense of relativity. In a word, we must turn about at once.'

"'No!' asseverated William, immediately exhibiting a sudden and intense discharge of nervous energy into the vascular, secretive, and respiratory organs.

"I was surprised—I may even say shocked—at what followed; William flung himself violently upon the ground at my feet and gave vent to the most inhuman outcries. Psychologically considered, the situation was a most interesting one, as the infant William was exhibiting in a marked degree that state of consciousness termed 'Bodily Resonance.' I noted the characteristic clenching of the fists; the setting together of the jaws, alternating with a yawning motion of the same as the individual emitted scream after scream of rage; the reddening of the skin; the suppressed and uneven action of the respiratory organs. I was indeed so absorbed in observing these (to me unfamiliar) phenomena that I quite failed to hear the rapid approach of footsteps from two different directions.

"'Bless his little darling baby heart!' cried a loud, indignant voice at my back; 'did she abuse my sweet pet? Come right here quick to his old nurse!'

"'Do 'way, Maw; do 'way!' howled William, beating his heels upon the ground in a fresh paroxysm of rage. 'Me want my Unc' Billy!'

"'Hello, youngster, what 's up now?' inquired a masculine voice at almost the same moment. I looked up hastily, to encounter the eyes of W. G.

"I own that the rhythm and intensity of my whole vasomotor apparatus were quickly and profoundly modified for an instant. The respiratory mechanism, in particular, including the epiglottis and the muscles of the diaphragm, exhibited to a marked degree what has been well termed 'objectified reluctance.' In a word, I was so surprised that I could

not for the moment command my powers of speech.

"W. G. spoke first. 'Oh, it 's you?' he said calmly.

"'Yes,' I acknowledged, 'It is I.'

"'What 's the matter with the kid?' he demanded, eying me with his customary searching gaze.

"'I don't know,' I confessed.

"His face lighted up with an expression of intense satisfaction. 'Thank God!' he muttered.

"'For what?' I inquired.

"'Never mind,' he replied hastily; 'I 'll explain some other time. Wanted his Unc' Billy, did he?' he continued, addressing the infant, who had ceased roaring, and was now performing a series of singular gymnastic exercises up his trousers legs.

"'Yeth,' lisped William. 'She would n't come,' pointing a pudgy forefinger at me.

"'Of course not,' replied W. G., surveying me reproachfully over the top of the infant's head. 'She never will come. She 's too awfully busy considering the emotional state of the other fellow's consciousness and observing the rapidly succeeding psychoses. You 'll have your hands full with William, I fancy, Miss—ah, I beg pardon, *Doctor Lamb*.'

"'I am confident I shall find William a most interesting type,' I answered sincerely. 'That is, primarily, why I am here. I did not expect to find you here,' I added pointedly. As a matter of fact, W. G. had solemnly assured me only a fortnight since that I should never see him again.

"'I did intend to clear out,' he replied gloomily, 'but—' he paused and again addressed the child. 'Want to dwive horsey, kid?'

"William replied by joyously drumming his heels upon his questioner's broad chest; he was by this time perched on W. G.'s shoulder.

"I could not refrain from looking my admiration of the two, as nearly perfect types of the infant and adult male human. He caught my glance and held it. 'Will you, for once, do as I ask?' he said persuasively, adding hastily as I drew back in alarm, 'No, it is n't that—this time; I only want you to see William drive. He 's a promising whip in embryo; I 've got him in training.'

"I reflected for a moment. 'I have no hat on, in the first place,' I objected somewhat weakly. 'In the second place, Mrs. Sayre does n't know where we are.'

"'Overruled!' he cried joyously, 'by a more powerful esthetical sentiment. Mary, hurry and fetch Miss Lamb's hat, and tell Mrs. Sayre that we are going to drive.'

"'You are mixing your terms,' I objected again; 'esthetical is not the proper word to apply to my sentiments in consenting to drive with you.'

"'Did I say that I was describing your sentiments?' he answered quickly. 'On the contrary, esthetical is the exact word to define my own sentiments, and it was to them I was referring.'

"I looked up at him with an irresistible feeling of approbation. 'You are improving in your understanding of psychological fact,' I could not help saying.

"'Good gracious, I should hope so!' he exclaimed, frowning into space. 'I believe, if you should really set your mind to it, you might make a decently creditable pupil out of me. Won't you try, dear?'

"I made no reply. Indeed, I have long since laid the embargo of absolute inhibition on all such queries from W. G.; I regard them as worse than irrelevant.

"At this moment the maid reappeared with my hat, and there being no real reason why I should now refuse to accompany the two, I walked with them toward the red barn.

"'Do you know this is really your first drive with me,' observed W. G. when we were seated in the trap, with William ensconced between us. He (W. G.) looked so exceedingly well satisfied with himself that I was silent for a full minute, being engaged in an interesting speculation on the nature of imputability.

"'Me dwive horsey,' cooed William.

"'Certainly, my young friend,' said W. G., passing the lines into the child's hands.

"'Surely you are not going to allow the child to guide the animal?' I inquired.

"'You are not afraid?' he asked, looking at me curiously.

"'I certainly am aware that the lower animals do not sense, even vaguely, the relatedness of things,' I replied with some warmth. 'And if so, are they to be

trusted?' I could not repress a slight scream as William jerked the left rein in a fit of infant exuberance, and the tall bay threatened to bolt into the creek in consequence.

"'Then you *are* afraid?' commented W. G., and again that puzzling expression of intense satisfaction illuminated his countenance. He laid a strong brown hand on the reins, whereat William gave vent to a sharp little yelp of displeasure. 'Come, William, let Unc' Billy drive.'

"'No!' said William, briefly.

"'Guess you'll have to till we get over this railroad crossing, youngster,' and he possessed himself of the lines in a masterful manner.

"'No!' murmured William, and, stifening his plump body into a rigid perpendicular, he slid off the seat and disappeared beneath the lap-robe.

"'He's now correlated to a ramrod by reason of disturbed ideation,' said W. G., pleasantly. 'Haul him out, will you? 'Bellum' is a bit fresh this morning.'

"I reached down and grasped William by the most salient portion of his anatomy. His weight seemed to have increased to an astonishing degree. He appeared, indeed, to be permanently attached to the floor of the trap. 'I can't,' I confessed, glancing up to find W. G.'s eyes fastened expectantly upon me.

"'You can't? Well, upon my word!' He pulled the lap-robe aside, and glanced down at the huddled mass of infant humanity at our feet. 'Come out of there and drive, William,' he commanded.

"The child instantly raised his hands to me, and I lifted him to the seat with ease.

"'Curious how the action of the infant will appears to affect the infant's atomic weight, is n't it?' inquired W. G.

"'The word "appears" holds the key of the solution,' I said lightly. 'The will could not, as a matter of fact, do anything of the sort.'

"'You don't know William,' he replied.

"It appeared that neither of us knew William. At that moment the infant suddenly leaned forward, snatched the whip from its stock, hurled it over the dashboard with a loud cry, and at the same moment dropped the reins. The whole passed with the rapidity of thought. The

animal bounded quickly forward; then, feeling the loosened reins about his heels, started to run jerkily, gathering headway as he went.

"Hold the child and keep perfectly quiet," commanded W. G. in a low voice. Then he stepped over the dashboard with the utmost coolness, gathered up the reins, and in another instant was back in his place. We were flying along at a terrific pace. I had grasped William in both arms and held him tight. My hat flew off; my loosened hair swept in a bewildering cloud across my eyes. I do not now remember that I was frightened for myself or for William. My whole consciousness seemed projected out of my body and fastened upon W. G. I have not as yet been able satisfactorily to analyze this singular fact. There would seem to be no adequate explanation of it in the preceding psychoses.

"I presently became aware that the horse was once more under control, and that W. G. was speaking to me.

"Can you forgive me for frightening you so?" he asked softly.

"I—I don't know," I stammered, not in the least knowing what I said.

"He quietly drew the infant from my rigid grasp.

"Me want dwive horsey," observed William, mildly.

"I am again at a loss to explain what followed, but as I met W. G.'s anxious eyes I could not refrain from bursting into unreasoning laughter.

"What will you think of me?" I murmured foolishly, as I gathered my disordered hair into a knot and looked vainly about for my hat.

"Do you really want to know, dear?" he asked.

Of course this brought me at once to my senses.

"*Note.* The above should be analyzed with special reference to the psychical conditions of retentive memory as follows: (1) The vividness of the impression; (2) the temporary mood at the time of its acquisition; (3) the process by which the occurrence was wrought into the texture of mental life; (4) the logical connection between the event and established principles and habits of conduct. *Query:* Does such a logical connection exist?"

MRS. SAYRE removed the yellow envelop without undue haste. "It 's from Jimmy," she exclaimed, with a peculiar smile which was quite lost on Dr. Lamb, seated at the farther end of the veranda.

Dr. Lamb was studiously observing the infant William, who in his turn was stolidly digging the gravel path with a diminutive shovel.

"He wants me to come to town this afternoon," continued Mrs. Sayre. "On business," he says,—referring again to the telegraphic message. "Now, how absurd! What possible business could Jimmy have which would call me into town on a day in July? I suppose"—regretfully—"that I must go. But it 's Mary's day out, and Jane has a headache. I don't see how I can leave William."

Miss Lamb's serious face brightened. "I should like nothing better than to have William all to myself this afternoon," she said, with some eagerness. "I wish particularly to test the child's conscious awareness as related to the ends and reasons of his conduct. Will you trust him with me?"

Mrs. Sayre's brown eyes twinkled. "I will," she agreed. Then, without apparent relevance, she walked over to Miss Lamb, inserted her white forefinger under the tip of that lady's chin, and stared thoughtfully down at her. "I don't suppose you 've given the matter a thought, Lamby; but you 're quite irresistible in that white gown. It 's a pity to waste it all on William."

Miss Lamb blushed beautifully. "I shall not pretend that I do not understand you, Meredith," she said firmly; "and I wish to take this opportunity to tell you that nothing will change my determination."

"About what?" inquired Mrs. Sayre, innocently. "What *are* you talking about, Lamby dear?" She stooped and kissed Miss Lamb with a tantalizing laugh. "It is evident that your mind is becoming rapidly obsessed with a single idea—in which case we may look for a train of the most singular phenomena. Do try to reserve a reasonable share of your perceptive faculties for William. He has a way of disappearing, if one loses sight of him even for a moment.

I warn you. I shall go out by way of the garden; he 'll howl if he sees me depart."

Miss Lamb gazed steadfastly at the industrious infant. William had dug a hole of some dimensions in the middle of the walk, and was engaged in planting pebbles at irregular intervals about the edges of it. Miss Lamb made a brief note of the fact in her book of "Tabulated Records."

"Why did you dig the hole, William?" she inquired in a sprightly manner calculated to engage the infant attention.

"I want my muzzer," said William. He arose unsteadily to his feet and stared about him truculently.

Miss Lamb hurriedly noted that The Child had evidently observed his mother's departure, though at the moment of it he had seemed oblivious of the fact.

"I want my muzzer," repeated William, doggedly. The corners of his moist, pink mouth suddenly dropped; his under lip projected ominously; two big tears appeared simultaneously in two brown eyes.

Miss Lamb observed these phenomena with mingled emotions. "Don't cry, William," she advised with some urgency. "We 'll—why, we 'll—" She stared about her distractedly. "I 'll tell you; we 'll write in the book. Shall we write in the nice book, William?" She proffered the volume of "Tabulated Records" to the infant with a timidly ingratiating manner.

William fell upon the object avidly. He hurled it violently to the earth. He kicked it with an appearance of intelligent dislike. He then climbed upon it and jumped up and down. But thus far the experiment was a gratifying success: William had not cried. Indeed, the expression of his youthful countenance had become increasingly cheerful. "I like to tear books," he muttered, stooping to lay hold upon his quarry.

Miss Lamb gazed helplessly at the destroyer; then her eye fell upon a scarlet object, lavishly bedizened with brass bells, which lay in the grass at her feet. She breathed a hopeful sigh. "Just see here, William," she cooed, dangling the scarlet object alluringly before the absorbed infant. "Here is your nice, pretty harness! Let 's leave the stupid book

and play horsey. Come, dear; *please* play horsey wiv oor Lamby!"

Miss Lamb's pink-and-white countenance had assumed a reckless and daredevil expression which William seemed to approve. He ceased to center his earnest regard upon the volume of "Tabulated Records," which he dismissed with a final buffet of scorn. "Me play horsey wiv oo," he assented, with immense condescension.

Miss Lamb extended the tinkling harness. "Come, William," she twittered joyously; "come and get the straps on."

But William stood still in his tracks, staring stonily at the scarlet object. "*Me* dwive horsey," he finally remarked, with a mordant emphasis which the intelligent Miss Lamb had no difficulty in understanding.

"Oh," she cried, with sudden inspirational utterance, "you want Lamby to be horsey. Is that it?"

"Yeth," assented William. "Me want whip, too. Me whip Lamby hard. Me make Lamby do fast!"

Miss Lamb hastily invested herself with the scarlet straps. Then she pranced diplomatically before the infant, extending the reins with one hand.

"Me want whip," repeated William, stolidly.

"Oh, no, William; you do not need a whip," argued Miss Lamb, earnestly. "Lamby do fast—very fast—see?" and the professor of physiological psychology dashed excitedly up and down the gravel path in an illustrative manner.

William's thoughtful gaze once more reverted to the volume of "Tabulated Records" which lay at his feet, its learned leaves fluttering in the light summer breeze.

"See, William; here is a nice long whip," exclaimed Miss Lamb, pressing a lithe switch hastily plucked from a neighboring lilac into the pudgy hand. "It 'll hurt horsey and make her do fast," she added artfully.

William laid a heavy grasp upon the lines, his youthful countenance settling into an expression of masculine severity. "Det—tup!" he exclaimed, and the lilac switch emphasized the command.

Miss Lamb ambled joyously away from the dangerous proximity of the "Tabulated Records." "Let us go to the sand-

pile and dig, William," she suggested, after an erratic and extended course through the shrubbery, during which William plied the lilac switch with vigor and frequency.

"Det—tup!" responded William. "Horsey do fast; horsey not talk."

Miss Lamb's thoughts wandered longingly to the distant volume of "Tabulated Records." Mentally she noted: "The Child exhibits astonishing powers of observation. *Query*: Does William possess any adequate conception of the ratiocinative processes as serving the ends of knowledge? Does he not, in this instance, vaguely sense the relatedness of things in common with some of the lower animals?" Her pace insensibly slackened to a slow walk. A sharp cut of the lilac switch recalled her wandering thoughts to the psychic instant.

"Det—tup!" commanded William.

During the period of strenuous bodily exercise which immediately ensued, Miss Lamb noted somewhat unscientifically her own sense of fatigue as correlated to the compelling action of the lilac switch. "Why do I not oppose a definite conative activity to the erratic volitional impulses of the infant?" she asked herself.

Suddenly and without warning William pulled lustily upon the lines. "Whoa!" he shouted, and again applied the gad to his dispirited steed by way of final reminder.

"What are you going to do with horsey now, William?" inquired Miss Lamb, meekly.

"Me doin' to hits' my horsey-Lamb," replied William, with gratifying mildness. The child's red curls clung in moist rings to his pink forehead, his scarlet lips were thrust into inviting prominence, his round cheeks glowed like the heart of a rose.

Miss Lamb surveyed him with a new and delightful sense of proprietorship. "Do you love me, William?" she murmured, sinking to her knees before her taskmaster.

By way of answer, the infant precipitated his moist little person into the outstretched arms of the lady. He hugged her mightily with two soft, fat arms in which a surprising amount of masculine muscle was already apparent. "Tiss me!", he commanded.

Miss Lamb obeyed with slavish alacrity. "Will you kiss me, William?" she whispered, hiding her laughing face upon the infant's small shoulder.

"No," said William, calmly; "me dig in sand-pile."

Miss Lamb strove for the moment to content her active mind with mental notes. "It is evident that William has already acquired the elementary consciousness of causation as dependent upon conation and in association with the feeling of effort suggested by the use of the muscles. *Query*: How shall I correlate the immediately succeeding idea of digging in the sand-pile to the foregoing esthetical impulse? A most instructive incident from a psychogenetic point of view."

Miss Lamb's fingers closed longingly upon her fountain-pen. "If I could only get that book!" she murmured, glancing apprehensively at the infant. William's broad back was turned squarely upon the lady; he appeared completely absorbed in his present occupation of sifting sand into his shoe, which he had removed for the purpose.

After a strenuous mental argument with her volitional consciousness, Miss Lamb arose and stole furtively away through the shrubbery.

An hour later Mr. Gregg, ensconced in a hammock on his own veranda, somnolently engaged in some unknown but pleasing train of thought, became aware of the hasty approach of a charming but somewhat disheveled figure. He sprang to his feet.

"Are you there, Bi—I mean Mr. Gregg?" inquired a faint voice.

"Miss Lamb!" exclaimed Mr. Gregg. "Why, what has happened? What is the matter?"

"I've lost him," wailed the lady, sinking down upon the steps of the veranda in an attitude of poignant despair. "What shall I do?"

Mr. Gregg sat down at her side and thoughtfully passed an arm about her slender waist. "Lost what, dearest? Tell me—do."

"I've lost William!"

Pressed for an explanation, Miss Lamb further confessed her nefarious abandonment of the infant in order to regain the volume of "Tabulated Records." "I

was gone for only a very few minutes," she urged, "and I kept looking at a bit of white which I could see through the trees, and which I thought was William's dress. But, oh, it was n't his dress at all, as I found when I returned; it was his hat which he had thrown down. I've looked in every conceivable place since, and I can't find it."

"Find what—the 'Tabulated Records'?" Mr. Gregg wanted to know. He appeared strangely unmoved by the terrible intelligence, and Miss Lamb turned upon him with sudden fierceness.

"'Tabulated Records'?" she cried. "No; I did not find that wretched book. It had disappeared completely. Did you suppose for an instant that I came here to tell you that? No; I meant the infant—I meant William. And you"—with gathering indignation—"don't seem to care at all."

"Yes, I do," amended Mr. Gregg, seriously. "But, you see, I 'm used to this; William runs away biweekly, on the average. I guess I can locate him without much trouble. Did you inquire at the stables?"

"Of course I did," declared Miss Lamb. "I've looked everywhere, and he's—he's gone, I tell you! Do you suppose"—in a heartbreaking whisper—"that some wretch has stolen him?"

Mr. Gregg looked grave. "I had n't thought of that," he admitted. "See here, dear; you're utterly played out with the heat and excitement and all; just wait here for a minute, while I glance into one or two of the infant's favorite haunts. I'll unearth the young rascal—see if I don't!"

Miss Lamb looked up at him tearfully. "If you only will," she murmured faintly, "I—"

"Well," said Mr. Gregg, pausing expectantly.

"Oh, I'll do anything for you—*anything!*" wailed Miss Lamb, with a reckless gesture. "Only find him! If he's lost, what could I say to Meredith! She warned me not to leave him even for an instant."

Mr. Gregg walked rapidly toward the stables with the air of a man suddenly confronted with the gravest crisis of his life. He came presently upon his coachman, placidly rubbing up a bit of silver-

plated harness in the open door of the carriage-house. "Were you here, Mulligan, when Miss Lamb stopped to inquire after William?" he demanded.

"Yis, sor," replied the man, imper-turbably.

"Then why are you not scouring the neighborhood for the boy? Drop that harness this instant; call every man on the place, and set them to looking for the child. I've got to find him at once."

Mulligan grinned cheerfully. "If you'll just step this way, sor, I'll put you on to the track of the young gentleman. Bless 'im! 'e ain't born to come to no harm, sor, that 'e ain't—if the women-folks'll only leave 'im be." The man tiptoed into the carriage-house, beckoning his master to follow. And there, curled snugly under the seat of the trap, his curly head pillowed comfortably on a lap-robe, lay William, a pink thumb in a pinker mouth, his eyes closed, his plump body plainly abandoned to delicious and fathomless slumber.

Mr. Gregg started forward with a smothered exclamation of relief.

"Better leave 'im to get 'is sleep out, sor," objected Mulligan. "It's bad luck to be wakin' a child out of a rest like that, sor; 'e's the life worried out of 'im with bein' took care of too much, poor little chap!"

Mr. Gregg stood for a moment, lost in thought. Then he laid a compelling hand on Mulligan's shoulder. "See here, Mulligan," he said, when the two were outside once more, "do you suppose you could put a horse into that trap without waking up the kid?"

"Sure, sor," grinned Mulligan; "'e's good for an hour, easy."

"It'll be worth ten dollars to you if you can, my man. Be quick about it; there's no time to lose."

As Mr. Gregg approached the house, he perceived, to his delight, Miss Lamb sitting upon the steps of the veranda, in the same dejected attitude in which he had left her.

"You have n't found William," she greeted him, in a tone of calm despair. "I did n't expect you would. I have thought it all over since you left me, and I see quite plainly that I have brought it upon myself. It is an inevitable sequence. To think of my preferring a book of

'Tabulated' Records'—or any sort of book—to—to William! I wonder how any one could love me all these years! No; don't speak to me! Don't try to comfort me!"

"But I only wanted to tell you that I have news of—that is, I think we shall be able to get on the track of— Come, dear, brace up! We shall have to drive for a bit, and there's no time to lose. If he should wake up before—" The mendacious Mr. Gregg groaned aloud in wordless agitation. "Hold on a minute," he added hastily; "I must ring up Dr. Morton before we start."

"Who is Dr. Morton?" demanded Miss Lamb, with stony composure. He had rejoined her with an expression of countenance which left no room for hope. "But, no; you need n't tell me. I understand it all now. I shall be brave—I shall shrink from nothing."

Mr. Gregg had grasped the agitated Miss Lamb by the arm and was hurrying her forward with long, irregular strides toward the stables. "Is it all right, Mulligan?" he whispered, as he handed the lady to her place.

"Yis, sor," replied Mulligan, as he touched the brim of his cap; "'e's tight as a trivet, sor, bless 'im!"

"Where are we going?" ventured Miss Lamb in a small, weak voice. They had driven a mile or more along the quiet country road, and Mr. Gregg had thus far offered no sort of explanation. He had, instead, stared unremittently at the back of his horse, a slightly grim and forbidding expression on his handsome face. Miss Lamb put out an imploring little hand. "Won't you *please* tell me?" she begged.

Mr. Gregg looked down at her, the grim look deepening into one of masterful determination. "Yes," he said sternly, "I will tell you. But first you must promise to answer truthfully three questions. Will you do it?"

"Y-e-s," faltered Miss Lamb, with a frightened quiver of her sweet, pallid face.

"First," began Mr. Gregg, with businesslike coldness, "what is your name—your given name, I mean?"

"My name is Rosemary," replied Miss Lamb, staring at her inquisitor with wide blue eyes. "But why—"

"Never mind why; you will see presently. Question number two—be careful to answer this truthfully. Do you love me, Rosemary?"

"I—I don't know."

"Be careful," frowned Mr. Gregg. "Once again: Do you love me?"

"Y-e-s," faltered Miss Lamb. "But"—with a sudden rush of poignant recollection—"I've no right to love anybody now that William is—"

"Never mind William; I'm coming to him directly. Question number three: Did you, or did you not, promise, without reservations, to do anything I asked, provided I would produce the boy?"

"I—I don't know," prevaricated Miss Lamb, wildly.

"Well, I do," said Mr. Gregg, coolly; "and, what is more, you do, too. Now I'll tell you what I want right now. I want you to marry me."

"You'll have to produce William first, and"—with wan triumph—"you can't do that!"

"Can't I?" asked Mr. Gregg. "Just watch me!" He leaned down and fumbled under the seat. A sharp little yelp of displeasure greeted the exploring hand.

"Oh! What is that noise?" cried Miss Lamb, with a start of rapturous amazement.

"The youngster's pretty nearly as heavy as when he's mad," grumbled Mr. Gregg. "You'll have to help me get him out of here."

"But you knew where he was all the while," objected Miss Lamb, reproachfully, after a few minutes devoted to the joys of blissful reunion.

"Upon my word, Rosemary, I did not. That is, I did n't know it when you promised to marry me."

"I did n't promise to marry you."

"You promised to do whatever I asked, and"—triumphantly—"you knew that was the only thing I cared about. You've known it for years."

"But—but, you did n't mean now—right away? I—I could n't, you know. You were joking, were n't you, Billy—dear?"

Her look of entreaty was so dangerously sweet that Mr. Gregg almost lost his head. It was William who happily recalled him to his senses.



Drawn by Harrison Fisher. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"YOU 'LL HAVE TO HELP ME GET HIM OUT OF HERE"

"Me want dwive horsey," murmured the infant, gently.

"I meant every word of it, dearest," said Mr. Gregg, firmly. "In fact, I telephoned Dr. Morton before we left home; he 'll be expecting us."

"Who is Dr. Morton?" demanded Miss Lamb, crisply. She straightened her trim figure slightly as she asked the question.

"Me—want—dwive—horsey!" vociferated William in stentorian tones.

"Shall I give him the reins, Rosemary?" asked Mr. Gregg, glancing at the lady with a quizzical smile.

"No—oh, no! That is—I think I would rather get out, please," faltered Miss Lamb.

Mr. Gregg drew up sharply before a neat white house half hidden in trees. "Um—yes," he said; "well, we 'll all get out here for a few minutes."

An hour later, when Mr. Gregg pulled up his big brown cob with a brazenly triumphant flourish before the veranda of the Sayre residence, its master and mistress were discovered talking anxiously together. "Completely disappeared; I found his hat and one shoe," Mrs. Sayre was saying, when she broke into a cry of

relieved astonishment. "Why, Lamby, where *have* you been? Do you know we 've been almost frightened to death about William? I might have known you were at the bottom of it, Billy Gregg. What have you been doing to make Lamby look like that? And William, too! Oh, you shockingly dirty child—with one shoe off! Come here to your suffering parents."

"He 's been best man at a wedding," explained Mr. Gregg, cheerfully, as he handed the infant over the wheel; "and that nearly always knocks a fellow out, you know."

"I beg your pardon, sor; but I thought maybe you 'd have missed this, sor," interrupted a respectful voice from the rear, and Mulligan presented to view a torn and muddled mass of pulpy paper, which appeared to have been written over in a small, neat hand. "I hope, sor, as it ain't anythin' valyble; I found the bull-pup a-chewin' of it behind the stables. I 'm afraid he 's e't up a good bit of it, sor."

Mrs. William Gregg glanced at the object thoughtfully. "It appears to be my volume of 'Tabulated Records,'" she said, with astonishing calmness. "Thank you, Mulligan; you may take it away."



THE EMBARRASSMENT OF EXPANSION

A PORTO RICO STORY

BY CHARLES BRYANT HOWARD



"CRISTINA," began the lady of the house at *desayuno*, "is sulking again."

"Why, it can't be a month since her last spree," said I, selecting an orange. "I thought she was safe for at least six weeks more. These strike me as being rather poor oranges."

"I know it, and they have gone up to eight cents a dozen, too; but they are the best we can get. That old North Atlan-

tic Squadron bought all the good ones in the island, and I suppose they paid any price. No; Cristina does n't want a spree yet. I think we 'll have to give another dinner."

Cristina was our colored St. Thomas cook, of mixed African, Caribbean, Danish, and British ancestry and equally diversified characteristics, but undoubtedly one of the best *cocineras* in Porto Rico; which is not saying much, for a cook who

can boil an egg properly is a prize worth striving for in that land of flowers and garlic. But Cristina was really very good, indeed, and could even make gridle-cakes; on the strength of which we made allowances, so far as was consistent with living in a moderately-civilized state, for her numerous idiosyncrasies. The least of these was a habit of smoking strong cigars at all hours, and the greatest a desire at the end of every three months or so to go on a "spree" of several days' duration, during which periods my wife divided her own time between the chafing-dish and Agatha, the maid, who invariably gave vent to her outraged feelings in tears and week's warnings. An intermediate peculiarity was a desire that the fruit of her skill in the kitchen should be appreciated by a broader circle than that afforded by our immediate household; hence the aforesaid sulks if we failed for any length of time in the matter of entertainment.

"Well, go ahead and give one," said I, resignedly buttering toast. "Is this native or dairy butter?"

"Native. There won't be any American until the *Ponce* gets in—or any mut-ton, either. Whom can we have?"

"Anybody you want, I suppose; how many does it ordinarily require to restore Cristina to her normal good-nature? This is delicious guava paste; where did it come from?"

"Cristina put it up herself. Speak louder, so she can hear you."

"The best guava I ever tasted!" I obediently shouted; rather unnecessarily, the kitchen being just across the *patio*, and ordinary conversation from there, not to speak of sounds associated with dish-washing, usually more audible than desirable.

"Well, I really don't know who there is to have," said Jane, reflectively. "So many people have gone North at this time of the year. Is anybody coming down on the *Ponce*?"

"Nobody interesting, I believe. But look here—I've thought of something. There are two Spaniards on the way from Havana, due here on Sunday or Monday, whom I know; very decent chaps, indeed—quite distinguished, in fact. I'm rather indebted to one of them, who was very kind to me over there once; and it

would be good policy, anyway, for me to do something in return. Would you mind having them?"

"Mercy on us!" said Jane, looking a trifle aghast. "Who are they?"

"One is Don Carlos Arrivi y Something, and the other—my friend—is Don Augusto Paniagua y Something else, a really delightful old fellow. They are West Indians by birth, of course, but of almost pure Spanish descent. I know you'd enjoy having them; it would be a grand chance to exercise your Spanish."

"But, good gracious! George, I have n't ever really *talked* to anybody yet, except Professor Larrinaga and shop people."

"Well, it's time you had," I replied. "You've been coming home every other day and boasting most shamelessly about being old Larrinaga's best pupil. However," I added diplomatically, "you probably won't have to. I can get along well enough in politics and that sort of thing, and they won't care to talk anything else, very likely. Spaniards usually consider feminine conversation not worth listening to, you know."

That settled it.

"Do they, really?" replied Jane, with dignity. "Then they just don't know what they miss. Humph! how about Queen Isabella? If they had n't listened to *her* conversation, where would America be now; I'd like to know?"

I fortunately allowed to escape the opportunity of saying that America, even under those circumstances, would probably be now just about where it was then. "Isabella, my dear," I did say, reaching for the matches, "was a lady of exceptional force of character, enhanced by worldly position, and with means at her disposal—now considered bad form—of making herself listened to. Dear me! I have n't a cigarette in the house."

"Cristina has a box of yours in the kitchen. Agatha, will you get it, please? Well, Spaniards are very rude men, then. Now you ask those people to dine, and see if I don't make them listen. Whom else would you like to have?"

"What's that girl's name who's staying at the Gallopers'? Would she do?"

"Miss Buster? She does n't speak a word of Spanish. Still, she's pretty and lively; and I suppose these creatures can appreciate beauty, if they can't conversa-

tion, so I'll ask her. How long are they going to be here?"

"Three or four days, I think. But don't you want somebody else who can speak both English and Spanish?"

"No, indeed. I shall not need any help, thank you. But if these men are distinguished, they'll probably dine at the palace once, and then Mrs. Snapper'll be after them for everything she can possibly get them for."

"Well, we'll get ahead of Mrs. Snapper. I'll meet them at the dock; I'll have to see old Paniagua, anyway. What night?"

"Oh, Tuesday, if you can—or Wednesday."

THE distinguished visitors accepted for Tuesday evening with charming grace, as did Miss Buster with breezy enthusiasm. Hitherto what little entertaining we had done had been entirely for the benefit of guests of our own nationality, or at least language, and had been so invariably successful that after securing the foreigners and announcing the fact to Jane on Monday, I was startled to find myself consulted on a point which had so far been entirely controlled under feminine jurisprudence.

"What do these people eat?" inquired Jane. "Must I have anything queer, like those awful mixtures at the Hotel España—and garlic?"

"No—mercy, no! Just one of our ordinary dinners—whatever there is at the American butcher's, and some good fish—they always like fish, and they usually have it after dessert, but we need n't. And a specially good salad. They like things hot, too; have red pepper and tabasco around where they can reach them, and pepper the soup well."

"But you always detest red pepper in the soup," objected Jane.

"Well, they won't understand if I do; and out of consideration for Miss Buster I'll promise to say nothing worse than—"

"George!"

MISS BUSTER was the first to arrive on Tuesday evening, in a fascinating gown and a gushing state of anticipation, and I overheard Jane giving her points on the situation while I wrestled with my tie.

"They don't speak a word of English, you know," she said; "and George says that Spaniards don't consider feminine conversation worth listening to. So I've been studying my 'Spanish Phrases and Idioms' all day, and I'm going to work in every single word and sentence I know, even if it's only about the cat and the rat."

"Well," replied Miss Buster, "I can at least say, 'See, seenyaw,' and 'No, seenyaw'; and if you make a face when it's the proper time to say one or the other, I'll do it or choke."

I emerged in time to apologize to Miss Buster and to receive the guests of honor. The initial ceremonies were most successfully performed, Jane rattling off her phrase-book welcome in a manner which surprised me—and herself also, I imagine, not to mention the Spaniards, who replied with a flow of grandiloquent Castilian which completely carried me out of my depth and reduced Jane to an embarrassed and helpless smile.

Don Augusto, an elderly gentleman of most *distingué* appearance, immediately seated himself by Jane, who was visibly nervous, but bravely faced the situation with a safe remark about the weather; and Don Carlos, who was slightly younger and had a head of hair pompadoured like a blacking-brush, after a vain attempt on my part to draw him into conversation, showed a determination to devote himself to Miss Buster, to her painfully evident dismay; and after she had said, "See, seenyaw," at least three times in reply to a very flowery speech expressive of his admiration for American ladies in general, I came to the rescue with the happy inspiration of cigarettes all round.

"My soul and body!" exclaimed Miss Buster, fanning herself, "he talks like a railroad train!"

"Are you going to give them cocktails, George?" inquired Jane, while Don Augusto was lighting his cigarette.

I shook my head. "They seldom touch hard liquor, you know," I said; "and one of my Martinis would probably knock them higher than Gilderoy's kite. I told Agatha to serve sherry and bitters instead."

This, with the caviar sandwiches, appeared opportunely, and seemed to be appreciated; and directly afterward dinner

was announced. "To my annoyance, Jane seemed a bit surprised at the conventional manner in which Don Augusto gave her his arm and followed Miss Buster and me into the dining-room, which caused me to remind her, as we seated ourselves, that these were not utter barbarians.

"I know it, dear," she replied apologetically; "but it startles me, somehow, when they do things like other people."

The dinner, from a culinary point of view, was a success, and certainly the behavior of the two dons left nothing to be desired, which is more than can be said of our own, I fear. Not once did they address each other, or appear to notice by word or sign that our Spanish was not perfection itself; and as for "feminine conversation," they simply reveled in it—so far as Jane's was concerned, at least, Don Carlos having given Miss Buster up in despair.

"I've exhausted the climate and the people and the trees of Porto Rico," said Jane to me over the salad, "and now I'm just beginning with animals. If they hold out through dessert, I can keep climatic diseases until after dinner."

I had been rather prepared to hear amazement expressed that they did not drink their soup and seemed to understand the relations existing between solid food and forks, and Miss Buster did make some sort of remark to that effect. In fact, Miss Buster's general behavior gave me the fidgets, and from a young lady of less charming personality would have merited reproof. She was an excitable little chatterbox, making her first visit outside her native prairies, and the novelty of the present situation rather turned her exquisite head.

"I never went to a dinner before where I could express myself plainly about the other people," she declared, "and I'm going to make the most of it."

And make the most of it she did, until sounds of unrepressed mirth from across the patio brought forth a laughing reproof from Jane.

With the *piña* sherbet Jane's "phrases" gave out entirely, and I was forced to introduce the only subjects on which I felt sure of my ground in Spanish—general politics and the financial questions of the day. At last Jane rose.

"You seem to be safely started now,"

she said; "so do have your coffee in here instead of in the *sala*, and let me look up a few more words. And don't, for pity's sake, urge them to stay when they want to go, or I shall collapse."

Pleading an important engagement, they did leave unexpectedly early, in time to save Jane's freshly acquired vocabulary from exhaustion. Miss Buster was to spend the night, and after she and the exhilaration of her presence had disappeared, I had a feeling that we had all behaved in rather an ill-bred way, even if the guests did not know it; and said so.

"I'm horribly afraid we did, too," said Jane, penitently; "but it was so hard to resist the opportunity. It was so like private theatricals, with stage whispers. And you were so good, dear, not to mind that dreadful peppery soup."

In the office next morning I was handed a card inviting me and my "*apreciable familia*" to attend, at the theater in the afternoon, a meeting of an insularly patriotic nature, during which Dons Augusto and Carlos would make addresses.

I knew that I could not get away in time, but I handed the card to Jane at lunch, and advised her to get hold of some other ladies and go, as the speeches at these gatherings were very apt to be interesting, not to say amusing.

About five o'clock I walked home in the blissful consciousness of a good day's work behind and a canter out to the club in prospect. Jane met me on the front steps with an expression on her face the like of which I had never seen before.

Anticipating trouble, I started to make a remark in a spirit of jocoseness, but was very properly interrupted.

"George, did you do that on purpose?" she demanded, in a tone of sepulchral emphasis.

"Wh-what?" said I, startled. "Did you go to the meeting?"

"I should think I did!" she replied with severity.

"Heavens and earth!" I exclaimed, aghast. "Was there anything improper about it?"

"Well, not exactly; except that those two friends of yours made their addresses in the most perfect English you ever heard!"

"Great —!"

"Did you do it on purpose, George?"

"Upon my word, I did n't, Jane. I only met Don Augusto at his house in Havana, and everybody spoke Spanish the entire time. I never dreamed that either of them knew a word of English. Perhaps they had their addresses by heart"—grasping at a straw.

"Not at all. They came up afterward and talked and chatted with the Governor and the rest of us for ever so long—at least not with me, for I simply fled! Why in the world did n't they tell us? I think it was a low-down, mean thing to do. Don't talk to me about Spanish politeness and chivalry and things after this!"

"Steady, my dear! I can explain all that. Do come in and sit down, or you'll draw a crowd. Now, as a matter of fact, it *was* just Spanish politeness and nothing else: it is a point of courtesy with them never to let you know that they can speak English unless you ask them point-blank or begin in English yourself. It would be as much as to say that you did n't speak Spanish well enough, don't you see?"

"I see, but—oh, George, what *did* I say about them last night—and what did n't Miss Buster say?"

"I don't know, I 'm sure. It was all my fault, I suppose. But what the mischief am I to say to them, I wonder?"

"I don't know or care. But if they make a dinner-call, George,—I suppose Spaniards make calls,—I 'm out, or sick, or *dead*—anything! Do you understand?"

I understood. But, fortunately for the spiritual welfare of our household forces, the dreaded call was never made, the Spaniards leaving the island next day, greatly to my relief.

And, to the credit of the Castilian race, be it known that not a word did we hear from any of our friends in regard to the experiences of Dons Carlos and Augusto at our house.

"Which goes to prove that they are chivalrous, at least," said Jane, "but singularly lacking in the sense of humor. At any rate, Cristina is pleased—and I made them listen to me."



SAVING CALIFORNIA'S FRUIT CROPS

BY W. S. HARWOOD.



FEW months ago I saw in an office in the city of San Francisco a little orange-tree about to set out upon what I presume was the most remarkable journey an orange-tree ever made. It was growing in a wooden box, the whole tree being not more than four feet in height. It was to be inclosed in a strong redwood case, with openings to allow it breathing-space.

The little tree was bound for a far interior point in China. It would probably spend three months on its journey, would stay some time in China, far from the beaten paths of the tourists, and then would begin its homeward journey to San Francisco. Curiously enough, the tree

was starting out for China to be cured of a disease. It, in common with a number of other California orange-trees, had broken out with a most wretched affliction which was rapidly destroying its glossy green leaves and unfitting it for service. The disease took the form of a tiny insect or scale growth called *Depidosaphes Beckii*, very small in its individuals, but many in the aggregate and very dangerous. In fact, if the disease should not be checked, it would be likely to do irreparable damage to a great fruit industry.

In China the tree would meet a man who has made a lifelong study of plant diseases and injurious insects. He spends his time traveling over the world search-

ing for the foes of these pernicious insects. He knows that there is a foe for nearly every one, and it is his business to find that foe. One month he may be in West Australia,—which country helps pay his expenses,—another month may see him in Japan, or in India, or Spain, or Siberia. It is a well-known fact that while almost every insect pest has its enemies, the enemies and the pest are evenly matched where the conditions are normal, and no harm is done. When the balance is not maintained, the pest gets the upper hand. Then comes the need of the searcher of pest foes. It is exceedingly difficult sometimes to find the region of the world where the foe exists. It was learned in a round-about way, for example, that in an interior Chinese province this pest of the California orange-tree lived side by side with a tiny insect that was an enemy to it. The pest and the destroying insect developed in about equal numbers, so that the balance was preserved and the pest did no harm.

The object in sending the little orange-tree on its long journey was to take it into the locality where the pest and the insect both live, allow the destroying insect to



From a photograph

MR. COMPERE IN HIS ROOMS IN THE WEST AUSTRALIA EXPERIMENT-STATION

lay its eggs upon the leaves of the tree, as it always does when it finds a place where its prey is living, send the tree home again with the eggs of the foe upon it, hatch them out in San Francisco, and then send the spiteful little insect out into the infected orange regions to destroy the pest that threatens the orange industry.

This is an illustration of the functions of a remarkable enterprise, now being carried on under the supervision of the California Commissioner of Horticulture. The way has now been opened for a revolution in the methods of insect-pest treatment. The commission, which is a State board, has been quietly at work upon the problem for ten years. It has demonstrated by actual tests that the only permanently successful way of combating pests in plants, whether fruit-trees, vegetables, or grains, is either to stamp out the disease altogether, usually a practical impossibility, or to introduce into the region where the pest exists its natural foe. The balance of nature is

absolute. The moment an insect pest gets in the ascendancy and begins to be a destroyer, this balance is disturbed, and at that moment, if possible, the foe should

be at hand. It is sure to exist somewhere—nature's provision against overproduction. When unrestricted production goes on in plant or animal life, no one can predict the result.

So the work of this commission is not a fad, but a practical and immensely valuable enterprise, already resulting in the saving of millions of dollars to the fruit industry of California. The saving, when the experiment is a success, is twofold: first, it puts a check upon the disease or pest, thus saving the crops; and, secondly, it does away with the need of elaborate and expensive spraying out-fits.

The man who would meet the little orange-tree is Mr. George Compere. When the orange-tree started from San Francisco on July 6, 1905, Mr. Compere was on his way to China from West Australia to meet the tree and see it safely through its novel experience.

A year or so ago Mr. Compere found in Spain a region where the codling-moth lived, but where the ravages of the worm to which its eggs give birth were slight. Investigations were made into this curious state of affairs. The result was that he discovered an insect, an ichneumon-fly in form, though not at all like the ordinary house-fly, the sole aim in life of which was to kill the worm. The fly was about five eighths of an inch in length, with a slender, wasp-like body and two pairs of blue-black wings. It was equipped with a curious stiletto-like sting, about as long as itself, which it could project from a sheath, and then, by bringing the full force of its powerful body in play, could drive down into the bark of the tree where the worm was found, and kill it, much as a woodpecker performs its grubbing feat.

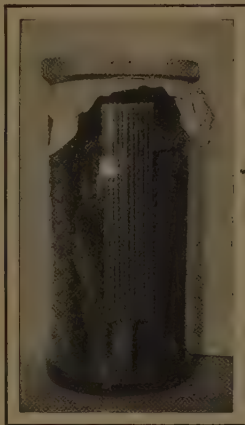
It was reasoned that if this parasite, or foe insect, kept the codling-moth down to a proper balance in Spain, it could do so in California. The ravages of this moth

have been enormous. It hatches out an egg which produces a worm that destroys vast quantities of apples: indeed, its ravages have cost upward of twenty millions of dollars a year in the United States alone, to say nothing of the large sums of money spent for insecticides, spraying apparatus, chemicals, and the like, all, at the best, only makeshifts. A number of the pupæ of the parasite were packed up in Spain and sent to the commission in San Francisco. They hatched out into

healthy flies, and various meals of worms were in waiting to satisfy the appetites of these Spanish-bred insects. The worms were on branches of apple-trees gathered from infected orchards, some on the surface, some under the bark. The branches were placed in glass cases, and the flies were let loose among them. The work of destruction began instantly, the flies searching out the worms unerringly and laying a large number of eggs, a few at a time, upon the worms—about two hundred and fifty eggs in all. The object in laying them upon the worms is that their progeny, when hatched out, may have food at hand. The tiny grubs hatching from the eggs feed upon the worm, and at the end of forty-three or forty-six days they are full-grown flies ready to begin their

work of destruction. In a relatively short time a very large number of flies can be produced, more than four thousand healthy flies coming from the very few pupæ that were sent from Spain.

The flies were sent out to different parts of California in small quantities during the season of 1905. Applications came from very many quarters, for the worm was doing deadly work on the apples. The commissioner, however, thought it best to distribute them over various parts of the State rather than to individual fruit-growers, so that all the varying climates and conditions of California might be tested.



From a photograph

A HATCHERY OF THE FOE OF THE CODLING-MOTH

Thin layers of wood in a jar, between which the codling-moth lays its eggs, which hatch into worms. The foe finds them there, kills them, and lays her eggs in the body of the worm. Her progeny hatch out in a few hours, are full-grown in about forty-three days, and are then sent out into the orchards to carry on the work of destroying worms in the trees and in the young apples.

The results have been signally successful. Reports have come in from many quarters, saying that the flies were appearing in large numbers and that apple-crop prospects were never so bright. One man noted that his trees were maturing the first good crop in years, simply because the apples had a chance to mature unassailed by the worms. The flies bid fair soon to restore the balance of nature where it has been overturned, rob the cod-

trees that they were as white as if covered with snow. So terrible were the ravages of the pest, which destroyed all leaf and blossom output of the tree, that in a single year the shipments dropped from eight thousand car-loads to six hundred. None of the many remedies tried did any permanent good. Digging up the trees and burning them was useless, because the pest had spread to all manner of vegetation. The situation was so critical that the ulti-



From a photograph

TWO ENLARGEMENTS OF THE CODLING-MOTH (WITH A MOTHPICTURED,
NATURAL SIZE, BETWEEN THEM)

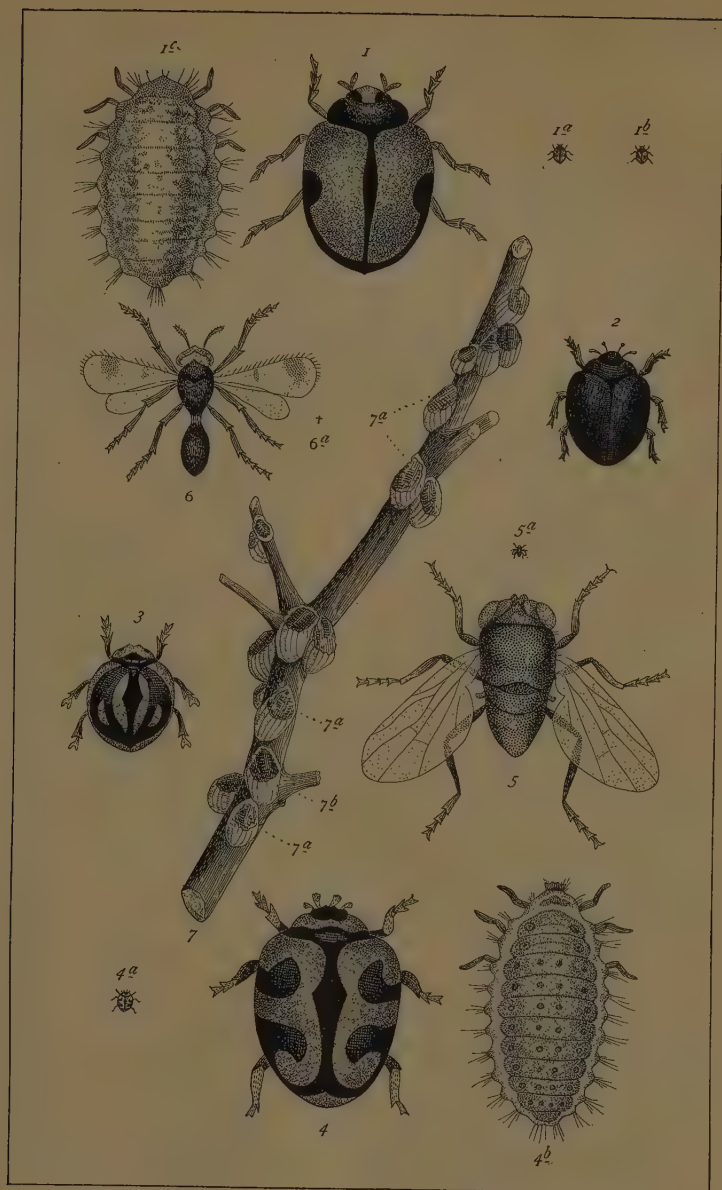
ling-moth of its terrors, and be the means of saving millions of dollars to the fruit industry of the country.

This line of work of the California commission began nearly twenty years ago. In various parts of the State, insect pests of types little understood and difficult to combat had for years been doing great damage. It is related that a nurseryman not far from San Francisco who imported some lemon-trees from Australia laid the foundation—the figure is not altogether a happy one—for millions of dollars' damage. Upon his lemon-trees was what is called the cottony cushion-scale, a tiny insect multiplying with remarkable rapidity and capable of doing vast harm. It had hitherto been unknown in America. An orange-grower in southern California secured some of the infected stock, and the scale spread among the orchards. Sometimes the pests were so thick upon the

mate extinction of the orange industry seemed near at hand.

Relief came through the California commission, aided by other Californians and by the United States Department of Agriculture. An expert of the department, Mr. A. Koebele, was sent to Australia, where a variety of ladybird was found—a brilliant red insect, perhaps an eighth of an inch in width, called the *Vedalia cardinalis*. It was found to have a particular antipathy to the scale, or insect, which had been ravaging the orange orchards, was introduced in large quantities, and at once began the restoration of the balance of nature. The report of the Commissioner of Horticulture of California, recently issued, says on this point:

This discovery started California in her present course of fighting bugs with bugs, and



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

THE COTTONY CUSHION-SCALE AND ITS FOES

The twig in the center bears the cottony cushion-scale, natural size. 7, twig infested with cottony cushion-scale, natural size; 7a, *Icerya purchasi crawii*, Cockerell; 7b, *Icerya purchasi maskelli*. Its enemies are: 1, Koebele's ladybird (*Novius Koebele*), male, enlarged; 1a, male, natural size; 1b, female, natural size; 1c, larva, enlarged. 2, black *Vedalia*, enlarged. 3, beautiful ladybird (*Novius bellus*), enlarged. 4, Australian ladybird (*Novius [Vedalia] cardinalis*), enlarged; 4a, natural size; 4b, larva, enlarged. 5, dipterous parasite of the cottony cushion-scale (*Lestophonus icerya*), enlarged; 5a, natural size. 6, hymenopterous parasite of the cottony cushion-scale (*Ophiosia Crawfordi*), enlarged; 6a, natural size.

no doubt this will continue until every insect pest that disturbs plant life and its fruits will be overcome by natural insect enemies, even if it should require traversing the very ends of the earth to find the proper foe.

It is said the little ladybird that saved the orchards of California would have starved to death had it had any other food than the cottony cushion-scale.

Another pest, similar to the cottony cushion-scale, is called the black scale. Some time ago it was introduced into California without its foe, and disastrous results followed. Mr. E. M. Ehrhom, now Deputy Commissioner of California, found, on investigation, that an enemy of the black scale lived in Cape Colony. Request was made by him of Professor Charles P. Lounsbury, Government Entomologist of Cape Colony, for the enemy. After the formality of a request from the United States Department of Agriculture had been complied with, Professor Lounsbury sent the foe through the department to Mr. Ehrhom. The first colonies did not do well. Branches or cuttings of oleander, bearing the black scale parasitized by a black, four-winged fly, known as *Scutellista cyanea*, were then sent from Cape Town to San Francisco. Seventeen insects developed, but, unfortunately, a small spider which had been hidden in a rolled-up leaf in the case pounced upon one of the females and killed her, leaving only three from which to build up a race of destroyers. There was apparently a slender chance of providing relief. From the three female flies, however, many eggs came; they were jealously guarded and hatched out, and a numerous brood resulted. They were released in the regions where the pest had begun its ravages during the season of 1905, and at once began their beneficent work. One fruit-grower reported—and his report may be taken as representative of others—that after the introduction of the foe the black scale in his orchard was reduced ninety per cent.

The apricot, one of the delicious fruits of California, is subject to a brown scale, or insect, which not only destroys the fruit and foliage, but by its thick incrustations is liable to destroy the vitality of the tree branches and ultimately to ruin the tree. It also attacks plum- and prune-trees with equal virulence. There is a minute brown fly, smaller indeed than the

tiny ladybird, which has a particular antipathy to this apricot scale. It is a native and is called *Comys fusca*. The commission keeps a supply of this fly on hand all the time, and whenever there is a report from any part of the State that the scale is appearing, the commissioner despatches a colony of the insects by first mail. They are set free in the orchard where the scale has appeared, and shortly they begin their work of destruction. On account of its small size, great care is necessary in the production as well as in the shipment and handling of the parasite. When an apricot plague-spot has been cleansed by the parasite, quantities of infested twigs are gathered, along about the middle of May, and placed in square boxes for the use of the commissioner in future breeding. This foe, which eats its way into the insect, or scale, and thus destroys it, begins to emerge from the scale soon after the twigs are stored. A glass tube is fixed in the side of the box. Into this tube the insects crawl one by one as they hatch out, and when twenty-five or more are in the vial, it is stopped with cotton to prevent escape while admitting air. Another tube is placed in position, and so the process goes on, colony after colony being thus secured. Stiff paper tubes are then used to incase the vials in which they are sent out to the infected places for liberation. The results have been highly successful in controlling this pest.

Now and then some other insect than the usual natural foe appears and adapts itself to a given pest. This was the case with the San José scale. A native insect, known as the *Aphelinus fuscipennis*, suddenly developed an appetite for the scale. It began to multiply also with unusual rapidity, and attacked the scale so vigorously that it was not long before it had the pest under control. "It was simultaneously noticed in various parts of the State where the San José scale had been doing sad damage that the scale was disappearing, and from no apparent cause. It was then that investigation showed how the pest was being overcome. At the present time, wherever in California the San José scale is found, there its enemy is also found, keeping down the pest to its normal numbers and thus preserving the balance of nature."

The question may be asked, What is to



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

THE BLACK SCALE AND ITS FOES

The black scale shows on the twig branch and the leaf. 4, black scale (*Saissetia* [*Lecanium*] *oleae*) on an orange twig. 5, black smut, fungus existing on the exudation of the black scale. 6, black scale, showing exit holes of *Scutellista cyanea*. Its enemies are: 1, *Scutellista cyanea*, female, enlarged; 1a, natural size; 1b, larva, natural size. 2, male, enlarged. 3, black ladybird (*Rhizobius ventralis*), enlarged; 3a, natural size; 3b, larva, enlarged.



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

SOFT BROWN SCALE, BROWN APRICOT SCALE, AND THEIR FOES

4, soft brown scale (*Coccus* [*Lecanium*] *hesperidum*) on an orange leaf. 5, brown apricot scale (*Eulecanium* [*Lecanium*] *armeniacum*) on a prune twig. 6, brown apricot scale, showing exit holes of *Comys fusca*. Their enemies are: 1, *Encyrtus flavus*, enlarged: 1a, natural size. 2, *Cocophagus lecanii*, enlarged: 2a, natural size. 3, *Comys fusca*, enlarged: 3a, natural size.

prevent the foe of these insect pests from becoming in turn an enemy itself? In nearly every case the beneficent insect depends upon the injurious insect for its own sustenance. It will not thrive if it is robbed of its prey. So, whenever the foe insect becomes very numerous in an orchard, it does not do harm to the orchard, but only to the particular pest of the orchard which it antagonizes. It may never entirely destroy the pest, but it re-

the work, which will enable the commission to reap still larger results. It will also afford means for the study of pests of other lands, thus safeguarding this country from them in advance. Among the other pests upon which work is projected or already under way are the following: plant-lice, prune-aphis, woolly aphis, black peach-aphis, cabbage-louse, grape-louse, pear-scale, red scale, peach-root borer, peach-moth, cankerworm, tent-



From a photograph

BREEDING-CASES FOR THE FOE OF THE BROWN APRICOT SCALE

The foe insects are hatched in the cases and crawl into the tubes, or vials, in which they are caught and shipped by mail in heavy pasteboard cases to the infected orchards.

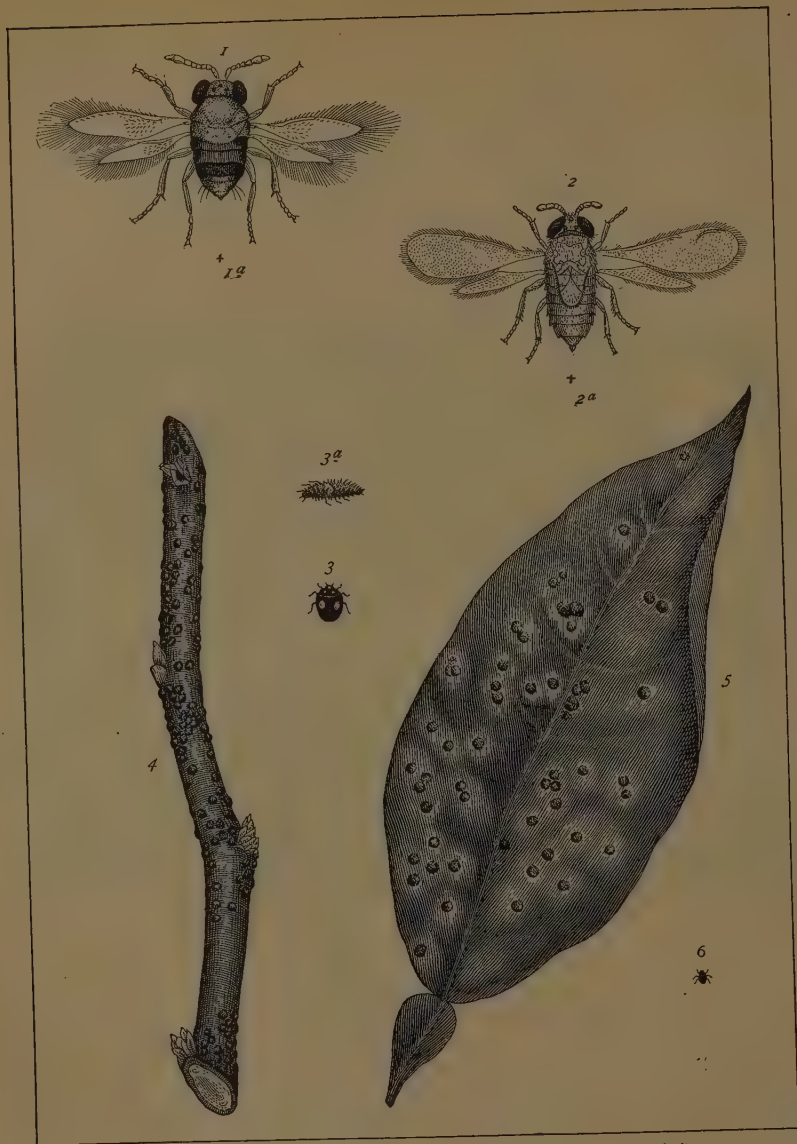
duces it below the danger-line, and keeps it there,—the inevitable balance of nature. If the pest were wholly destroyed, its foe also would disappear.

The work of this commission is by no means confined to the instances which have here been brought forward to illustrate the practical value of its work. As rapidly as means will permit, the enterprise will be enlarged, looking to future dangers.

The State has lately made a more liberal appropriation for the carrying on of

caterpillars, cherry-slug, harlequin cabbage-bug, box-elder plant-bug, Fuller's rose-beetle, various types of thrips, red spiders, and mites.

Upward of two hundred thousand species of insects are known, comprising four fifths of the entire animal kingdom. Very many of these are more or less injurious, but are so held in check by their foes that plagues of insects only now and then appear. The following list of insect pests and their foes, prepared by the California commission, suggests the lines upon



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

THE SAN JOSÉ SCALE, THE YELLOW SCALE, AND THEIR FOES

4, San José scale (*Aspidiotus perniciosus*), natural size, on a pear twig. 5, yellow scale (*Aspidiotus citrinus*), natural size, on an orange leaf. 6, *Rhizobius (toxovomba) lopantha*, natural size. Their enemies are: 1, *Aspidiotiphagus citrinus*, enlarged: 1a, natural size. 2, *Aphelinus fuscipennis*, enlarged: 2a, natural size. 3, "twice-stabbed ladybird" (*Chilocorus bivulnerus*), natural size: 3a, larva, natural size.

which the commission has mapped out its work. The pest name is first given, then its foe:

PREDACEOUS ENEMIES: Cottony cushion-scale, *Vedalia cardinalis*; *Novius Koebele*, *Novius bellus*, *Vedalia* (black); black scale, *Rhizobius ventralis*, *Orcus australasie*; yellow scale, *Orcus chalybeus*; San José scale, *Rhizobius toowombæ*, *Chilocorus bivulnerus*, *Coccinella sanguinea*; red spider, *Scymnus vagans*; various scale-insects, *Rhizobius*; mealy bugs, *Cryptolæmus montrouzieri*; cypress mealy bugs, *Hyperaspis lateralis*; various aphides, *Coccinella californica*, *Coccinella abdominalis*, and *Coccinella oculata*, *Hippodamia ambigua* and *Hippodamia convergens*.

PARASITIC AND OTHER ENEMIES: Black scale, *Scutellista cyanea*, *Dilophogaster californica*, *Hymencyrtus crawii*, *Aphelinus mytilaspidis*; yellow scale and San José scale, *Aspidiotiphagus citrinus*, *Coccophoctonus*; cabbage-butterfly parasite, *Pteromalus puparum*; brown apricot scale, *Comys fusca*; soft brown scale, *Encyrtus flavus*, *Coccophagus lecanii*; parasite of cutworm, *Braconidæ*; egg-parasite of tent-caterpillar, *Anastatus*; internal parasite of aphid, *Aphelinus*.

While remarkable results are being reached in this work of extirpating insect pests, the California commission does not advocate the abandoning of other methods of temporary prevention when the foe of the pest has not yet been discovered. The commission points out, however, that all sprays, washes, dips, and fumigations are cumbersome; they are costly in material, equipment, and labor, and are often ineffectual. Nature has provided a better way than man.

The importation of noxious insects into California has been going on for many years. They have come from all portions of the world. Ships from nearly every country on the globe enter the Golden Gate. The commission early recognized this, and instituted measures looking to a strict quarantine. The insects may be introduced from foreign countries in many different ways, chiefly, of course, upon fruit, nursery stock, and plants which have been raised in the regions where the insect pest and its foe have been in bal-

ance. No harm would come if the foe were introduced along with the pest, for the foe could be counted upon to take care of the pest; but in the absence of the foe, danger is always imminent. The quarantine is rigorous to harshness. When an infected plant or shrub is found in the possession of a ship passenger, no matter how rare or costly the plant may be, it is destroyed. No chances can be taken. The law gives representatives of the commission special privileges for detecting any diseased plant or shrub. All incoming passengers having plants or shrubs in their possession must give them up for scrutiny on leaving ship at San Francisco or other State ports. Some plants are allowed to land, some must be fumigated, others must be destroyed. Not even a single piece of fruit found in a passenger's luggage by the customs officer can pass without special horticultural inspection. The vessel itself is afterward searched, and no member of the crew is allowed to bring in anything in this line without rigid scrutiny.¹

In case the insects yield to fumigation, the plant bearing them is placed in a fumigating-box, the insects are killed, a red releasing-label is pasted on the package, and the plant is allowed to land. The rigor of the inspection does not tend to make friends for the inspectors, as is indicated by the words of Chief Carnes of this department:

In many cases [he says] the gang-plank of a vessel may be likened to a Bridge of Sighs, for it is certainly pathetic to listen to the sighs of some thoughtless passenger who has treasured, nursed, and cared for some rare plant, shrub, or tropical fruit purchased in some foreign land, as he finds that it harbors some noxious insect and must be consigned to the furnace. Even an explanation of the danger of allowing it to land fails dismally toward appeasing the wrath of the individual in a case like this, and remarks of a rather pointed nature are directed at the head of the inspector. . . . Our greatest danger from Mexico is the introduction of the orange-fruit fly, and not even a single orange is allowed to land from that country. Down the plank comes a Mexican lady, with her husband, and in the mother's arms you see a bright-eyed baby closely hugging to its breast a large, ripe Mexican orange. That orange must not land, for it undoubtedly contains the eggs of the dreaded

¹ For an account of the difficulties attending the search for and importation of the foes of destructive insects see postscript in "Open Letters."—THE EDITOR.



Drawn by F. W. Read from a photograph

APPARATUS FOR TREATING TREES WITH HYDROCYANIC-ACID GAS

The men are "throwing" the tent over the trees and charging the interior of the tents with the gas

fruit-fly. Duty compels its destruction, for that one orange might be the ruin of our entire orange industry. The parents of the child can speak no English, and know less about horticultural laws. Naturally every one on the dock blames us for taking an orange away from a baby; the father talks Spanish to us so fast that it is a good thing we possess only a limited knowledge: but have that orange we must. I recall one instance where a pas-

senger had several fine specimens of Mexican sweet oranges tucked inside of stockings down in the corner of his trunk.

Another unpleasant duty is to remove and destroy the floral decorations from the casket of some departed citizen who has died abroad and is being brought home for interment. Cases of this kind require gentleness, yet absolute firmness and a strict adherence to duty. By the enforcement of just such rigid quaran-



Drawn by F. W. Read from a photograph

A ROW OF TENTS OVER INFECTED TREES

The men are preparing chemicals for the next row of trees, to be treated as in the picture above

tine as this the State of California has been spared the expense and loss that would occur through the introduction of any one of the hundreds of insect pests that have made some kinds of fruit-growing almost an impossibility in other countries. The pests which we now have, that have caused us so much trouble and expense, were not introduced in large numbers, but perhaps by a single fertile female on some hand-carried plant. From this apparently in-

and so on in a never-ending cycle. The foes, like the pests, develop with remarkable rapidity, and as soon as a colony is ready for shipment it is sent out to some infested region; or, if there is a lull in the demand for the foe owing to the season or to the overcoming of the pest, the foe is kept in abeyance, though preserved from family to family in order that it may be



From a photograph

THE INSECTARY, SAN FRANCISCO

This is one of many cases of mounted insect pest specimens and their foes from various parts of the world

significant start they have spread over the entire length and breadth of our State.

The insectary of the commission is located in a building in San Francisco hard by the wharves where ships from foreign ports make landing. In the rooms are many cases containing beneficent insects in all stages of development. Many of the pests have a common life history—first the moth, then the egg, the larva, the worm, the chrysalis, the moth again,

ready for reproduction on call. Plans are now being perfected for a larger insectary, with cold-storage department, in which the eggs of a given foe may be kept indefinitely, ready for hatching at any time needed.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in the State of Massachusetts to destroy the gipsy-moth, which produces a caterpillar of the most dangerous character. Several years ago the California commission made to Massachusetts



From a photograph

JARS OF FOOD SUPPLIES FOR THE FOES OF THE INSECT PESTS

The twigs in the jars bear the worms of the pests

a proffer of assistance along its own line of work, which is quite different from that which had been followed in Massachusetts. It proposed to find the foe of the caterpillar and thus destroy it. The plan was not adopted for the reason that so long as exterminative work was going on there was no chance for the parasites. During the present year, however, the importation of parasites has been taken up under appropriations by the General Government and by the State of Massachusetts. The Entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture has the matter in charge, and is importing large numbers of parasitized gipsy-moth caterpillars from Europe, and making an effort to secure parasites of the same insect from Japan. There is very good reason for hope in this particular experiment, since in Europe the gipsy-moth, while widespread, never occurs in such enormous numbers as in Massachusetts, and in Europe no fewer than fifty-two species of parasites are known to affect this particular injurious species.

It is extremely difficult to form any general estimate of the value to the State of such work as this. If the deadly pests which have already been checked by the work of the California commission had been allowed to go on without hindrance, however, the State of California must have been the loser by many millions of dollars directly, while the indirect injury, through destruction of property and abandonment of enterprises, would have been still greater.

C. L. Marlatt, of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, has prepared a statement as to the loss by insect pests in the United States each year. He notes that the losses each year in all the plant products of the soil, both in the growing and in the stored state, together with those in live stock, exceed the entire expenditure of the National Government, including the pension-roll and the maintenance of the army and the navy. Placing the value of these products at \$5,000,000,000 per year, he notes an annual shrinkage, due to insect pests, of fully ten per cent.

--in many cases of fifty per cent.; but, at ten per cent., \$500,000,000 is "the minimum yearly tax which insects levy upon the products of the farm." This does not include loss to farm products in storage, \$100,000,000; or to natural forest and food products, also \$100,000,000; making a total annual loss of \$700,000,000 directly traceable to insect pests. He presents the following tabular statement, which is of interest in this connection:

The existence and progress of the citrus industry of California were made possible by the introduction from Australia of a natural enemy of the white scale, an insect pest which was rapidly destroying the orange and lemon orchards, this introduction representing a saving to the people of that State of many millions of dollars every year.

The work of this California commission, which aims to control the pests rather than to use makeshifts, however

PRODUCT	VALUE	PERCENTAGE OF LOSS	AMOUNT OF LOSS
Cereals	\$2,000,000,000	10	\$200,000,000
Hay	530,000,000	10	53,000,000
Cotton	600,000,000	10	60,000,000
Tobacco	53,000,000	10	5,300,000
Truck crops	265,000,000	20	53,000,000
Sugars	50,000,000	10	5,000,000
Fruits	135,000,000	20	27,000,000
Farm forests	110,000,000	10	13,000,000
Miscellaneous crops	58,000,000	10	5,800,000
Animal products	1,750,000,000	10	175,000,000
Total	\$5,551,000,000		\$597,100,000
Natural forests and forest products			100,000,000
Products in storage			100,000,000
Total			\$797,100,000

He calls attention to the fact that it is costing this country over \$8,000,000 a year to spray the apple-trees in order to keep down the codling-moth, which now appears to be well on the way to absolute control simply by the California method of introducing its foe. Mr. Marlatt thus refers to one feature of the work:

successful temporarily, is, in the light of this enormous national loss, strikingly significant. It points the way to an indefinite expansion of this practical and unique method of protection, and it is one of the many rich legacies with which modern practical science has enriched the present and is endowing posterity.

It is proper to call attention to the fact that the initiative in the experiments described in the foregoing article, and the respective participation in them, are matters in dispute between the California Commission of Horticulture and the United States Department of Agriculture.—THE EDITOR.





Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PILGRIMS OF THE LAW—LINCOLN AND THE COURT RIDING THE CIRCUIT

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

X

LINCOLN THE MANAGING CLERK



WHEN Lincoln was postmaster of New Salem he used to tuck the letters inside his hat and deliver them whenever he happened to meet the persons to whom they were addressed. As this is a fair example of his business system, it may readily be imagined that the office of Stuart & Lincoln was not a model establishment, where there was a place for everything and everything in its place. And it was not. Indeed, as a managing clerk the junior partner would have been a hopeless failure, and as an attorney, in the technical sense of the term, he would never have distinguished himself. He disliked everything connected with the drudgery of legal routine, hated drawing the declarations and pleas, despised the artificialities and refinements which were even then beginning to creep into the pleadings, and disregarded forms whenever it was possible to do so.

There was nothing mechanical, precise, or methodical about the man, and in all those housewifely virtues which characterize the careful, orderly, exact solicitor he was utterly deficient. He never knew where his papers were, and apparently the only attempt he ever made to better the disorder was to write on one of the bundles of papers which littered his desk, "When you can't find It anywhere else, look in this."¹ But that was long after the firm of Stuart & Lincoln had dis-

solved, and even then we find him explaining to a correspondent that he had placed his letter inside an old hat and had thus neglected answering it, which shows he had not wholly outgrown the habit of his post-office days. Indeed, his hat continued to be his favorite receptacle for papers as long as he lived, and he never acquired any sense of order.²

Fortunately for his peace of mind, Stuart had no more system in business affairs than his associate, and the result of their lax methods was, of course, confusion worse confounded. Again and again we find Lincoln reporting to his partner in Washington that clients had called for deeds which could not be found, and that papers were wanted which had disappeared, and there is no proof that the major was ever able to help in the search. In fact, neither man took even ordinary business precautions, and if either of them kept copies of their letters, no evidence of that fact has yet been discovered. Certainly Lincoln's private correspondence was conducted in the loosest possible fashion. He would write on whatever happened to be handy, and his notes for law work or speeches were scribbled on the backs of envelopes, edges of newspapers, or other available material. Most of these memoranda found their way sooner or later into his capacious "stove-pipe," and when any particular item was needed, the search which followed suggested the conjurer's hat trick.

Lincoln was too philosophic to be bored or irritated by the details or minutiae of the profession. He simply ignored them.

¹ This memorandum is in existence to-day. It is owned by a Philadelphia law firm.

² Even on his journey to Washington he actually mislaid his inaugural address, and for a time it was feared that the contents of that jealously guarded document would become public property before Buchanan's term expired; but finally it was located, and no premature announcement of his policy was made.

The argus-eyed attorney, who sees that every "t" is crossed and that every "i" is dotted, doubtless fulfils a useful function in the practice of the law, but Lincoln was not a lawyer of this quality. Indeed, it must be conceded that in all such matters another distinguished President of legal antecedents decisively outranks him. Thomas Jefferson was a master of accounts and bookkeeping. He was the champion diarist of the world, the most methodical of statisticians, and the neatest, most precise "man of business" who ever tied papers with red tape and sealed them with green seals; and yet he will never be classed among the great lawyers of the nation. Fancy Jefferson or any other capable manager writing a client in this fashion and turning good business from the door:

As to the real estate, we cannot attend to it. We are not real estate agents. We are lawyers. We recommend you to give the charge of it to Mr. Isaac S. Britton, a trustworthy man and one whom the Lord made on purpose for such business.¹

Perhaps this letter displays poor commercial judgment, and doubtless it shocked and grieved the thrifty man with whom Lincoln was associated when he wrote it, but it shows that he had his own ideas of the dignity of the profession and did not purpose to barter it.

Lincoln's mind was orderly, though his methods were not. He neglected details because his thought, which was "as direct as light," passed instantly to the vital spot, and all else seemed unimportant. "If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it," he used to say; and this was his mental attitude toward all legal questions. He had no training in technicalities as long as the firm of Stuart & Lincoln lasted, and it is doubtful if any teaching would have qualified him for attorney work or made him a master of detail. Yet as an office lawyer—such as rules the destinies of our modern corporate interests—he probably would have been invaluable. His mind comprehended large subjects without the slightest effort. Once concentrated on an issue, he passed directly to the point, disregarded the thousand and one contingencies, all the aca-

demic pros and cons, and reduced the problem to its simplest possible form. The man who is constantly mindful of details is apt to attach too much importance to small things, and with such a man compromises are difficult, if not impossible. Lincoln had no training of this sort to overcome, and the result is constantly apparent in all his important actions of later years.

It is not, of course, contended that his unmethodical habits and loose business training prove his legal aptitude, but it is submitted that they do not define his limitations as a lawyer. His natural perceptions were too keen, his mind too generously catholic, to admit of the discipline enforced by the usual legal training. Education of that sort would probably have warped his natural talents, and the result might have been a conscientious family solicitor instead of the great adviser of a nation. He needed the freedom of an office innocent of patent letter-files and card-catalogue indices to develop his individuality; he demanded the growing room of a new country where the practice of the law was not conventionalized out of all meaning and forms did not restrict; he required the self-discipline which comes of personal, unguided effort and unhandicapped competition; and he found the requisite conditions in his free-and-easy association with Major Stuart.

The independence and responsibility which he experienced in this partnership allowed him to exercise and express his individuality at a time when stricter discipline and more technical teaching would have fretted him or molded his maturing mind in a different fashion. As it was, he developed naturally into a broad-minded counselor who revered the law without worshipping it, and whose sense of justice was not dulled by contact with unyielding precedents.

If Stuart had been ambitious to accumulate a fortune, he would have been disappointed with his partner; for, with a people as litigious as the early Illinois settlers, it was a simple matter to stir up strife and make work for the lawyer, and Lincoln, instead of egging clients into the courts, set his face against such practice.

¹ See article by Jesse W. Weik, in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1904.

"Discourage litigation," was his advice to lawyers. *"Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peace-maker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."*

It has been truly said that those words should be posted in every law office in the land, and it will be seen, when Lincoln's record is fully examined, that it was not a mere theorist who wrote them, but an active practitioner of wide experience who lived up to his own teaching.

XI

EARLY SUCCESS IN THE COURTS

LINCOLN had served four terms in the State legislature, and had once been a formidable candidate for speaker of that body, before his partnership with Stuart terminated. Doubtless he could have held the office indefinitely had he chosen to do so, but there was neither glory nor profit in the position at that particular period of Illinois history, and for the time being he had obtained all the legislative experience he required. Moreover, his ambition was beginning to take a wider range, and his name had been seriously mentioned for the governorship on more than one occasion. This and the fact of his contemplated marriage decided him to retire from politics and devote himself exclusively to the practice of his profession.

His four years' association with Stuart had given him a fair start in the law, and he had enlarged his acquaintance and experience by traveling the circuit on every possible occasion. In those days lawyers in active practice spent a great part of their time following the local judges, on horseback or afoot, from one town to another, journeying in small parties, and

stopping at the same taverns, like a company of players on the road. Some of the leaders, like Judge Logan, had cases to try in the various villages and towns on the route, but others picked up business on the way, and, from all accounts, the pickings must sometimes have been painfully lean, for Douglas's fees on one trip amounted only to five dollars, and his was an unusually magnetic personality. There was hardship and discomfort in this work, but even in those very early days, when the roads were almost impassable and the hotel accommodations belied the name, the life had its peculiar charms, for the members of the bar were persons of no little distinction in the eyes of the country villagers, and the advent of the nomadic court was the red-letter day of the country calendars.

Riding and tramping the circuit month after month brought Lincoln into close touch with almost all the local members of his profession, and he took high rank among them almost from the start. The nature of his success at this early period is, however, a subject of much misapprehension. Most of the biographies give the impression that his associates appreciated him as an entertaining, unselfish companion, but did not consider him very seriously as a lawyer. Unquestionably he was a good story-teller and capital company, and all the indications are that his unselfishness, tolerance, and comforting habit of making the best of things endeared him to his fellow-practitioners. He did not insist upon the highest seat at the table, or seize the most comfortable room; and if any special favors fell to his lot, he was always willing to share them. Moreover, he always saw the humorous side of petty disasters, and knew how to make a disgruntled man smile at his own misfortunes—a feat requiring the greatest tact. But good nature, generosity, and unselfishness do not necessarily insure respect unless a man has in him the power to command it, and that power Lincoln most certainly possessed. There is a story that he used to be sent ahead as a scout when the rivers were swollen, to test the fords with his long legs, and doubtless it is true; but there is another story that he once interrupted a too personal debate as to the proper length for a man's legs by remarking, "I should think they ought to

be long enough to reach from your body to the ground," a quiet retort which is said to have put some of the debaters in the air.

It was in the courts, however, that Lincoln's nature and disposition showed to best advantage, and it was there that he won his most enduring popularity and his first real recognition. Lawyers frequently refer to each other as brothers, but there is very little real fraternity in the profession. The sharp personal collisions inevitable in litigation bruise and jar the contestants, no matter how hardened they may be, and the man who emerges from the fray with no prejudice against his opponent and without having given the least offense possesses a remarkable temperament—and such a man was Abraham Lincoln. He knew how to try a case without making it a personal issue between counsel. He could utter effective replies without insulting his opponent, and during all his practice he never made an enemy in the ranks of the profession. No one but a lawyer can appreciate what this means; but it requires generosity, patience, tact, courtesy, firmness, courage, self-control, and a big-mindedness which few men possess. Yet, day after day and year after year, Lincoln met all sorts and conditions of lawyers at a time when they were all young, ambitious, and keen to succeed, without embittering any one or forfeiting his self-respect. Not many members of the profession can show an equal record; certainly none of the Springfield bar has left a similar reputation.

That Lincoln's experience in the courts guided his conduct in the political arena and in the hard-fought field of statesmanship cannot reasonably be questioned. No public man in this country ever engaged in more heated controversies than he, none was ever subjected to such bitter taunts or suffered such provocation; yet after years of the fiercest political warfare and a duel of debate unsurpassed in the history of the world, his great opponent was able to side with him in the hour of national peril, and when he took the oath of office as President of the United States, that same bitter rival, an unsuccessful candidate for the mighty office, stood by him and held his capacious hat. Nor was Douglas the only one of his

competitors who harbored no resentment in the hour of defeat. Seward, the ambition of whose life was crushed when Lincoln was nominated, and who accepted office under the rail-splitter only "to save the country," had no cheap retorts to forget when he came to acknowledge his adversary as "the best man of 'us all'"; and to-day the South can find no word of offense in all the utterances of the most tireless advocate of emancipation and the Union.

It may be claimed, however, that Lincoln's early reputation as a fair, clean practitioner does not prove that he was regarded seriously as a lawyer when he first practised on the circuit, and of course it does not. But there is very positive proof of his professional recognition in the fact that when his association with Stuart ended, Stephen Logan, the leading lawyer of the circuit, if not of the State, a former judge, and one of the canniest business men at the bar, singled him out from all his contemporaries and offered him a partnership.

XII

A NOTABLE PARTNERSHIP

THE story of Lincoln's professional life might fairly be said to date from his association with Judge Logan; for although he had already seen four years of practice, his experience had been mainly preparatory, and whatever law he knew he had taught himself without competent guidance or control. His new partner, however, possessed not only a strong individuality, but also a positive genius for developing legal talents, and his example and instruction undoubtedly had an immediate and lasting influence upon Lincoln's subsequent career.

Stephen Trigg Logan was, like his partner, a native of Kentucky, but when he moved to Illinois he was thirty-two years of age and he had been Commonwealth Attorney in his own State for ten years before he opened an office in Springfield. Not only was he better equipped by education and training than most of the Illinois practitioners, but he was unusually well endowed by nature for the practice of his profession, and he speedily took high rank at the bar of Illinois. Indeed, such was his reputation for ability

and learning that he was appointed judge of the Fifth Circuit less than three years after his arrival at Springfield; but the judicial salary—seven hundred and fifty dollars a year¹—was wholly inadequate for a man of his caliber, and becoming restless under this pecuniary sacrifice, he resigned in 1837, after two years' service on the bench. His unquestioned leadership of the bar dates from this return to practice, and for many years afterward his sway was almost absolute. In the third volume of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports his name appears in connection with no less than twenty-six appeals—an unprecedented record for those times, showing that he was retained on one side or the other of almost every important matter in the courts.²

These facts demonstrate the extent and value of his practice, and there is every reason to believe he had the whole bar to choose from when he suggested a partnership to Lincoln in the spring of 1841. It could not have been for his social qualities that Logan chose his man, and he certainly could not have coveted the small personal clientage which Lincoln had secured during his apprentice years. Neither is it at all probable that he allowed any question of friendship to enter into his business calculations. Doubtless he liked the young man and found his company agreeable, but there was a strong mixture of Scotch blood in the judge's veins, and his eyes very rarely wandered from the main chance. He wanted an assistant capable of helping him with his steadily increasing legal work, and the explanation of his choice is obvious. He believed that Lincoln had in him the makings of an able lawyer, and he instinctively recognized promising legal material in the rough. No less than seven distinguished members of the bar and statesmen of repute—four United States senators and three governors of States—were developed in the same office in later

years, and their careers testify to the powerful influence of their preceptor and his faculty for discovering latent talent.

Logan's recognition of Lincoln's qualifications was not, however, wholly divination. His attention had been first attracted to the young man by a "very sensible speech" which he had delivered during his earliest political canvass, and when he was admitted to practice the judge was on the bench and doubtless heard his maiden efforts at the bar.³ Later he frequently met him in practice on the circuit, and received the best possible proof of his legal aptitudes; for in the fourth volume of Illinois Reports we find him opposed to his future partner in at least three appeals from cases tried as early as 1839, and in all of them Lincoln was the victor. Moreover, one of these cases (*Bailey v. Cromwell*, 4 Ills., 71) involved an important principle, and was otherwise calculated to inspire each man to his very best effort; although neither could possibly have dreamed that it was to have a place in history as the first contest touching slavery in which Lincoln was engaged.

This case grew out of a promissory note made by one Bailey to one Cromwell in payment of the purchase price of a negro girl named Nance. When the note matured the maker declined to pay it on the ground that Nance was not a slave, and the trial turned entirely on this point. Lincoln was retained by Bailey, and a hot fight followed, in which Lincoln was beaten; but he immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, which sustained his contention and, reversing the lower court, declared the girl free.⁴

Except in the matter of their legal qualities, however, the new associates were a strangely assorted pair. There was only nine years' difference in their ages, but Logan had been in practice for at least fifteen years when Lincoln was admitted to the bar; and, as all his powers

¹ Laws of 1834-5, p. 167. Afterward the salary was raised to a thousand dollars.

² A very complete biographical sketch of Judge Logan is contained in a volume, now out of print, entitled, "The Life and Character of Stephen T. Logan," published in Springfield, Illinois, in 1882.

³ Judge Logan made the order admitting Lincoln to the bar (Record of the Circuit Court, Sangamon County, p. 173), and he also signed the order discontinuing what is known as his first case.

⁴ On his brief in this case Lincoln cited 10 Johns., 198; 10 Wend., 384; 3 Caines, 325; Ordinance of Congress, Art. VI; R. L., 57; Gale's Stat. 44; Constitution of Ills., Art. VI; 14 Johns., 188; 2 Bibb., 238; 2 Salkeld, 666; which indicates the extent of his available legal material at that period.

The writer finds that *Bailey vs. Cromwell* has been cited by other judges in later cases, at least eighteen times.

To the Honorable, the Circuit Court of Sangamon
County—

Your Petitioner, Edmund Taylor, respectfully shows unto your Honor that on the day of Feb. 1842, one Washington Ray departed this life, leaving Elizabeth Ray his widow, and Thomas Washington Ray, ^{who is a minor} his only child and heir at law, that your Petitioner

* * * * *

hearing, your Honor will order your Petitioner to sell the said interest of the said Washington Ray, deceased in said land, or so much thereof as shall be necessary &c. and as in duty bound to.
Logan Lincoln for
Petitioner—

From the collection of Major William H. Lambert

BEGINNING AND CONCLUSION OF A LEGAL DOCUMENT IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING,
SIGNED LOGAN AND LINCOLN

were matured before Lincoln's began to develop, he appeared much older, and in temperament the two men were hopelessly apart. Logan was a formal, precise, technical attorney, who read Blackstone's Commentaries from beginning to end at least once every year until he was sixty, and whose shrewd, hard face and keen eyes bespoke the man of business. He was orderly and methodical in his habits, careful and painstaking in all matters of detail, highly moral "with an old-fashioned lawyer's sense of morality," industrious to a fault, ambitious to make money, and wholly absorbed in the practice of his

Taylor & Co.
vs. Petitioner
Ray's widow
& her -

March 29, 1844
C. Ballou
Clerk

TITLE OF THE DOCUMENT PRINTED
ABOVE, IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING

profession. With such a man Abraham Lincoln, of course, had little in common; for he himself was easy-going, unsystematic, and without the slightest inclination for wealth. "Wealth," he observed, "is simply a superfluity of things we don't need," and his indifference to the commercial advantages of the legal profession must have amazed his associate, who never lost sight of them, and died a rich man. But

though he did not care to make money, Lincoln was exceedingly ambitious to make a name for himself; and, realizing his own shortcomings as a lawyer, he studied the methods of his experienced

partner with the closest attention: Until he came under Logan's influence he had practised in the laziest possible fashion, making virtually no preparation for his cases, and relying on his wits and the inspiration of the moment to carry the jury with him. It would have been impossible for any man to accomplish much by such methods, and Lincoln's mental process was particularly ill adapted for haphazard work. His mind acted slowly, and although he could make a quick reply upon occasion, he required time to do himself full justice either in the courts or on the platform. Whether Logan told him this in so many words, or whether he discovered it for himself, is of little moment, but it is certain that he soon began to adopt his partner's methods, studying his cases with the utmost care and diligently examining the law. This training immediately showed itself in his work.

Instead of being occasionally dangerous, he soon became a formidable opponent whenever he believed in a cause. He was too broad-minded for the blind partizanship of the average small attorney, and instinctively looked on both sides of each question; but it was doubtless Logan who showed him the tactical advantage of knowing his adversary's case as thoroughly as he knew his own, and, as a result, we have his own testimony that in all his practice at the bar he was never once surprised by the strength of his opponent's cause, and often found it much weaker than he had hoped.

It is only necessary to recall a few episodes in Lincoln's public career to realize how this training served him in time of need. When Captain Wilkes stopped the *Trent* on the high seas and removed the Confederate envoys Mason and Slidell from the protection of the English flag, Lincoln was at first inclined to take the popular view of the matter; but he calmly weighed the angry protest of the mother-country, argued her case in his own mind, and not only saw that she was right, but also shrewdly noted the tactical advantage of submission, which he quietly pointed out in the most significant words.

"We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals," he remarked. "We fought Great Britain for insisting by theory and practice on the

right to do precisely what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act and demand Slidell and Mason, we must give them up and apologize for the act as a violation of our own doctrines, *and thus forever bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals and so acknowledge that she has been wrong for sixty years.*"

Again, it was his knowledge of his opponent's armor which made him the most dangerous debater of the slavery issue. Abolitionists ranted and rashly accused the Southerners of high crimes and misdemeanors of which they were wholly innocent. Lincoln learned the pro-slavery arguments, stated them fairly, analyzed them pitilessly, turned them against their sponsors, and convicted them out of their own mouths. It was this great legal trait, acquired and cultivated in Logan's office, that Douglas had in mind when he exclaimed that "Lincoln had given him more trouble than all the Abolitionists put together."

Logan did not succeed in teaching his young partner to be a technical lawyer, but he did undoubtedly show him the tactical value of procedure, and it will be seen in another chapter that he occasionally availed himself of this knowledge, although he never practised by rule of thumb. In the matter of strategy he needed no instruction, and his knowledge of human nature was vastly superior to Logan's. Moreover, the judge's sense of humor was somewhat deficient, and Lincoln once took an amusing advantage of this when he was practising against him before a jury on the circuit. Logan was dignity itself on such occasions; but, orderly as he was in most matters, he seldom wore a necktie and was otherwise careless about his dress, and Lincoln, knowing his man, proceeded to unhorse him as soon as he addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you must be careful and not permit yourselves to be overborne by the eloquence of the counsel for the defense. Judge Logan, I know, is an effective lawyer. I have met him too often to doubt that; but shrewd and careful though he be, still, he *is* sometimes wrong. Since this trial began I have discovered that, with all his caution and fastidiousness, he has n't knowledge enough to put his shirt on right."

Logan turned crimson with embarrassment, and the jurors burst into a roar of laughter as they discovered that the discomfited advocate was wearing the garment in question with the plaited bosom behind, and for the rest of that trial Logan was not effective against his former partner.

XIII

JUDGE LOGAN AND LINCOLN

THE terms of Lincoln's partnership with Judge Logan are not known, but it may reasonably be inferred that the junior member of the firm received only a small percentage of the fees, for the business was almost entirely Logan's, and he was not by nature over-generous. Indeed, he had quarreled with his former partner, the brilliant orator Edward-Dickenson Baker, on monetary matters; and it is probable that there were few members of the bar who would have been as tractable as Lincoln on the question of compensation. Certainly his style of living at that period indicated a very slender revenue, considering the standing of the firm; for even after his marriage with Miss Mary Todd in November, 1842, he and his wife were not able to keep house, but lived at the Globe Tavern, where their room and board cost only four dollars a week; and still later in the partnership he wrote that he could not accept an invitation to visit Kentucky "because he was so poor and made so little headway that he dropped back in a month of idleness as much as he gained in a year's sowing."

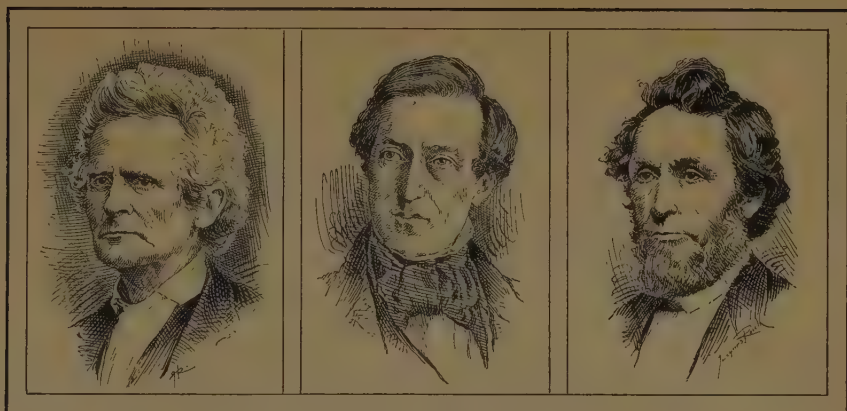
During all this time, however, the practice of the firm was steadily increasing and Logan was becoming rich; so it is fair to assume that Lincoln was not receiving the lion's share of the profits. It would have been surprising if business had not been prosperous, for the partners worked together in entire harmony, and Springfield was at that time the center of all things legal in Illinois. Not only were the United States courts located there, but the County Court, the Circuit Court, and the Supreme Court (the tribunal of last resort), and the State legislature likewise, held their sessions in the city, and the indications are that the firm

reaped a rich harvest from all these fields of legal endeavor.

Success in the courts is not an infallible criterion of legal ability, but it is an interesting fact that Lincoln argued no less than fourteen appeals before the Supreme Court at the December term of 1841, and succeeded in all of them but four, a record which was not surpassed even by Logan himself; and between them the partners well-nigh monopolized that court at the terms of 1842-3. In that period they argued twenty-four final appeals, and won all of them but seven, a fact which not only indicates the extent of their practice, but affords a fair inference of their success in other courts.¹

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Lincoln gave little attention to politics during his partnership with Logan, though he did not altogether withdraw from public life. The mention of his name for the governorship in 1841 had been serious enough to call for a semi-official declination; but there was no organized effort made to induce him to accept the nomination, and the subject was dropped. Despite his close attention to business he was, nevertheless, more or less active in the councils of the Whig party during the first two years of his association with Logan, and in 1843 he became chairman of the local convention, drew the political platform, and otherwise manifested keen interest in party matters, at the same time becoming an active candidate for the congressional nomination. His most formidable rival for this honor was Baker, Logan's former partner; but neither man was strong enough to carry the convention, and John J. Hardin, another prominent member of the bar, was named and elected. The following year Baker and Lincoln were again mentioned for the same office, but Lincoln refused to contest the place with his friend and fellow-member at the bar, who had long set his heart upon obtaining the prize, and to whom defeat would have brought great bitterness. Indeed, Baker's political ambitions were almost boundless, and in after years Judge Davis used to tell a story about him to the effect that when he first read the Constitution of the

¹ Some of the records of the Illinois circuit courts have been destroyed by fire, but the writer frequently noted Lincoln's name in the judge's minutes, and found other indications that he was at this time doing his share of circuit work.



Drawn by Jacques Reich

JUDGE STEPHEN T. LOGAN

HON. JOHN T. STUART

WILLIAM H. HERNDON

LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNERS

United States and discovered that no one but a native American could be President, he burst into tears, bemoaning the fact that he was ineligible, having been born in England. Largely as a result of Lincoln's withdrawal, Baker received the coveted nomination, and was subsequently elected to Congress, afterward becoming the leader of the California bar and United States senator from Oregon. There was certainly a strange fatality about these early congressional contests, for each of the three friendly competitors died for his country in the order of his election—Hardin gallantly leading his troops in a charge at the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War, Baker while commanding his regiment at the disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff in 1861, and Lincoln at the head of the nation.

There is reason to suppose that Logan, knowing his partner's deficiencies in the law, originally intended to utilize his talents as a jury advocate; but after Lincoln began to study in earnest, he developed other qualities which made him quite as effective with the court as he was with the jury, and the two men were thereafter constantly together in all sorts of legal work. "He would study out his case and make about as much of it as any one," Logan remarked, speaking of his partner many years afterward. "His ambition as a lawyer increased; he grew constantly. By close study of each case as it came up he got to be quite a formidable lawyer."

It has been stated that under Logan's tutelage Lincoln became a "case-lawyer," but this is not true if a case-lawyer be one who has at his tongue's end all the precedents affecting any given state of facts, and who is lost unless his legal trail is plainly blazed. But if the term describes one who makes no excursions into the field of general legal knowledge and is not concerned with its theories and philosophy, then Lincoln may properly be regarded as a case-lawyer. He met each problem as it presented itself, attempting to do only one thing at a time, concentrating the whole power of his mind upon the subject in hand until he mastered it, and never forgetting any item of information when once acquired. His mind, he remarked, was like a piece of steel—very hard to scratch, but almost impossible to free of any mark once made upon it. He did not trouble himself to analyze the subtleties and labored profundities of the law, and never made the slightest pretense to academic knowledge. For real scholarship he had, of course, a profound respect, but the pseudo-learning often displayed in the courts only amused him. On one occasion a lawyer against whom he was practising quoted a Latin maxim, and then, either to impress his hearers or to embarrass his adversary, added, "Is not that so, Mr. Lincoln?"

"If that is Latin," Lincoln responded dryly, "I think you had better call another witness."

While Logan and Lincoln were practising together certain changes were made in the judiciary, and among the new judges elected by the legislature was Stephen Arnold Douglas, then in his twenty-eighth year. Judge Douglas presided over the Fifth Circuit, and Lincoln's practice was almost entirely in the Eighth; but in those days the circuit judges, as a body, formed the Supreme (appellate) Court, and Lincoln must have argued many cases before his future rival for senatorial and Presidential honors, and in one case (*Grubb v. Crane*, 5 Ills., 153) Douglas delivered the prevailing opinion of the court in Lincoln's favor.

The exact date of the dissolution of Logan & Lincoln's partnership is not clear, but their names appear together in the case of *Rogers v. Dickey* (6 Ills., 636), argued in November, 1843, and they were opposed to each other in *Kelly v. Garrett* (6 Ills., 649) in March, 1844, so the separation must have taken place sometime between these two dates. Mr. Herndon says that political rivalry was at the bottom of the dissolution, and hints that Logan desired the nomination for Congress which eventually went to Lincoln. This may have been so, but it is difficult to see how Lincoln's nomination in 1846 could have caused the partners to separate in 1844, and the fact is that Logan himself made the speech which nominated his ex-partner for Congress, fought hard to make him United States senator from Illinois, and remained his warm friend and supporter as long as he lived. The real cause of the dissolution of the firm is to be found in the character and temperament of the two men. Lincoln was naturally independent, and he outgrew the guidance of his preceptor. He was a born leader, and not a subordinate, and it was against his nature to remain in a position of dependence any longer than was necessary. Therefore, the moment he felt strong enough, he started out for himself.

It is, however, impossible to overestimate the influence which Logan exerted upon his associate. He laid the foundations upon which Lincoln built his legal career, and there was no other lawyer in Illinois who could have given him any-

thing like the same incentive and training. Indeed, there is no legal reputation in the State to-day which is more secure than Logan's, and time has only confirmed the judgment of his peers. The Hon. David Davis, after ten years' experience as circuit judge and fifteen years' service on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, declared that he was the ablest lawyer he had ever met, and his opinion justifies the conclusion that Lincoln in his second partnership came into touch with one of the most extraordinary legal minds in the country.

Certainly the State of Illinois recognized two great lawyers in the persons of Logan and Lincoln; for while they still practised at the bar, and before Lincoln was thought of for the Presidency, the county of Logan was named in honor of the senior partner, and Lincoln, the county-seat, in honor of his associate.¹ No law firm in this or any other county has ever received an equal tribute.

XIV

LINCOLN THE HEAD OF A LAW FIRM

It required no little courage and self-confidence for Lincoln to sever his relations with Logan, for he and his family were entirely dependent upon his earnings, and when he left the judge's office he had not, strictly speaking, a client whom he could call his own. Until that time he had never been obliged to face the difficulties of building up a practice, for he had stepped into an established business when Stuart gave him his start in the law, and a ready-made clientage awaited him in the partnership with Logan. Doubtless he had strengthened and increased the judge's business, but he was not entitled, as a matter of right, to any definite share of it when he left, and the fact that clients cannot be parceled off like merchandise would have prevented a partition of the patronage in any case. Of course the retiring member of a law firm is justified in accepting any clients who voluntarily follow him to his new office, but there is a delicate professional courtesy which must be observed in such matters, and Lincoln was not the sort of man who would willingly supplant an ex-

¹ A young lawyer once asked Lincoln if the county-seat of Logan County was named after him.

"Well, it was named after I was," Mr. Lincoln responded gravely.



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser from a photograph

OLD COURT HOUSE (BURNED SEVERAL YEARS AGO) AT LINCOLN—THE COUNTY SEAT OF LOGAN COUNTY—WHICH LINCOLN SAID "WAS NAMED AFTER HE WAS"

associate. It is not probable, therefore, that he counted on acquiring any of Logan's business when he left him, and there is no indication that the two men ever had the slightest misunderstanding over any such question.

But though he had no business following, Lincoln had good reasons for believing that he could hold his own in the practice of the law at Springfield. He had a wide acquaintance in the neighborhood, he was popular with all sorts and conditions of men, and he knew himself to be the peer of his competitors at the local bar. Lincoln was modest,—modest to the point of humility,—but he was always properly aware of his own abilities. He never boasted of what he could or would accomplish, but he did not attempt to discount failure with self-depreciation, knowing that excuses have merely a personal interest and that accomplishment makes its own claims. He did not challenge events, but met them boldly, instinctively responding at every crisis to the latent powers within him; and in a large measure this was the secret of his success.

It was in this spirit that he faced the future when he withdrew from the valuable alliance with Judge Logan. He

thought he could stand alone, and, feeling his own strength, he was anxious to match himself against his contemporaries, relying solely on his own resources. There was no assumption of superiority in this. It was the natural desire of a strong man with a stout heart.

But though he believed in himself and made his hazard of new fortunes without misgiving, Lincoln was neither adventurous nor sanguine by nature. Even as a boy he had not displayed the usual confidence of youth, and in his first public address he advised the voters of Sangamon County that he was already too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined if his aspirations met with defeat. He was not exactly despondent, but there was a suggestion of fatalism in his mental attitude toward many questions; and, as he matured and his responsibilities increased, he became more and more thoughtful, serious, and inclined to deep depression. Indeed, at one time—just before he joined Judge Logan—he was actually threatened with melancholia, induced by a combined attack of "engagement fever" and malaria, and all his life he fought despondency with jest and joke and story, winning where most men would

have lost. Humor was the talisman with which he exorcised "the fretful fiends of doubt and care."

If Lincoln had yielded to his natural tendencies and encouraged self-distrust at the moment of parting with Judge Logan, he could easily have found another partner with a ready-made practice in Springfield; for there were a number of well-established lawyers who would have been only too glad to make generous terms with Logan's ex-associate. His days of even quasi-dependence were over, however, and he was ambitious to be the head and front of his own business. Of course the simplest method of accomplishing this would have been to practise by himself. Yet had he started out absolutely alone, he would have been obliged to undertake all his own office work, for law clerks were not easily procured in those days, and he was utterly unfitted by nature for coping with small drudgeries. Moreover, it so happened that one of his friends, recently admitted to the bar, was in need of just the start which a junior partnership provided, and it was under these circumstances that he offered William Henry Herndon the chance of his life.

It is a curious coincidence that all three of Lincoln's partners were, like him, natives of Kentucky; but Herndon's family had moved to Illinois when he was a mere child, and his youth had been passed in the neighborhood of Springfield. He was nine years younger than his senior partner, whom he had first encountered on the eventful occasion when Lincoln had piloted the gallant steamer *Talisman* in her attempt to force the passage of the Sangamon, and this accidental meeting led to a closer acquaintance, which was turned to friendship through an incident connected with the murder of Elijah Lovejoy, the Abolitionist.

Herndon was a student in the college at Jacksonville, Illinois, when Lovejoy set up his anti-slavery press at Alton and began the campaign which resulted in his death at the hands of a mob. The crime aroused violent excitement throughout the State. Indignation meetings were held, speeches were made, and violent condemnation of the outrage was expressed in every form. Indeed the Jacksonville students voiced their sentiments so openly

that Herndon's father, a pronounced slavery man, withdrew his son from the college, fearing that his mind would be poisoned by the Abolition doctrines. But the young man returned to Springfield with his opinions already formed, and it was undoubtedly his bold anti-slavery utterances at a time when the people of Illinois picked their words very carefully on the negro question which cemented his friendship with Lincoln.

Like his future partner, Herndon was first employed as a clerk in a grocery-store, and although he does not say so in his biography, it is highly probable that Lincoln procured the position for him, as his employer was Joshua Speed, Lincoln's most intimate friend. Moreover, despite Herndon's silence on the subject, there is every reason to suppose that it was Lincoln who encouraged his young friend to study law. Certainly his legal apprenticeship was passed in Logan & Lincoln's office, and under all the circumstances it is not strange that his preceptor should have kept an eye on him, and taken the first opportunity to advance his fortunes after his admission to the bar. It should be stated, however, that Herndon does not explain the partnership in this fashion; but, unfortunately, he is not the most reliable of chroniclers, and there is abundant evidence that he failed to appreciate the situation. Many years afterward a Chicago lawyer quoted Lincoln as saying that he had selected Herndon, supposing him to be a good business man who would keep the office affairs in order, but soon discovered that he had no more system than he himself, and was in reality a good lawyer, "thus proving a double disappointment." Herndon ingenuously printed this explanation in his "True Story of a Great Life," and evidently accepted it with no little complacency. But whatever Lincoln may have thought of his subordinate's legal attainments in later years,—and there is some evidence that Herndon grew to be a fair lawyer,—it is not likely that he ever placed much dependence on his orderly habits; for he must have been thoroughly acquainted with his shortcomings in this and other respects long before he generously offered him his start in life.

Certainly there never was an office conducted with less method, and Herndon was the last man in the world who could

have set things right. It must be admitted, however, that Lincoln would probably have defeated the most capable and persistent of managers in any case; for the only method he ever personally introduced into the firm's affairs was the immediate division of all fees which came

with fair success, the junior partner making a good clerical assistant in the drawing of pleadings and the minutiae of procedure, and in 1844-5 the senior partner argued no less than thirty-three appeals before the Supreme Court, an excellent first-year record, which fairly indi-

*In the Circuit Court of
Sangamon County—
March Term 1856*

*Thomas Aspinall
vs
Thomas Lewis
Willis H. Johnson &
John B. Moffett*

*In Debt
Debt \$2000
Damage 1000.*

*The clerk will please
issue summons in the above case— for Lewis
and Johnson
to this court; ~~for Johnson to Champaign county~~
and for Moffett to Deacon county.*

Lincoln & Herndon p.p.

*I do hereby enter myself security for costs
in the above case, and acknowledge myself
bound to pay or cause to be paid all costs
which may accrue in the action either to the
opposite party, or to any of the officers of
this court in pursuance of the laws of
this state. Dated this 29th of Jan'y. 1856
A. Lincoln*

From the collection of Major William H. Lambert

LEGAL DOCUMENT IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING, SIGNED WITH THE FIRM NAME,
AND BY LINCOLN, PERSONALLY, AS SECURITY FOR COSTS

into his hands, giving his partner his share at once, if he happened to be present, or placing it in an envelop indorsed, "Smith v. Jones—Herndon's half," if he chanced to be away. This was the beginning and the end of office organization as far as the senior partner was concerned.

Despite its slack business methods, however, the firm of Lincoln & Herndon met

cates the extent of his practice in other courts.¹ Doubtless he would have been even more successful at the outset had he devoted himself exclusively to the law, but in 1845 he was again a candidate for the congressional nomination, and his preparation for the campaign necessarily diverted his attention. The election took place in 1846, and, after a sharp contest,

¹ The writer's examination of the Illinois Circuit Court records shows that Lincoln conducted all the trial work of the firm at this period. It is stated in the third volume of the Illinois Historical

Society's publications that Herndon never did any circuit work during his partnership with Lincoln; but this is manifestly an error, for his name appears frequently in the records of later years.

he was returned by a large majority over Peter Cartwright, the itinerant preacher, who had been one of his successful rivals in his first canvass for the legislature, and whose grandson he was destined some years later to save from the gallows by a remarkable and dramatic appeal to the jury.

The partnership of Lincoln & Herndon did not immediately terminate as a result of his election; for Congress did not convene until late in the next year, and the firm continued in active practice until the senior member left for Washington.

Lincoln was then in his thirty-ninth year. His life had been eventful, his rise from absolute obscurity phenomenal, and his influence in his



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

THE BUILDING IN SPRINGFIELD ON THE
THIRD FLOOR OF WHICH WAS THE
OFFICE OF LOGAN AND LINCOLN

(To be continued)

own State and party remarkable. But the character of the man is well illustrated in the account which he gave of himself in the "Congressional Dictionary," and, in view of some of the voluminous memoirs of later members which adorn the modern official directory, his contribution is suggestive and instructive. It contains just forty-eight words, and reads as follows:

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

Education, defective.

Profession, a lawyer.

Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War.

Postmaster in a very small office.

Four times a member of the Illinois legislature and a member of the lower house of Congress.

AN OUT-PATIENT

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

WITH PICTURES BY WILL GREFFÉ



IG John Craddock's son was laid by for repairs in a New York private hospital, and therefore John Craddock left Wyoming in the middle of his beef round-up and hurried East. Dickie was no longer in danger, but in Dickie's letter there was a warm reference to a nurse which made old John scowl. He recalled a former partner's marriage to a

designing woman who trimmed fingernails in a Cheyenne barber-shop. Big John had never seen a manicure—nor, for the matter of that, a nurse.

In the office of Miss Floyd, the hospital superintendent, old Craddock's huge frame sprawled on a spidery gilt chair. The business-like severity of the office was pleasantly tempered by feminine grace. Miss Floyd sat at her heavy, directorial desk, and Dr. Murray,

rising from the sofa, clicked his watch decisively.

"Yes, that 's my emphatic opinion," he

Murray shook his head as he left the room. Craddock's unexplained wish to take his son from the hospital was none



Drawn by Will Greff. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

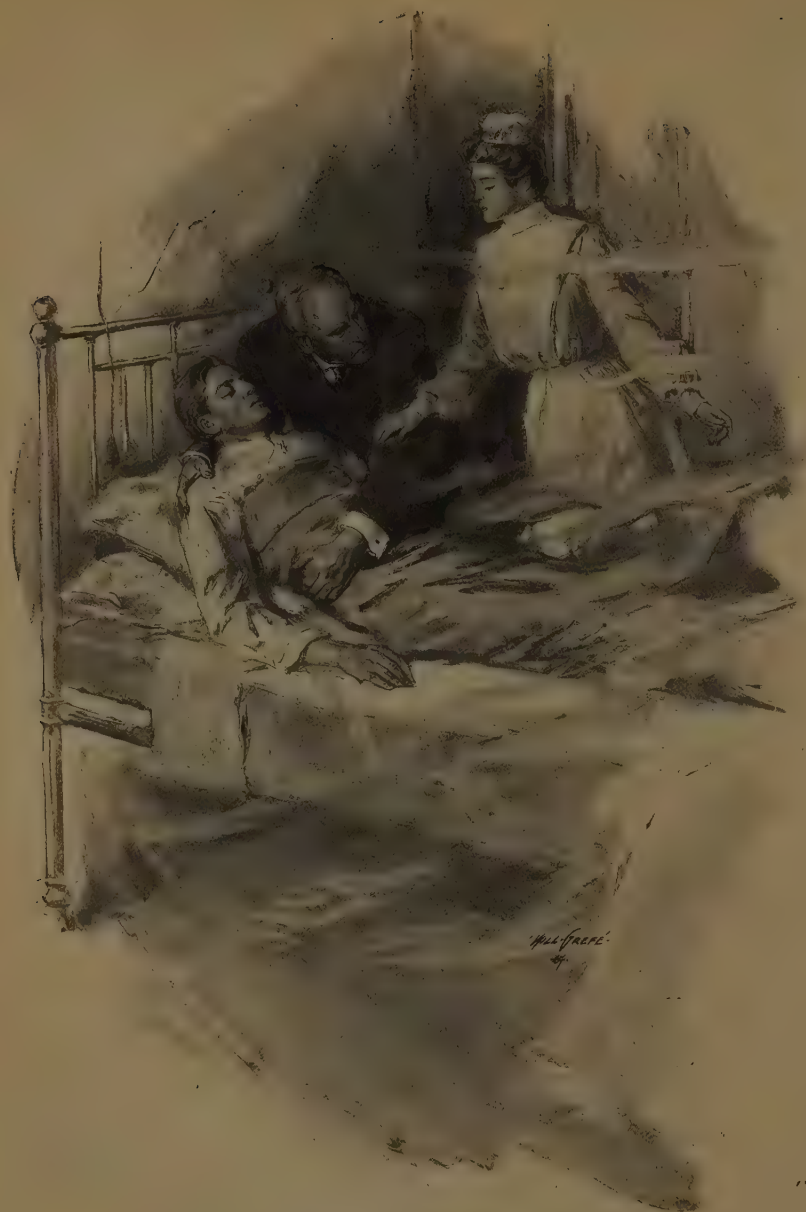
"WHAT 'S THE MATTER, DICKIE?"

said. "Your son is doing splendidly; but to move him from his bed inside of a month would probably be fatal."

"I 've been lent the president's car, doctor. Anything that money can—"

of the doctor's business. Miss Floyd, however, was concerned, and she leaned forward tentatively.

"I 'm sorry you 're dissatisfied with us," she said, smiling. "I can assure you



Drawn by Will Grefé. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"“WAIT, PLEASE! . . . A STRETCHER WILL COME PRESENTLY”"

that young Mr. Craddock has had our best care during this fortnight. Miss Norris is one of our most reliable nurses—and he seems contented.”

“He is contented, ma’am,” rejoined the Westerner, grimly. “’T ain’t no trick to content a man when he’s sick and locoed and onused to females. I’ve took quarters ’cross the street. I’ll be riding herd—seeing Dickie continuous.”

“You must ask Miss Norris about that,” said the matron. “She’s in command.”

“Oh, she is, is she?” grumbled Craddock to himself in the hall. “Dang a bunch of fool women! What use are they, idling round men? In com—oh, we’ll see.”

Distrusting the elevator, he climbed the stairs again. The hospital consisted of several dwellings thrown into one, and, to his disgust, the narrow corridors confused Craddock. A nurse bustled by, carrying a tray on which something was covered by a damp napkin.

“Excuse me, lady,” said Craddock, unwillingly. “If you’d show me where nineteen is—”

She nodded, and set the tray on a table. A corner of the napkin flapped up and disclosed the curved, silvery blade of a vicious knife. Old Craddock was not unaccustomed to vicious knives, but he had never met one carried on a tray by a rosy girl. He followed his guide thoughtfully. Girls did “ornery” things in this place. When he creaked abruptly into nineteen, young Craddock looked alarmed. The nurse was not in the room.

“What’s the matter, Dickie?” he asked, jarring the bed with his knees.

Dick laughed. “Nothing,” he said. “Lift me, will you, dad? Pillow’s hot.”

Craddock gingerly grabbed the boy’s shoulders in his big fingers.

“Easy, you old steam-derrick!” breathed Dick. “Now—turn the pillow.”

“With both hands holding you? How? Wait a minute, Dickie.”

While Craddock pawed desperately he heard Miss Norris’s placid voice at his elbow.

“Whatever are you doing with my patient, Mr. Craddock? One side, please. So!”

She bent over Dickie, who promptly twisted his arms around her neck. She

straightened herself, and Dickie came up with her. With her free hands she turned the pillows, and Dickie dropped on them.

“Say, that’s neat,” muttered the father. “A fellow can heave up a heap with his back if he knows how. Where’d you learn that, ma’am?”

Miss Norris laughed, and fixed the black hair under her cap. She was slight and wiry. Her pale, clean-cut face was, perhaps, too masculine, with its wide cheek-bones and stubborn chin. She glanced at her watch; then critically at the patient; then pleasantly at the visitor.

“Time for you to leave, sir,” she said. “Orders, you know.”

“Eh? Well, orders be—”

But she crossed to the window and lowered the shade. “I’ll let you come in this afternoon for ten minutes if I think it best.”

“Oh, is that so?” inquired Craddock, derisively.

“Yes. Will you call at four o’clock?”

Miss Norris was frowning over a memorandum, and when she raised her gray eyes, unflinchingly level, the frown remained, despite the little smile upon her lips.

“At four?” she repeated.

“Why—I dunno,” Craddock looked at his son, who apparently dozed. “Why, if Dickie’s asleep, I’d as lief go. But so long as he’s awake, ma’am, you’d better understand right now—”

Dickie opened his eyes and grinned appreciatively. The father pretended that he did not see, and he stalked out of the room, his suspicions convinced.

Indulged by the matron, for reasons of her own, old Craddock haunted the hospital and saw things. One morning he encountered three nurses on the stairs. Two were supporting the third between them, and the third was gnawing her lower lip.

“Too much candy?” asked Craddock, jocosely.

“I’m all—right,” whispered the staggering nurse. “Take me—take me back.”

“No, sir-ee,” objected one of the others. “I know typhoid delirium. Ten hours of it is enough. Don’t let a doctor see,” and they whisked her out of sight.

“Humph!” said Craddock. He had noticed men who looked similarly after a two days’ chase of stampeded cattle. But

when women looked that way he knew it must be a trick for the purpose of be-devilment. These nurses, in his opinion, made a great bluff of having something to do.

Hospital gossip, rampant in the linen-closet, varied in its estimate of old Craddock. Miss Beaumont pronounced him as cross as the lions in Trafalgar Square. Miss Rhett declared that he was a right smart specimen of a father, and that she proposed to show him courtesy. Accordingly she waylaid him when she was off duty and asked if he would like to see the new operating-room.

The apartment was on the top floor, and it was all glass, glistening metal, and white tile. Craddock held his breath involuntarily and walked on tiptoe. The shiny room seemed to him like the core of a superlatively delicate machine. He was afraid of throwing out the mysterious gearing, and he inspected the glass operating-table with much awe.

"I expect this ain't been used," he ventured hoarsely.

"Not since this noon," said Miss Rhett. "Dr. Van Deusen and three of us worked here all the morning."

"Reckon any folks ever—ever died here?"

The nurse winced a little. "I 'm afraid so," she said, and turned cheerfully enough to the sterilizer.

Craddock understood. He had seen people die hard deaths in various places. But he would not be apt willingly to frequent the places afterward, certain that he was to see other hard deaths there, and not as a mere onlooker, either. He regarded Miss Rhett narrowly. He liked nerve.

"How often do you work here, ma'am?"

"Nearly every day," she replied.

"That's the 'by-by' room."

"The which?"

"Where the patients take the ether. And beyond is the sun-parlor. I'll leave you there, Mr. Craddock, if you wish. It's a pleasant place to sit when you have time. I'm off to bed; I have n't slept lately."

The deserted sun-room was perched like a cage on the top of the house. Craddock stretched himself in a steamer-chair behind a screen. For the moment he forgot that he should be riding herd on

Dickie against the matrimonial craft of Miss Norris, but he was recalled to his senses when the elevator glided up the shaft and two nurses came into the sun-parlor. Hidden by the screen, Craddock lay low. He was delighted. Here he might observe these artful and frivolous creatures off their guard. The women sat down limply.

"Whew! I tell you, Olga Bernstein, a chair feels good. And the sun! Don't the trees down there in Central Park look nice?"

Craddock knew the speaker. Burke was her name. She was the fainting girl.

"My arms—they are numb from the clavicle," said Miss Bernstein.

"What doing?"

"That poor child of Van Deusen's with the hip. It must be held, and we take turns half an hour about. Are you still with Clarke's typhoid, Burkechen?"

"Yes," answered Miss Burke, wearily. "Delirious. Won't sleep. Says he can't until he dies."

"It would be good to kill him, then," advised the other. "Listen. Once I had a sleepless delirium man who said the same as yours. The doctor could use not the anodynes. 'Let me die,' he would say, the foolish. 'Yes,' I say; 'I will kill you.' I take a little paper-cutter. 'This is my knife to kill you,' I say. He looks so thankful. I make as if to stab him in the heart. 'You are dead!' I say. And he sleeps and sleeps and he is well, and the doctor is proud. But the doctors they do not know everything about their cases. No," and she chuckled comfortably, wiping her spectacles.

Miss Burke nodded. She was a fragile girl, barely over twenty. "I did the same thing myself once, only 't was the other way round. Had to let a patient kill me. Gracious! that was queer! I was on nights, all alone, at the men's contagious pavilion of the State Charity. Eight beds. Watchman supposed to come in every half-hour, but—you know. Well, it was the time of the blizzard and quite a walk from the main building, and 'the snow had put the call-wire out, somehow. So there I was, and one of the patients was a big stone-cutter, crazy with the fever. I was sponging him when up he jumps, not a stitch on him. 'Your time to die!' he shouts, and grabs my throat, and the

other fevers yelped. 'All right,' I said; 'if I must, I must.' There was a glass of water on the table and my emergency hypo alongside it. 'Let go my throat,' I said, 'and I 'll drink this strychnine poison.' He watched me cat-fashion from the bed. I drank the water and keeled over on his legs. My, he kicked terribly! 'Be still!' I said, 'and let me die,' and with that he lay quiet, and I got a grip and gave him the whole of the syringe in the calf—the 81 solution. It works quick. The stone-cutter sent me this pincushion last Christmas. His wife made it."

"Br-r-rh!" ejaculated Miss Bernstein. "Were you not scared then in the pavilion?"

"Scared?" echoed Miss Burke, scornfully. "I should think I was. You ought to have heard the steam-pipes pounding that night. They were enough to scare anybody."

"Letters!" said Miss Norris's voice from the threshold. "Catch, Annie Burke!"

"Oh, I know what this is," announced Miss Burke. "Note of thanks from Dr. Conway's peritonitis lady. 'Shall forever think with gratitude of your loving care.' That's nice, but when the loving-care job pays only—"

"Hush!" broke in Miss Norris. "Gratitude is part of our wages, and you know you like it."

"Well, I do; but I wish it would buy coal for my mother." Miss Burke continued to read. "'Your attention to me was so sweet that I know it was not dictated entirely by your duty—'"

"I would rather a vacation have," said the German woman, soberly, "than notes."

"Oh, a vacation!" cried Miss Burke. "If I had a vacation, I'd sit under a tree all day, and think of something else besides pulse—temperature—respiration—medication—remarks." She rattled off the headings of a clinical chart. "Who's your letter from, Miss Norris?"

"My sister—catalogue of eligible bachelors, and won't I please come home in time for Lenox this autumn, and what do the winter hats look like? Winter hats! Maybe she means ice-caps. I saved a man's life with one last week." Young Craddock's nurse walked to an open window and leaned over the coping.

Miss Bernstein rubbed her arms briskly. "If a home I had nearer than a billion miles," she said, "I would go."

"You absurd fraud!" laughed the Norris girl. "Leave the hospital?"

"*Natürlich*, there is just now my case to be finished," rejoined Miss Bernstein, seriously.

"There always is."

"And next month is mine in the operating-room. *Ach*, the child! I must hurry," and Miss Bernstein trotted away.

"Olga lets them work her too hard," said Annie Burke. "She's gray as a badger. She'll break down again, and it's three times and out, you know."

The girl at the window turned, smiling, and rested her elbows on the sill.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "I'll match you for gray hairs against Olga, young woman."

"Well, this is the place where they make 'em," said the other.

"Annie, you goose, be quiet. Your nerves are stringy. You need a rest. I shall speak to Miss Floyd."

"You dare!" protested the younger nurse. "I've a dispute to settle first with that Toronto woman. She's afraid our typhoid can't pull through, and I—" Miss Burke clenched her thin fist. "Well, typhoid is always too good a fight to lose," she concluded almost savagely. "We just can't!"

Through the crack of the screen old Craddock had a glimpse of her set, transfigured face, and he was inclined to agree with her.

"And you chatter about sticking to the hospital merely to make a living!" said Miss Norris. "Don't you see what keeps us here, whether we know it or not?"

"No. What?"

Miss Norris laughed again. "Let's go down-stairs," she suggested.

"I know what keeps 'em here," soliloquized old Craddock, sagely. But he was not quite so sure as he had been. These girls worked hard and took strange risks. They were different from other women. "All the more reason to watch out," decided Craddock.

He watched the business of the hospital very closely, and saw a quiet and masterful way of doing things which he could vaguely comprehend. An indescribable

air of skilled and combative alertness pervaded the place. Old John liked it. He had been a fighter all his life, and he began to see that the profession of these cheery, gliding, soft-voiced nurses was to fight, and against sneaking, deadly foes that did not fight fair.

"But they're always smiling," said Craddock. "That's the cunning of 'em."

Possessing a certain cunning himself, he forebore to warn Dickie against their fascination. He feared a warning might make matters worse. He never doubted that his son weakly fancied himself in love. The father utilized every second of his allotted time at Dickie's bedside. From his lodgings he glowered by night at Dickie's window, imagining sentimental episodes.

Late on a windy evening he heard fire-engines clang and clatter over the asphalt. It did his heart good to see a running horse again. He reached the corner of Central Park as the water-tower rumbled by.

"Guess she's a fire, all right," yelled a man, exultantly. "Must 'a' got a big start. Why, say, she's in the next street!"

Vast, whirling clouds of smoke, blued by the electric light, enveloped the block of houses which backed against the hospital. Three or four steamers snarled angrily, and as Craddock turned he heard the battering of woodwork and the shiver of glass.

The door of the hospital was wide open. In the corridor and adjoining reception-rooms was a busy throng of nurses and doctors, hovering over stretchers. The elevator slid constantly up and down and discharged uncouth figures wrapped in blankets. Occasionally a woman's hysterical whimper piped shrilly. Miss Floyd, cool and unperturbed, met Craddock. She might have been a calmly attentive hostess in the crush of an afternoon tea.

"There's not the slightest danger," she explained, raising her voice distinctly; "but all are ordered down, just to make sure. You see, with sick people, Mr. Craddock—" She made way for a hospital carriage.

Craddock dashed up the stairs and into room nineteen. Dickie was swathed in a quilt, like a papoose. Miss Norris had opened the window.

"Good evening, Mr. Craddock," she said. "Will you close the door? The smoke—"

"I'll pack you down, Dickie," and Craddock swung his long arms around the quilted bundle.

"Wait, please!" Miss Norris touched his elbow. "A stretcher will come presently."

"Damn the stretcher! Let me loose, ma'am."

"No. You must not move him that way. If you should—no, you must not, sir!"

Craddock faced her in a sharp fury of anger. He could have tossed the girl aside with a single turn of his wrist.

"You talk like a fool," he snapped. "This is my boy."

"And my patient. Go to the elevator and ask them to hurry the long stretcher."

She picked up a vial, deliberately reading the label twice, and her fingers sought Dickie's pulse. Had she faltered in speech or movement, old Craddock would have flung her across the room. He grunted unintelligibly and threw open the door. Smoke flooded in. It was queer smoke—yellowish, sticky, clinging to the floor.

"Explosion of some sort," said Miss Norris, sniffing. "Shut that door quick!" but Craddock was already groping in the lurid corridor.

The strange smoke stifled him. He could not find his way. He reeled back into nineteen. The poisonous vapor curled knee-high. Miss Norris bent over the man on the bed intently, and through the window echoed the jangle of gongs in the street.

"Engines," coughed Craddock. "We're afire and cut off!"

"Those are ambulance-bells, sir," said the nurse, without raising her head. "They'll send a stretcher up outside, if you'll call. My patient is sinking, or I would see to it." Her voice was as steady as the hand with which she adjusted a hypodermic.

John Craddock stumbled to the grating of the fire-escape and shouted with what power was left in his smoke-stung throat; but the metallic tumult in the street baffled him. Men waved their arms and pointed to the iron ladder, and Craddock could not make them understand. In the

murk of the room he blinked at Miss Norris holding a moistened cloth over Dickie's mouth.

"No use," groaned old Craddock. "They can't hear."

"Go down until they can. At once!"

"By God! I 'll carry my boy."

"You shall not," said the nurse.

"Then I stay with him. Go down, you."

"And leave my patient? If you wish to save his life, obey me." Dickie's head lay in the crook of her elbow.

"You 'll die with him," choked Craddock.

"Go down, I tell you!"

The yellow smoke seemed to coil in the old man's brain, and he saw only elemental things—saw only that a flight down the ladder was desertion. Nevertheless, he obeyed this woman who would die, if need be, with his son. Craddock tottered to the window, and met Murray and two ambulance surgeons bearing a litter.

"Bradley, if ever you did a fine job, do it now," said the doctor.

The three men deftly slipped Dickie on the carrier, and the girl resigned his wrist to Murray. A tiny wail came from underneath the cloth. Craddock lurched forward.

"I 'm right with you, boy," he said brokenly. "I 'm right with you. Everything 's—"

"Miss Norris!" moaned Dickie. "Miss Norris!"

"Yes, Mr. Craddock. You are having a good sleep. I 'm always here." She pressed her hand against his temple, and he closed his eyes trustfully.

"Watch the pulse, Miss Norris," ordered Murray. "So! All set, Bradley. Gangway, Mr. Craddock, please!"

Step by step, with incredible steadiness and precision, they descended the fire-escape to the sidewalk; the father, following, cringed petulantly under his uselessness. When he reached the street they had hoisted the stretcher to an ambulance, and he peered into the dimly lighted cavern and descried Miss Norris kneeling beside Dickie. Murray's coat was over her shoulders. The doctor, in his shirt-sleeves, swung on the foot-board.

"We 're going to St. Matthew's," he said to Craddock.

"I 'll trail you. Stick by him!"

"Oh, I 'll stick," rejoined Murray, heartily. "And so will she. If she had left him for a minute up there—by the Lord, sir, that girl 's a—a—well, she 's a nurse! Hey, in front! Think we want to stay here all night?"

At St. Matthew's old Craddock found that he was forbidden from the private room which Murray had secured. He paced the dreary parlor, and a kindly attendant brought him an occasional word from his boy. Once the physician saw him. All was going well; rest was the prime factor.

"And rest would n't be a bad proposition for you, sir," supplemented Murray.

"Guess I can stand it while you and she can, doctor."

"I 'll send you some of Miss Norris's milk-punch."

"Oh, ladies' drinks ain't much in my line," said Craddock, gruffly.

But when the punch arrived he smacked his lips over the unexpected tang of it.

"Say, that was n't meant for no cripple," he observed. "Three fingers, I bet!"

It was sunrise when the doctor again shook old John's shoulder as he lay stretched on the shabby lounge. Craddock, however, had not slept. He was not a man accustomed to the readjustment of his ideas, and the novel process engrossed him.

"I 'm glad we 're out of the woods," he said to Murray. "I 'll just hang around till I can see that there girl."

"Miss Norris? I 've been using strong language to her, I 'm afraid."

Craddock glared wrathfully. "You have, eh? Well, you 'd better not—"

"Because she would n't quit. But here she comes, now that we 've got a good day-nurse. Well, I 'm off to see Miss Floyd. What a mess she 's in! Luckily, she has the sand of a major-general. They say, though, that no real harm was done."

The doctor bustled out of the waiting-room and down the broad hall of the hospital. By daylight the parlor was particularly gloomy, as though it had absorbed the essence of the countless sad vigils which it had witnessed. Miss Norris's face was ashen, and there was an odd look of weariness even to her limp blue gown and crumpled linen.

"I 'm set on a little talk with you, ma'am," said Craddock. "T won't take

long, and it might as well be right here." They leaned against opposite sides of the doorway. "I want you to know that I'm proud—reg'lar proud, ma'am—that Dickie's got a girl like you willing to let him love her."

"To—what?" Miss Norris's mind was dead tired after the pull of the night. "Please—Mr. Craddock!"

"I want you to know," he continued doggedly, "that we're rich. I'll fix you up good and—"

"Oh!" gasped the nurse, with a smile of relief. "You're very kind. I appreciate it, too—but my people are well off, Mr. Craddock. You won't be offended, will you? I could n't accept your kindness, you see."

"Not as a wedding present?"

"A wedding—mine?"

"Yours and Dickie's."

"Mr. Craddock—please—what in the world—" She gave him a weary, helpless stare and speech failed her.

"I ain't breathed a sign of this to Dickie," said old John, "nor him to me; but I saw how things was pointed. I'd have blocked it up to last night. I ain't acquainted much with women, ma'am. I never calculated there was any one like you. You'd be worth more to Dickie and me than all the long-horns on Powder River. A girl that'll risk her life 'cause she's fond of a—"

"Oh, stop!" entreated Miss Norris. "Really, you're so wrong, so absurdly mistaken," struggling against her hysterical desire to laugh.

"Eh?"

"You're absurdly mistaken," she reiterated eagerly. "You must n't ever, ever mention this again. It never entered my brain—nor, I hope, your son's—that notion you suppose. Why, any nurse in the hospital would have done the same for her patient—Olga Bernstein, or anybody. Really—Mr. Craddock—please—that's only part of our business." A few tears crept into her bewildered eyes.

"If I've hurt you, I'm sorry, ma'am," faltered Craddock. "I did n't know. Did n't seem as if anything would make a woman do what you done except—"

"Of course you don't know. Lots of things seem queer in a hospital—when you don't know." She fingered her belt des-

perately, searching for words. "A hospital's a queer place, Mr. Craddock; to bring people close together all of a sudden. But *we* know. A real nurse who does her work has n't time for much else, I can tell you."

"I reckon you're a real nurse, all right."

"Well, that's my ambition," assented Miss Norris, with returning composure. "It's been my ambition ever since I was at training-school. She glanced out into the corridor and tried to change the subject. "I studied here at St. Matthew's," she said.

"A real nurse," persisted Craddock, "and the damndest, best woman who ever wore shoes! If Dickie should ask you that question—"

"But he could n't—I could n't let him. Don't you see? You must see—you must understand what our profession means to us."

A uniformed gray-headed hospital porter limped down the hall toward them. He walked painfully, dragging one foot; but when he saw Miss Norris he straightened himself and his face glowed with a light not seen often in the faces of rough men. There was adoration in it, reverence, religion. The old porter took off his cap and rubbed his hand carefully on his blouse and patted his hair furtively, as if he were at a church door.

"Why, there's Corrigan," said Miss Norris, brightly. "He was my first patient here. I have n't seen him for—how do you do, Patrick?"

"Well, and God save ye kindly, miss," said the porter. He held her hand, motionless. "Faith, 't is I would be ashamed not to stay well after the trouble ye tuk wid me. Me old bones serve me fine, and thank ye."

"That's splendid."

"Yes, miss." Corrigan stooped a little, released the girl's hand slowly, and then his fingers caught in the edge of her apron and he pressed it hastily to his wrinkled cheek. "May the blessed saints always be about ye," he said; "for ye're wan iv thim!"

The Irishman pulled on his cap, shot a sheepishly defiant look at Craddock, and lumbered away with a brave effort.

Big John Craddock nodded gravely. "I sort of expect I understand," he said.



Color drawing by Sigmund Ivanowski

MIDWINTER



THE NAME WRIT IN WATER

(PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

The Spirit of the Fountain speaks :

YONDER 'S the window my poet would sit in
While my song murmured of happier days;
Mine is the "water" his "name" has been "writ in,"
Sure and immortal my share in his praise.

Gone are the pilgrims whose green wreaths here hung for him,—
Gone from their fellows like bubbles from foam;
Long shall outlive them the songs have been sung for him;
Mine is eternal—or Rome were not Rome.

Far on the mountain my fountain was fed for him,
Bringing soft sounds that his nature loved best:
Sighing of pines that had fain made a bed for him;
Seafaring rills, on their musical quest;

Bells of the fairies at eve, that I rang for him;
Nightingale's glee, he so well understood;
Chant of the dryads at dawn, that I sang for him;
Swish of the snake at the edge of the wood.

Little he knew 'twixt his dreaming and sleeping,
The while his sick fancy despaired of his fame,
What glory I held in my loverly keeping:
Listen! my waters still whisper his name.



A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

PART I

NO man has ever been able to write the history of the greater years of a nation so as to include the minor incidents of interest. They pass unnoted, although in some cases they may have had values influential in determining the course of events. It chanced that I myself was an actor in one of these lesser incidents, when second secretary to our legation in France, during the summer of 1862. I may possibly overestimate the ultimate importance of my adventure, for Mr. Adams, our minister at the court of St. James, seems to have failed to record it, or, at least, there is no allusion to it in his biography. In the perplexing tangle of the diplomacy of the darker days of our civil war, many strange stories must have passed unrecorded, but surely none of those remembered and written were more singular than the occurrences which disturbed the quiet of my uneventful official life in the autumn of 1862.

At this time I had been in the legation two years, and was comfortably lodged in pleasant apartments in the Rue Rivoli.

Somewhere about the beginning of July I had occasion to engage a new servant, and of this it becomes needful to speak because the man I took chanced to play a part in the little drama which at last involved many more important people.

I had dismissed a stout Alsatian because of my certainty that, like his predecessor, he was a spy in the employ of the imperial police. There was little for him to learn; but to feel that I was watched, and, once, that my desk had been searched, was disagreeable. This time I meant to be on safer ground, and

was inquiring for a suitable servant when a lean, alert little man presented himself with a good record as a valet in England and France. He was very neat and had a humorous look which caught my fancy. His name was Alphonse Duret. We agreed easily as to wages and that he was to act as valet, take care of my salon, and serve as footman at need. Yes, he could come at once. Upon this I said:

"A word more and I engage you." And then, sure that his reply would be a confident negative, "Are you not a spy in the service of the police?" To my amused surprise he said:

"Yes, but will monsieur permit me to explain?"

"Certainly."

"I was intended by my family to be a priest, but circumstances caused me to make a change. It was not gay."

"Well, hardly."

"I was for a time a valet, but circumstances occurred—monsieur may observe that I am frank. Later I was on the police force, but after two years I fell ill and lost my place. When I was well again, I was taken on as an observer. Monsieur permits me to describe it as an observer?"

"A spy?" I said.

"I cannot contradict monsieur. I speak English—I learned it when I was valet for Mr. Parker in London. That is why I am sent here. The pay is of a minuteness. Circumstances make some addition desirable."

I perceived that circumstances appeared to play a large part in this queer autobiography, and saved the necessity of undesirable fullness of statement.

I said: "You appear to be frank, but are you to belong to me or to the police? In your studies for the priesthood you may have heard that a man cannot serve two masters."

His face became of a sudden what I venture to call luminous with the pleasure an intelligent man has in finding an answer to a difficult question.

He replied modestly: "A man has many masters. One of mine has used me badly. I became ill from exposure in the service, but they refused to take me back. If monsieur will trust me, there shall be but one real master."

The man interested me. I said: "If I engage you, you will, I suppose, desire to remain what you call an observer."

"Yes. Monsieur may be sure that either I or another will observe. Since the unfortunate war in America, monsieur and all others of his legation are watched."

"And generally every one else," I said. "Perhaps you, too, are observed."

"Possibly. Monsieur may perceive that it is better I continue in the pay of the police. It is hardly more than a *pourboire*, but it is desirable. I have an old mother at Neuilly."

I had my doubts in regard to the existence of the mother—but it was true, as I learned later.

"It seems to me," I said, "that you will have to report your observations."

"Yes; I cannot avoid that. Monsieur may feel assured that I shall communicate very important information to my lesser master,"—he grinned,— "in fact, whatever monsieur pleases. If I follow and report at times to the police where monsieur visits, I may be trusted to be at need entirely untrustworthy and prudent. I do not smoke. Monsieur's cigars are safe. If monsieur has absinthe about, I might—monsieur permits me to be suggestive."

The man's gaiety, his intelligence, and his audacious frankness took my fancy. I said: "There is nothing in my life, my man, which is not free for all to know. I shall soon learn whether or not I may trust you. If you are faithful you shall be rewarded. That is all." As I spoke his pleasant face became grave.

"Monsieur shall not be disappointed." Nor was he. Alphonse proved to be a devoted servant, a man with those respect-

ful familiarities which are rare except in French and Italian domestics. When once I asked him how far his superiors had profited by his account of me, he put on a queer, wry face and said circumstances had obliged him to become inventive. He had been highly commended. It seemed as well to inquire no further.

On the 6th of October I found on my table a letter of introduction and the card of Captain Arthur Merton, U.S.A. (2d Infantry), 12 Rue du Roi de Rome.

The note was simple but positive. My uncle, Harry Wellwood, a cynical, pessimistic old bachelor and a rank Copperhead, wrote me to make the captain welcome, which meant much to those who knew my uncle. On that day the evening mail was large. Alphonse laid the letters on my table, and as he lingered I said, "Well, what is it?"

"Monsieur may not observe that three letters from America have been opened in the post-office."

I said, "Yes." In fact, it was common and of course annoying. One of these letters was from my uncle. He wrote:

I gave Arthur Merton an open letter to you, but I add this to state that he is one of the few decent gentlemen in the army of the North.

He inherited his father's share in the mine of which I am part owner, and has therefore no need to serve an evil cause. He was born in New Orleans of Northern parents, spent two years in the School of Mines in Paris, and until this wretched war broke out has lived for some years among mining camps and in the ruffian life of the far West. It is a fair chance which side turns up, the ways of the salon, the accuracy of the man of science, or the savagery of the Rockies. You will like him.

He has been twice wounded, and then had the good sense to acquire the mild typhoid fever which gave him an excuse to ask for leave of absence. He has no diplomatic or political errand, and goes abroad merely to recruit his health. Things here are not yet quite as bad as I could desire to see them. Antietam was unfortunate, but in the end the European States will recognize the South and end the war. I shall then reside in Richmond.

Yours truly,

Harry Wellwood.

I hoped that the imperial government profited by my uncle's letter. It was or may have been of use, as things turned out, in freeing Captain Merton from police observation, which at this time rarely

failed to keep under notice every American.

I was kept busy at the legation two thirds of the following day. At five I set out in a coupé, having Alphonse on the seat with the coachman. He left cards for me at a half-dozen houses, and then I told him to order the driver to leave me at Rue du Roi de Rome, No. 12,—Captain Merton's address.

As I sat in the carriage and looked out at the exterior gaiety of the open-air life of Paris, my mind naturally turned in contrast to the war at home and the terrible death harvest of Antietam, news of which had lately reached Europe. The sense of isolation in a land of hostile opinion often oppressed me, and rarely was as despotic as on this afternoon. I turned for relief to speculative thought of the numberless dramas of the lives of the busy multitude among which I drove. I wondered how many lived simple and uneventful days, like mine, in the pursuit of mere official or domestic duties. Not the utmost imaginative ingenuity of the novelist could have anticipated, as I rode along amidst the hurries and the leisures of a Parisian afternoon, that my next hour or two was about to bring into the monotony of office life an adventure as strange as any which I could have conceived as possible for any human unit of these numberless men and women.

Captain Merton lived so far away from the quarter in which I had been leaving cards that it was close to dusk when I got out of the carriage at the hotel I sought.

I meant to return on foot, but hearing thunder, and rain beginning to fall heavily, I told Alphonse to keep the carriage. The captain was not at home. I had taken his card from my pocket to assure me in regard to the address, and as I hurried to reënter my coupé I put it in my card-case for future reference.

As I sat down in the coupé, and Alphonse was about to close the door, I saw behind him a lady standing in the heavy downfall of rain. I said in my best French: "Get in, madame. I will get out and leave you the carriage." For a moment she hesitated, and then got in and stood a moment, saying, "Thank you, but I insist that monsieur does not get out in the rain." It was just then a torrent. "Let me leave monsieur where he would desire to go."

I said I intended to go to the Rue de la Paix, but I added, "If madame has no objection, may I not first drop her wherever she wishes to go?"

"Oh, no, no! It is far—too far." She was, as it seemed to me, somewhat agitated. For a moment I supposed this to be due to the annoyance a ride with a strange man might have suggested as compromising, or at least as the Parisian regards such incidents. Alphonse waited calmly, the door still open.

Again I offered to leave her the carriage, and again she refused. I said, "Might I then ask where madame desires to go?"

She hesitated a moment, and then asked irrelevantly, "Monsieur is not French?"

"Oh, no. I am an American."

"And I, too." She showed at once a certain relief, and I felt with pleasure that had I been other than her countryman she would not have trusted me as she did. She added: "On no account could I permit you to get out in this storm. If I ask you to set me down in the Bois—I mean, if not inconvenient—"

"Of course," I replied. "Get up, Alphonse." It was, I thought, a rather vague direction, but there was already something odd in this small adventure. No doubt she would presently be more specific. "The Bois, Alphonse," I repeated. A glance at my countrywoman left with me the impression of a lady, very handsome, about twenty-five, and presumably married. Why she was so very evidently perturbed I could not see. As we drove on I asked her for a more definite direction. She hesitated for a moment and then said Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

"That will answer," I returned. "But that is only a road, and it is raining hard. You have no umbrella. Surely you do not mean me to drop you on an open road in this storm." I was becoming curious.

"It will do—it will do," she said.

I thought it strange, but I called out the order to Alphonse and bade him promise a good *pourboire*.

As we drove away, all of the many people in the streets were hurrying to take refuge from the sudden and unexpected downfall of heavy rain. Women picked their way with the skill of the Parisienne, men ran for shelter, and the carriages

coming in haste from the afternoon drives thronged the great avenue. The scene was not without amusement for people not subject to its inconvenience and to the damage of gay gowns. I made some laughing comment. She made no reply. Presently, however, she took out her purse and said, "Monsieur will at least permit me to—"

"Pardon me," I returned gaily; "I am just now the host, and as it may never again chance that I have the pleasure of madame for a guest, I must insist on my privileges."

For the first time she laughed, as if more at ease, and said, looking up from her purse and flushing a little: "Unluckily, I cannot insist, as I find that I am, for the time, too poor to be proud. I can only pay in thanks. I am glad it is a fellow-countryman to whom I am indebted."

We seemed to be getting on to more agreeable social terms, and I expressed my regret that the torrent outside was beginning to leak in at the window and through the top of the carriage. For a moment she made no remark, and then said with needless emphasis:

"Yes, yes. It is dreadful. I hope—I mean, I trust—that it will never occur again."

It was odd and hardly courteous. I said only, "Yes, it must be disagreeable."

"Oh, I mean—I can't explain—I mean this—this special ride, and I—I am so wet."

Of course I accepted this rather inadequate explanation of language which somehow did not seem to me to fit a woman evidently of the best social class. As if she too felt the need to substitute a material inconvenience for a less comprehensible and too abrupt statement, she added: "I am really drenched," and then, as though with a return of some more urgent feeling, "but there are worse things."

I said, "That may very well be." I began to realize as singular the whole of this interview—the broken phrases which I could not interpret, the look of worry, the embarrassment of long silences.

After a time, at her request, we turned into one of the smaller avenues. Meanwhile I made brief efforts at impersonal talk—the rain, the vivid lightning,—won-

dering if it were the latter which made her so nervous. She murmured short replies, and at last I gave up my efforts at talk, and we drove on in silence, the darkness meanwhile coming the sooner for the storm.

By and by she said, "I owe you an apology for my preoccupation. I am—I have reason to be—troubled. You must pardon my silence."

Much surprised, I acquiesced with some trifling remark, and we went on, neither of us saying a word, while the rain beat on the leaky cover of the carriage, and now and then I heard a loud "Sacré!" from the coachman as the lightning flashed.

It was now quite dark. We were far across the Bois and in a narrow road. To set her more at ease, I was about to tell her my name and official position, when of a sudden she cried:

"Oh, monsieur, we are followed! I am sure we are followed. What shall I do?"

Here was a not very agreeable adventure.

I said, "No, I think not."

However, I did hear a carriage behind us; and as she persisted, I looked back and saw through the night the lamps of what I took to be a cabriolet.

As at times we moved more slowly, so it seemed did the cabriolet; and when our driver, who had no lights, saw better at some open place and went faster, so did the vehicle behind us. I felt sure that she was right, and to reassure her said: "We have two horses. He has one. We ought to beat him." I called to Alphonse to tell the driver to drive as fast as he could and he should have a Napoleon. He no doubt comprehended the situation, and began to lash his horses furiously. Meantime the woman kept ejaculating, "*Mon Dieu!*" and then, in English, "Oh, I am so afraid! What shall we do?" I said, "I will take care of you." How, I did not know.

It was an awkward business—probably a jealous husband; but there was no time to ask for explanations, nor was I so inclined. It seemed to me that we were leaving our pursuers, when again I heard the vehicle behind us, and, looking back, saw that it was rapidly approaching, and then, from the movement of the lanterns, that the driver in trying to overtake us

must have lost control of his horse, as the lights were now on this side of the road, now on that. My driver drew in to the left, close to the wood, thinking, I presume, that they would pass us.

A moment later there was a crash. One of our horses went down, and the cabriolet—the lighter vehicle—upset, falling over to the right. As we came to a standstill I threw open the left-hand door saying: "Get out, madame! Quick! Into the wood!" She was out in an instant and, favored by the gloom, was at once lost to sight among the thick shrubbery. I shut the door and got out on the other side. It was very dark and raining hard as I saw Alphonse slip away into the wood shadows. Next I made out the driver of the cabriolet, who had been thrown from his seat and was running up to join us.

In a moment I saw more clearly. The two coachmen were swearing, the horses down, the two vehicles, as it proved later, not much injured. A man was standing on the farther side of the roadway. I went around the fallen cab and said: "An unlucky accident, monsieur. I hope you are not hurt." He was holding a handkerchief to his head.

"No, I am not much hurt."

"I am well pleased," said I, "that it is no worse." I expected that the presumably jealous husband would at once make himself unpleasant. To my surprise, he stood a moment without speaking, and, as I fancied, a little dazed by his fall. Then he said:

"There is a woman in that carriage."

I was anxious to gain time for the fugitive, and replied: "Monsieur must be under some singular misapprehension. There is no one in my carriage."

"I shall see for myself," he said sharply.

"By all means. I am quite at a loss to understand you." I was sure that he would not be able to see her.

He staggered as he moved past me, and was evidently more hurt than he was willing to admit. I went quickly to my coachman, who was busy with a broken trace. Here was the trouble—the risk. I bent over him and whispered, putting a napoleon in his hand, "There was no woman in the carriage."

"Two," said the rascal.

"Well, two, if you will lie enough."

"Good! This *sacré* animal! Be quiet!"

I busied myself helping the man, and a moment later the gentleman went by me and, as I expected, asked the driver, "There was a woman in your carriage?"

"No, monsieur; the gentleman was alone, and you have smashed my carriage. *Sacré bleu!* Who is to pay?"

"That is of no moment. Here is my card."

The man took it, but said doubtfully, "That 's all well to-day, but to-morrow—"

"Stuff! Your carriage is not damaged. Here, my man, a half-napoleon will more than pay."

The driver, well pleased with this accumulation of unlooked-for good fortune, expressed himself contented. The gentleman stood, mopping the blood from his forehead, while the two drivers set up the cabriolet and continued to repair the broken harness. Glad of the delay, I, too, stood still in the rain saying nothing. My companion of the hour was as silent.

At last the coachmen declared themselves ready to leave. Upon this, the gentleman said to me: "You have denied, monsieur, that there was a woman with you. It is my belief that she has escaped into the wood."

"I denied nothing," said I. "I invited you to look for yourself. The wood is equally at your disposal. I regret—or, rather, I do not regret—to be unable to assist you."

Then, to my amazement, he said: "You, too, are in this affair, I presume. You will find it serious."

"What affair? Monsieur is enigmatical and anything but courteous."

"You are insulting, and my friends will ask you to-morrow to explain your conduct. I think you will further regret your connection with this matter."

"With what matter?" I broke in. "This passes endurance."

"I fancy you need no explanation. I presume that at least you will not hesitate to inform me of your name."

As he spoke his coachman called out to him to hold his horse for a moment, and before I could answer, he turned aside toward the man. I followed him, took out my card-case, and said as I gave him a card, "This will sufficiently inform you who and what I am."

As I spoke he in turn gave me his card,

saying: "I am the Count le Moyne. I shall have the honor to ask through my friends for an explanation."

He was evidently somewhat cooler. As he spoke I knew his name as that of a recently appointed under-secretary of the Foreign Office. I had never before seen him. As we parted I said:

"I shall be at home from eleven until noon to-morrow."

We lifted our hats, and the two carriages having been put in condition, I drove away, with enough to think about and with some wonder as to what had become of Alphonse.

After a slow drive with a lame horse I reached my club, where I attended to a small matter, and then, as the rain was over, walked to my rooms. A bath and a change of garments left me free to consider the adventure and its too probable results. What was meant by that affair? It was really a somewhat bewildering business.

I looked at the count's card. His name was, as I have said, somewhat unfamiliar, although it was part of my duty at our legation to learn all I could in the upper social life of Paris, where, at this time, we had few friends and many foes. If, still unsatisfied, he chose to look up my driver, I felt sure that the man would readily tell all he knew. The count had said I was in the affair. A confederate? What affair? I could not—indeed, I did not mean to—explain how I came to be with the woman, nor to admit that there was a woman concerned. There had been, however, enough to make me sure that in that case I might have to face a duel, and that the next day I should hear from this angry gentleman. But who was my handsome and terrified companion, and what was the affair?

To refuse to meet him would be social ruin and would seriously affect my usefulness, as I was the only attaché who spoke French with entire ease, and it was, as I said, a part of my duty to learn at the clubs and in society the trend of opinion in regard to the war with the rebel States. I could do nothing but wait. I was the victim of circumstances and of an embarrassing situation not of my making, and in regard to which I could offer no explanation. There was nothing left for me except to see what the morning would bring.

I dined that evening with my chief, but of course said nothing of my adventure. On my return home I found Alphonse.

"Well," I said, "what the deuce became of you?"

"I dived into the edge of the wood, and after hearing what passed I considered that you might desire to know who the lady was."

"Yes, I did—I do."

"I overtook her very easily, and as she seemed quite lost, I said I was your servant. When I had set her on the avenue she wanted to find, she said I might go, and gave me a napoleon, and I was to thank you."

"Did you follow her?"

"No; she seemed to want to go on alone. I hope monsieur approves."

"I do."

There was a curious delicacy about this which was explained when he added: "She is quite sure to let monsieur hear of her again. I ventured to mention your name."

The point of view was Parisian enough, but I contented myself with a further word of satisfaction, although I had my doubts as to whether his theory would fit the case of my handsome countrywoman.

As I rose, about to go to bed, I said to Alphonse: "You will find in my card-case the card and address of Captain Merton. I shall want you to take a note to him in the morning."

He came back with the case in his hand and said: "I saw you take out a card, sir, when we were at 12 Rue du Roi de Rome. You looked at it and put it back in the case. It is not there now, nor in any of your pockets, but I remember the address. Perhaps—" and he paused.

"Perhaps what?"

"You gave the very angry gentleman a card."

"Nonsense!" I returned. "Look again." I could see, by the faint smile and the slight uplift of the brow, that my valet appreciated the situation. He was gone for at least ten minutes. Meanwhile I sat still, more and more sure that I had made one of those blunders which might bear unpleasant interpretations. At length, impatient, I joined Alphonse in his search. It was vain. He stood at last facing me with a pair of pantaloons on

one arm; a coat on the other, all the pockets turned inside out.

"Monsieur—circumstances—I mean it is to be feared—I have looked everywhere."

"It is incredible," said I.

"But the night, monsieur, and the storm, and the count, who was not polite."

He was sorry for me and perfectly understood what had happened. Yes, undoubtedly I had given the count Captain Merton's card. I said as much while Alphonse stood still with a look in which his constant sense of the comic contended for expression with his desire to sympathize in what he was shrewd enough to know was, for me, that form of the socially tragic which has for its catastrophe ridicule.

I went back to my salon and sat down to reflect on the consequences of my mishap. Of course, it was easy to set the matter right, but what a muddle! I must make haste in the morning to correct my blunder.

Desirous to be on time, about ten the next morning I called on the count. He had gone out. At the Foreign Office I again failed to find him. I was told that he had gone to his club for breakfast, but would be back very shortly. I waited a half-hour and then tried the club. He had left. Remembering that I had said I should be at home from eleven to twelve, I looked at my watch and saw, to my annoyance, that it was close to noon. I had hoped to anticipate the call of the count's seconds on Merton. I felt sure, however, that the captain would simply deny any share in my adventure, and that a word or a note from me to the count would set things straight. Although I regretted the delay my vain pursuit of the count had caused, a little reflection put me at ease, and calling a cab, I drove to Captain Merton's. I was so fortunate as to find him at home. As I entered he threw on the table a number of letters and made me welcome with a certain cordiality which in its manner had both refinement and the open-air frankness of a dweller in camps.

I liked him from the first, and being myself a small man, envied the six feet one of well-knit frame, and was struck with a way he had of quick backward head movement when the large blue eyes considered you with smiling atten-

tion. My first impression was that nothing as embarrassing as the absurd situation in which my blunder might have placed him could as yet have fallen upon this tranquil gentleman. There was therefore no occasion for haste.

We talked pleasantly of home, the war, my uncle, and Paris, and I was about to mention my mistake in regard to his card when he said rather abruptly:

"I should like you to advise me as to a rather odd affair—if not too late for advice."

"About eleven to-day, the Baron la Garde and a Colonel St. Pierre called upon me on the part of a certain Count le Moynes. The baron explained that, as a lady was involved, it would be better if it were supposed that we had quarreled at cards. As you may imagine, I was rather surprised, and asked what he meant. He replied, and not very pleasantly, that I must know, as I had given my card to the count and said I should be at home from eleven to twelve. I said: 'Pardon me, gentlemen, but there is some mistake. I do not know Count le Moynes, and I never saw him. As to my card—I have given no one my card.' I was, of course, very civil and quiet in my denial, and the more so because the baron's manner was far from agreeable."

"Then the baron, to my amazement, handed me my own card, saying, 'Do we understand you to say that last night, in the Bois de Boulogne, you did not give Count le Moynes your card?'"

"Now I am at times, Mr. Greville, short of temper, and the supply was giving out. I checked myself, however, and said as calmly as possible: 'Really, gentlemen, this is rather absurd. I was at home last night. I never saw or heard of your count, and you will be so good as to accept for him my absolute denial.'"

"Upon this the baron said, 'It appears to us that you contradict flatly the statement of our principal, a man of the highest character, and that we are therefore forced to suppose that you are endeavoring to escape the consequences of having last night insulted the count.'"

"Before I could reply, the other man—the colonel—remarked in a casual way that there was only one word to characterize my conduct. Here I broke in—but, for a wonder, kept myself in hand."

"I said: 'This has gone far enough. Count le Moyne has rather imprudent friends. Some one has played me and your principal a trick. At all events, I am not the man.'

" 'Monsieur,' said the colonel, 'so you still deny—'

" 'Wait a little,' said I. 'I allow no man to doubt my word. But let us be clear as to this. Am I to understand that the language now used to me represents the instructions of the count?'

"By George! the colonel said, 'Yes.' They really believed me to be lying. I had gotten past any desire to explain or contradict, and so I replied that it was all damn nonsense, but that I had supposed French gentlemen were on these occasions courteous.

"You should have seen the baron. He is as tall as I am, and must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds. He got red and said that if it were not for his principal's prior claim on me, he should himself at once call me to account. I replied sweetly that need not interfere, for that, after I had killed the count, I should be most glad to accommodate his friend. He did seem a bit amazed."

I was about to comment on this queer story when Merton said:

"Pardon me, I must first tell you all; then you will kindly say what you think of this amazing performance.

"The little colonel, who had the leanness and redness of a boiled shrimp, now took up the talk, and this other idiot said: 'My friend the baron will, no doubt, postpone the pleasure of meeting monsieur; and now, as monsieur is no longer indisposed to satisfy our principal, and, as we understand it, declines to explain or apologize,—in fact, admits, by his inclination to meet our friend, what he seemed to deny,—may we have the honor to know when monsieur's seconds will wait on us? Here is my card.'

"The little man was posing beautifully. I laid his card on the table and said, 'Be so good, gentlemen, as to understand that I have not retracted my statement, but that if the count insists, as you do, that I lie,—that, at least, is decent cause for a quarrel,—he can have it.'

"The little man replied that the count could not do otherwise.

" 'Very good,' said I.—No, don't in-

terrupt this charming story, Mr. Greville; let me go on. There is more of it and better.

"My colonel then said, 'We shall expect to hear from you—and, by the way, I understand from monsieur's card that he is an American.'

"I said, 'Yes; captain Second Infantry.'

" 'Ah, a soldier—really! In the army of the Confederation, I presume. We shall be enchanted to meet monsieur's friends.'

" 'What!' I said; 'does monsieur the colonel wish to insult me? I am of the North.'

" 'A thousand pardons!'

" 'No matter. You will hear from me shortly, or as soon as I am able to find gentlemen who will be my seconds.' This seemed to suit them until I remarked that, to save time, being the challenged party, I might as well say that my friends would insist on the rifle at thirty paces.

" 'But, monsieur, that is unusual, barbarous!' said my little man.

" 'Indeed!' said I. 'Then suppose we say revolvers at twelve paces or less. I have no prejudices.' It seems that the baron had, for he said my new proposition was also unheard of, uncivilized.

"Upon this I stood up and said: 'Gentlemen, you have insisted on manufacturing for me a quarrel with a man I never saw, and have suggested—indeed, said—that I, a soldier, am afraid and have lied to you. I accepted the situation thus forced on me, and in place of the wretched little knitting-needles with which you fight child duels in France, I propose to take it seriously.'

"I saw the little man—the colonel—was beginning to fidget. As I stopped he said, 'Pardon me; I have not the honor fully to comprehend.'

" 'Indeed?' said I. 'So far I have hesitated to ascribe to gentlemen, to a soldier, any motive for your difficulty in accepting weapons which involve peril, and I thought that I had at last done so. I do not see how I can make myself more clear.'

" 'Sir,' said my little man, 'do I understand—'

"I was at the end of the sweetest temper west of the Mississippi. I broke into English and said: 'You may understand what you damn please.'

"You see, Mr. Greville, it was getting to be fatiguing—these two improbable Frenchmen. I suppose the small man took my English as some recondite insult, for he drew himself up, clicked his heels together, and said, 'I shall have the honor to send to monsieur those who will ask him, for me,—for me, personally,—to translate his words, and, I trust, to withdraw the offensive statement which, no doubt, they are meant to convey.'

"I replied that I had no more to say, except that I should instruct my friends to abide by the weapons I had mentioned. On this he lost his temper and exclaimed that it was murder. I said that was my desire; that they were hard to please; and that bowie-knives exhausted the list of weapons I should accept.

"The colonel said further that, as I seemed to be ignorant of the customs of civilized countries, it appeared proper to let me know that the seconds were left to settle these preliminaries, and he supposed that I was making a jest of a grave situation.

"When I replied that he was as lacking in courtesy as the baron, the little man became polite and regretted that the prior claim of his two friends would, he feared, deprive him of the pleasure of exacting that satisfaction which he still hoped circumstances would eventually afford him. He was queerly precise and too absurd for belief.

"I replied lightly that I should be sorry if any accident were to deprive him of the happiness of meeting me, but that I had the pleasant hope of being at his service after I had shot the count and the baron. I began to enjoy this unique situation.

"The colonel said I was most amiable—but really, my dear Mr. Greville, it is past my power to do justice to this scene. They were like the Count Consindes and the Irish gentlemen in Lever's novels."

"And was that all?" I asked.

"No, not quite. After the colonel ceased to criticize my views of the duel, he again informed me that his own friends would call upon me to withdraw my injurious language. Then these two peacemakers departed. Now what do you think of my comedy?"

I had listened in amazement to this arrangement—three duels as the sequel of

my adventure! As Merton ended, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Now," he said, "what will they do?—rifle, revolver, or bowie? By George, I am like d'Artagnan—my second day in Paris and three duels on my hands! Is n't it jolly?"

That was by no means my opinion. "Mr. Merton," I said, "I came here about this very matter."

"Indeed! How can that be? Pray go on—and did any man ever hear of such a mix-up? Where do you come in?"

"I will tell you. Last night in the dark, by mishap, I gave this infernal count your card instead of my own."

"The deuce you did! Great Scott, what fun!"

"Yes, I did." I went on to relate my encounter with the lady, and the manner in which Count le Moyne had behaved.

"What an adventure! I am so sorry I was not in your place. What a fine mystery! But what will you do? Was she his wife? I have had many adventures, but nothing to compare with this. I envy you. And you were sure she was not his wife?"

"No, she was not his wife; and as to what I shall do, it is simple. I shall go to the count and explain the card and my mistake. I meant to anticipate the visit to you of Count le Moyne's seconds. I am sorry to have been late."

"Sorry! Not I. It is immense!"

"The count will call me out. There will be the usual farce of a sword duel. I am in fair practice. This will relieve you so far as concerns the count, and nobody else will fight you with the weapons you offer."

"Won't they, indeed? I have been insulted. Do you suppose I can sit quiet under it? No, Mr. Greville. You, I hope, may make yourself unpleasant to this count, but I shall settle with him and the others, too. Did I happen to mention that I told them I did not fight with knitting-needles?"

"You did."

"They seemed annoyed."

"Probably," said I. Although the whole affair appeared to me comical, it had, too, its possible tragedy.

"Well," I continued, "I shall find the count, and set right the matter of the

cards. After that we may better see our way. These matters are never hurried over here. Dine with me to-night at my rooms at seven-thirty; and meanwhile, as for the baron—"

"Oh, the baron—you should see him. I came near to calling him Porthos to his face. I wish I had."

"And the small man, the colonel—"

"Oh, yes—shade of Dumas! He may pass for Aramis."

I laughed. "By the way," I added, "he is one of the best blades in France."

"Is he? However, he comes in third. But can he shoot? If I accept the sword,—and it may come to that,—I am pretty sure to be left with something to remember. If we use rifles, I assure you they will remember me still longer or not at all." There was savage menace in his blue eyes as he spoke. "But is it not ridiculous?"

I said it was.

"And now about this count who is interested in the anonymous lady. I suppose he may pass for Athos. That makes it complete. Have some rye. Smuggled it. Said it was medicine. The customs fellow tried it neat, and said I had poisoned him."

I declined the wine of my country, and answered him that Athos, as I had learned, was a man of high character who had lately joined the Foreign Office, a keen imperialist, happily married and rich.

"Then certainly it cannot be the wife."

"No, I think I said so; I am thankful to be able to say that it is not. But what part the woman has in this muddle is past my comprehension."

"Stop a little," said my d'Artagnan. "You are having a good deal of trouble to keep this short-legged Emperor from getting John Bull and the rest to bully us into peace."

"Yes, there has been trouble brewing all summer." I could not imagine what the man was after.

"Well, the woman seemed pleased when she learned that you were an American. You said so, and also that the count charged you with being in that affair. He slipped up a bit there. He seemed to believe you to be engaged in something of which he did not want to talk freely."

"Yes, that is true."

The blue eyes held mine for a moment,

and then he inquired, "Was she—" and he paused.

"My dear captain, she is an American and a lady."

"I ask her pardon. A lady? You are sure she is a lady?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a matter of—let me think—not jealousy? Hardly. We may leave that out."

"Certainly."

"Don't you catch on, Mr. Greville?"

"No, I must say I do not."

"Well, consider it coolly. Exclude love, jealousy, any gross fraud, and what is left? What can be left?"

"I do not know."

"How about politics," he smiled.

"How does that strike you?"

The moment he let fall this key-word, "politics," I began to suspect that he was right. The woman had exhibited relief when I had said I was an American. We lived in a maze of spies of nearly every class of life, rarely using the post-office, trusting no one. With our own secret agents I had little to do. The first secretary or the minister saw them, and we were not badly served either in England or France; but all this did not do more than enable me to see my d'Artagnan's notion as possibly a reasonable guess.

After a moment's thought I said: "You may be right; but even if you are, the matter remains a problem which we are very unlikely ever to solve. But how can a handsome young American woman be so deeply concerned in some political affair as to account for this amazing conduct of a secretary not yet a week old in the work of the imperial Foreign Office."

Merton smiled. "We exhaust personal motives—what else is left? Politics! She may know something which it seems to be desirable she should not know. We must find her."

The more I considered his theory, the more I inclined to doubt it. At all events as things stood it was none of our business—and after a moment's reflection I said:

"We have quite enough on our hands without the woman. I shall see the count to-day, and then we may be in a better position to know what further should be done."

"Done?" laughed the captain. "I shall give all three fools what is called satis-

faction. I don't take much stock in them. I hate Aramis. It's the woman interests me the most."

"The woman? I assure you, I am out of that."

"Oh, no, no! We must find her. She is in trouble."

I laughed. "Can we find her?"

"We must. I like her looks."

"But you never saw her."

"No. But the most beautiful woman is always the one I never saw."

He was delightful, my d'Artagnan, with his amused acceptance of three duels, and now his interest in an unknown woman. But I held fast to my opinion, and after some further talk I went away to make my belated explanation to Count le Moyne.

After dinner that evening Merton and I settled ourselves in my little salon with coffee, cognac, and cigars. Merton said:

"Are we safe here?"

"Yes. There are two doors, and the outer one I have locked. My last valet was a spy. The information he got for their Foreign Office must have been valuable. My present man—the fellow who waited on us just now—is also a spy," and upon this I told the captain of my arrangement with Alphonse.

He was much amused. "Can you really trust him?" he said.

"Yes, he has an old mother whom I have seen and have helped. I believe that it is his desire and interest to serve me and at the same time to keep his place as a paid spy."

"What a droll arrangement! And are you really sure of him?"

"Yes, as far as one can be sure of any one in this tangle of spies."

"But does he not—must he not—seem to earn his outside pay?"

"Yes, seem. I will call him in. He will talk if I assure him that he is safe."

"Delightful—most delightful! By all means!"

I rang for Alphonse.

"Alphonse," I said, "this gentleman is my friend. He cannot quite believe that you can be true to me and yet satisfy your superiors in the police."

"Oh, monsieur!" exclaimed Alphonse. He was evidently hurt.

"To relieve him, tell monsieur of our little arrangement."

"The letters, monsieur?"

"Yes."

"Well, my master is kind enough to leave open certain letters. They have been found to be of interest. My pay has been raised. Circumstances make it desirable."

"What is her name?" said Merton, laughing.

"Louise."

"What letters, Greville, do you turn over for the recreation and service of the Foreign Office?"

"My uncle's," said I, "usually."

"Ah, I see. The old gentleman's opinions must be refreshing—authoritative they are, I am sure. When last I saw him he had, as usual, secret intelligence from the army. He always has. I think with joy of the effect of his letters on the young secretaries of the Foreign Office."

I confessed my own pleasure in the game, and was about to let Alphonse go when Merton said:

"May I take a great liberty?"

"Certainly," I laughed—"short of taking Alphonse. What is it?"

"Alphonse," asked Merton, "would you know the lady you followed and guided that night in the Bois?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Do you want to make two hundred francs?"

"Without doubt."

"Find that woman and I will give you three hundred."

"It will be difficult. Paris is large and women are numerous."

"Yes, but there is the Count le Moyne as a clue."

"Yes, yes." He seemed to be thinking. Then he turned to me.

"If monsieur approves and can do without me for two days?"

"Certainly." I was not very anxious to add the woman to our increasing collection of not easily solved problems, but Merton was so eager that I decided to make this new move in our complicated game.

Alphonse stood still a moment.

"Well?" I said.

"The lady, monsieur,—she is, I think, not French."

"No; she is an American, and that is all we know."

"But that is much. Then I am free to-morrow?"

"Yes," and he left us.



From the painting in the Berlin Museum.

ST. AGNES, BY ALONZO CANO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: EIGHTEENTH OF THE SERIES)



THE CREED OF MAJOR CARNES

BY CORA HELM RAMSAY

WITH PICTURES BY CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY

AS Judith Hunter, with cheeks abloom and eyes ashine, walked briskly up the path to her kitchen door, a negress within, visible through the uncurtained window, was mixing a hoe-cake by the light of the coals in the old-fashioned fireplace. Although dusk had gathered into darkness, the lamps were still unlighted. Economy was a rigorous necessity in the Hunter household, but old Rachel, who knew her culinary art, as she declared, "from A to izzard," protested always that she needed no light, seeking to divest poverty of some of its harshness by pretending to adopt its measures from choice.

"I cay n't b'ar new shoes. My footses jest wont stan' 'em, thank you, ma'am," she had said to a philanthropic neighbor who had offered her new foot-gear the winter before. Her toes were sticking out of her ragged shoes at the time, and she really longed to possess the new ones, but pride and loyalty to her mistress forbade her acceptance of them.

"If Mis' Judy cay n't afford to gib 'em to me, I sha'n't take 'em from nobody else," she told herself. "I 'd look nice, would n't I, trapesin' eroun' in shoes better dan my own mistis hez got!"

It was this loyalty to her mistress that kept her, with her boy Sam, at the old homestead of her former master long

after freedom had dissolved her lawful obligations, rejecting all offers of remuneration for her services, scorning all attempts upon the part of "Mis' Judy" to induce her to better her condition by changing places.

When Judith burst, like a fresh breeze, into the kitchen this evening, she caught Rachel around the waist and spun her about the room in breathless rapidity.

"I 'clar' to gracious, chile, you plumb take my bref away," exclaimed Rachel, laughing with the infection of Judith's gaiety, and throwing up her hands to replace her disarranged turban.

"We are going to keep the old place, mammy," Judith announced. "I have made arrangements with Major Carnes," she continued enthusiastically, "to place a mortgage upon it. With the money I shall stock the land. Sam can help me take care of the cattle, and still have time for other work. With cattle we can soon pay off the debt, besides making a living. Then you and I will have a home as long as we live."

This information did not seem to produce the desired effect upon Rachel. The laughter died out of her face. She rolled the whites of her eyes toward Judith, while her hands went up again, this time in a gesture of protest.

"Majah Carnes!" she ejaculated; "dat

ole skinflint! Lordy, honey! You ain't done gone and mortgaged dis yeah place to him, hez you? 'Ca'se if you hez, he 'll git every acre of it away from you, sure ez shootin'. He 's nothin' but a' old rapscallion. I 's heard your pa say so time and ag'in. He 's ez full of Yankee tricks ez a gourd is of seeds. Dat 's what he am, Mis' Judy. Did n't he git Mis' Dan'els's farm away from her? Ain't he been growin' richer and richer wid his robbin' of widders and orphans, all dis time dat quality folks hev been growin' poorer and poorer?"

Judith stiffened. Rachel had always been privileged to speak plainly, as a former nurse, as a present servant, counselor, and friend; but there were limits of speech which even she could not exceed with impunity. Judith would not admit, even to herself, that Rachel's statements, hard as they were to disprove, were true. The same imperious will that had caused her, as a child, to disobey the wishes and commands of her nurse still characterized her. She had made up her mind to mortgage the farm. She was "a Hunter all over," people said; and "When any of de Hunters git deir heads set," Rachel was wont to say, "you cay n't do nothin' wid 'em."

"Rachel," replied Judith, sharply and inconsistently, "I wish you would keep your opinions to yourself. Major Carnes's business is his own, and mine is *my* own. Please remember that hereafter."

"Yessum," responded Rachel, going back to her hoe-cake. "But I ain't a-gwine to do it," she muttered, shaping the cake by tossing it from one hand to the other, after the door had closed upon Judith. "I ain't a-gwine to stan' by wid my mouf shet and see Mis' Judy cheated out of house and home—not if I is a nigger!"

She walked to the window, pressing her nose flat against the pane, and gazed down the orchard path, through which the autumn leaves were swirling, to the bank of the Missouri River; then across its dark surface to the opposite shore, where the lights gleamed in Major Carnes's house, crowning Poverty Ridge.

It was the finest house in the neighborhood. Rachel professed to regard it with scorn—"built by de money of widders and orphans," she spitefully asserted; but

she secretly admired its pillared porticos, its distinguishing cupola, its large and convenient basement, "lit wid prison glass." She was painfully aware of the difference between its modern, well-kept aspect and the dilapidated appearance of the house occupied by the only descendant of her dead master.

"Ole marster jest 'spised him," she soliloquized. "It 's a heap of pleasure he gits out of dat house, livin' alone in dem big, lonesome rooms, wid nobody to do for him but poor white trash hired by de week. What he want wid a cupoler, anyhow, I 'd like to know? I reckon he jest sets up dar like de pilot sets in de pilot-house of de snag-snatcher boats on de ribber, ready to grab whateber he sees comin' his way."

Rachel's opinion of the major was shared by his neighbors on Poverty Ridge, as well as by the people on Judith's side of the river. Indeed, the major's cupidity was the subject of much talk. To amass a fortune when others work just as hard but remain poor is alone, in the estimation of many, equivalent to dishonesty. His history was mysterious; consequently suspicious. It was known that he had once been married, but whether domestic troubles or death had separated him from his wife could not be learned. For his so-called "pride" in keeping his own counsel, for his refusal to answer every indictment presented against him by Poverty Ridge, he had been tried and condemned at the bar of public judgment.

He had moved into the State from the North shortly before the Civil War. Unlike his neighbors, he remained loyal to the Union, thus incurring their lasting enmity. Unlike the majority of them, too, he returned, alive, at the close of the war. Since then he had given himself up to the business of raising and shipping cattle, making loans to the soldiers' widows surrounding him, until one by one their farms had nearly all passed into his hands. Their small holdings were swallowed up in his great estate, which, year after year grew larger, spreading out upon each side like the outstretching wings of some ravenous bird.

In appearance he was of medium height, inclining to stoutness. The lines of his mouth were concealed below a short, bristly mustache. Bushy eyebrows gave

his face such a fierce look that few ever really knew the color or expression of his eyes beneath. His voice was deep, his manner brusque.

Judith had not told her old negro mammy that she had mortgaged the farm to him because he was the only one that would or could advance the amount of money needed upon it. Her father had distrusted and disliked him, yet, in her extremity, she had been obliged to go to him. There had been many to advise

browned cake upon the table, drew up the solitary chair, and called Judith.

"Dis is all de victuals I 's got for you to-night, honey," she said; "but to-morrow you 'll hab an egg sure, for it 's de brown hen's layin'-day."

The subject of the mortgage was not referred to again between them. Judith had evidently "got her head set," for the cattle were bought. Then the winter closed down upon them, bringing few visitors and shutting off the steamboats that



"I CAYN'T B'AR NEW SHOES"

her. The nearest village had its usual contingent of men who sat idly upon dry-goods boxes, relating to credulous listeners wonderful stories of what they could have accomplished with such a start as the Hunter farm.

"There are plenty who could have done something, but there is no one who *has* done anything except Major Carnes," decided Judith. "If I want information on how to make money, I must ask advice from some one who has made it."

The major suggested cattle-raising as a profitable means of livelihood, and, as Judith had no available funds, the only way to obtain the purchase-money for the stock was to mortgage her land to him.

Rachel, thinking of the business failures she had witnessed while the people, unused to work, accustomed all their lives to slaves, had been trying to adjust themselves to their altered conditions since the war, sighed and grew sad. At last she turned from the window, set the perfectly

in pleasant weather came puffing up the great waterway, where islands of ice now formed in the boats' old path.

In the spring Judith's herd was increased by an almost equal number of calves. The major came over to inspect them, commented favorably upon them, and praised Judith's judgment in the selection of her stock.

"He 's jest lookin' eroun' to see what propahty he 'll git," was Rachel's observation, as she jealously watched his movements.

Judith had so far lost her fear of him that she pointed out to him her newly planted garden, the corn-ground freshly plowed by Sam, the place where she meant to set out a young orchard, and even plucked him a bunch of flowers from her daisy-bed to carry home with him. The one interesting spot to which she did not conduct him was the family burying-ground, where lay the body of her father, his oldtime enemy.

The major's face wore a well-satisfied expression when he left, carrying carefully the bouquet of daisies.

About a week later he brought Judith the seed of a choice variety of peas, which she and Rachel planted.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"ON SUCH OCCASIONS RACHAEL WAITED UPON THE TABLE
IN SILENT DIGNITY"

"She has thrift," he said to himself, turning to look back upon the little farm, his eyes glistening under his shaggy brows; "she has thrift and grit."

"If they grow," remarked Judith, with a desire to tease her black servitor, "I shall ask the major over to eat some of them."

"He would n't have brung 'em," promptly replied Rachel, "if he had n't thought he 'd git 'em back ag'in."

The peas grew. The major came, not once, but several times, to dine upon them. On such occasions Rachel waited upon the table in silent dignity, the points of her turban standing stubbornly erect, her starched, faded calico sweeping out in harsh, unyielding stiffness, her whole figure set in prim, unbending lines.

"It 's puffedly scan'lous," she remarked to herself. "He 's jest ez good ez got Mis' Judy's lan', but he 's dat greedy he ain't satisfied wid dat. He 's tryin' to git Mis' Judy, too. Well," she concluded, straightening herself to her full height, "dere 's two things left about dis place yit dat he cay n't git—he cay n't git ole marster's niggers."

The spring gave promise of a goodly year. The cows fattened on the luxuriant blue-stem grass of the pasture; the calves grew apace; the corn waxed green and glossy.

The pasture-land bordered the river—that river of strange freaks and uncertain whims, accustomed to winding itself like a huge snake all over the valley, which was six miles in width. There were two reasons for the river's capriciousness: one was its bed of shifting quicksand; the other was the gradual raising and filling up of one side of the valley by debris. Nearly all the streams tributary to the Missouri in that region empty their waters into it on the east bank. In the spring and fall, during the overflows, they bring down quantities of detritus and loose soil which raises the east side of the valley to a higher level and forces the river westward over the lower ground. Poverty Ridge confined its wanderings upon the east, but Judith's farm of rich, low-lying bottom-land was exposed to its merciless ravages. Walking through the pasture in the spring, Judith had noticed that the current was washing very close to the shore. The spring overflow came and went, however, doing no damage and dispelling her fears. There was no immediate cause for alarm, she reasoned. The summer was passing quietly away, and by fall the current might be a quarter of a mile from there. With the going down of the high waters, the river frequently retraced its steps.

The major called at regular intervals during the summer.

"I 's been hearin' things in town about Mis' Judy," Sam confided to his mother one evening. "I hearn Majah Carnes come courtin' her."

"Shet your fool mouf!" snapped Rachel. "What you want to listen to dem triffin' folks in town for? Ain't you got no sense? I don't want to hear no mo' sich talk."

In spite of Rachel's assurances, she was by no means certain in her own mind as to the object of the major's visits, or as to the state of her mistress's feelings toward him. Judith, finding her and Sam in a shrill-voiced altercation one day, inquired the cause of it.

"Dat nigger say folks 'low you gwine to marry Majah Carnes. I tells him you ain't—no sich thing. Says I, 'Mis' Judy ain't lived to be thirty years old widout marryin' to be fool enough to take old Carnes now—not if she neber gits anybody.' 'Dat 's right, ain't it, Mis' Judy?"

"When I marry," said Judith, after proper deliberation, "you may be sure I shall choose a man of good character."

"Dat 's what I tol' him," cried Rachel, triumphantly. "'She would n't wipe her old shoes on Carnes,' I says, 'he 's so mean. He took Mis' Dan'els's farm away from her, and now he 's fohclosed de mortgage on de Hyatt place and druv 'em off—jest cleaned 'em out root and branch.'"

There was scarcely a week passed after that, it seemed to Judith, that Rachel did not inform her of the foreclosure of a mortgage on some widow's or orphan's piece of property.

"Well, he can't foreclose the mortgage on us," she answered, laughing; "for I never saw a finer field of corn than the one I am going to pay the first year's interest with, and the calves will bring high prices in the spring to help reduce the principal."

In the autumn Judith observed, with dismay, that the current of the river, instead of leaving her shore, was washing more heavily against it. While she was salting her cattle in the pasture, she saw a huge chunk of earth fall off and slip quietly into the water. She ran to the bank. It was sheer, sliced off perpendicularly like a loaf of bread. She had



[Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE MAJOR HAD SEEN HER COMING"

lived by the river long enough to know what this foretold. It meant the loss of much more land; the extinction, perhaps, of the whole farm. Day by day she watched it anxiously. When the river "cut" the land upon one side, it always "made" land upon the other, as a spader takes the dirt from one place and throws it in another. Judith, seeing portions of her pasture disappear, carried off by the working current, beheld also the bar that was beginning to form in front of the major's house, across and slightly down the river. Rachel's sharp eyes had detected it, too.

"Jest look dar," she groaned. "I tol' you he 'd git all de lan', Mis' Judy; and ain't he gittin' it now?"

In time the daisy-bed fell into the river. Then the corn-field that was to have paid the interest on the debt followed so swiftly that none of the corn could be saved.

When the pasture was about half gone, the major sent Judith word that he had five of her cows which he had rescued from the water. They had fallen in with the caving of the land, and the resistless current had swept them over. Judith got into her boat, pushing along the shore to determine whether or not it was safe to leave the rest of her herd in the pasture. The terrible devastation that had been wrought in the last few days convinced her of the utter hopelessness of longer delay in removing her stock to a place of safety. She saw that the annihilation of the farm was inevitable. For the first time since the beginning of her undertaking, a feeling of discouragement possessed her. Heretofore she had had perfect confidence in her ability to discharge her debt, as well as in the integrity of the man to whom she owed it. Now a doubt of both assailed her. Perhaps she was, after all, facing a double peril. She was powerless before the elements that were making such havoc with her possessions. Could a more than ordinary interest in the major have blinded her as to his real character? She recalled the prejudice of her father, the warnings of her old nurse. Was it possible that they had been correct and she mistaken? She glanced across at the bar, the accreted land of the major. Its yellow surface shone brightly in the morning sun. It was steadily growing, that could be plainly seen. Was he secretly

exulting over it? Was he rejoicing in her misfortune—a misfortune that would inure to his own benefit?

Wearily she turned the boat in a homeward direction. How the water beat against the shore! How swiftly it was doing its work! With a great roar it surged against the land, cut it away, carried it off, and deposited the greater portion on the major's bar. A strong wind was blowing in the direction of the current slanting across to the other side. Judith, attempting to row home, was carried by the wind into the current's path; and though she exerted her utmost strength to pull back to her own shore, she was soon traveling rapidly across to the opposite bank, whither her land had gone. She felt a chagrin that she should thus be carried there against her will. The present was, of all times, the one when she least desired to meet the major. Worn out by her useless efforts to buffet the waves, adrift upon a rolling, dangerous waste, she sank helplessly down in the boat to await the end of the journey.

The major had seen her coming. When she neared the bar, he hastened out with a long rope in his hand.

"I did n't know whether it would be something to put in the barn or in the pasture," he laughed as he helped her out. "Come into the house."

He conducted her up the broad stone steps into the library. They sat down, facing each other. Judith was visibly embarrassed. It was the first time she had ever been in his house.

"The wind and water brought me over, major," she began, "but I suppose it is just as well. I should have seen you before about the interest that is coming due. I want to ask you if you would just as soon keep those cows of mine that you have in payment of it."

The major's heavy brows contracted. He flushed deeply, twisting uneasily in his chair.

"Well, the fact is," he stammered, "I—I don't want your cows. I have more now than I can take care of."

"Of course, if you would rather have the money," Judith hastily suggested, "I—"

The major jumped up and began pacing the floor.

"I can't take your cattle," he said; "I've had to take other people's property,

whether I wanted it or not. I 'm not going to take yours. I 've loaned money to people. I 've tried to teach them how to make more, but I can't do it. They give their farms up to me when I don't want them. There was Mrs. Daniels—tried my best to help her along; gave her a start, let her live in the house two or three years after I owned the place; but she could n't make a success of it, moved away, and left the farm. I had to take it. There were the Hyatts—same thing. Had to take that place. No business about 'em. But you—you 've got business about you. You 'd have succeeded with your cattle if fate had let you alone. Why that river wanted to tear up your farm, take it away from you, and bring it over here to me, when I don't need it, is something I can't understand. Now see here," he concluded, seating himself again, "I 'll keep your cows for you until spring, when you can sell them for a good price. I have the corn to feed them with, you know. It came over some time ago."

The fact was, a very small portion of the corn had stopped at the major's. The most of it had gone on down the stream.

"I must dispose of all the stock," replied Judith, "to pay off my debt. The whole farm will go into the river. Of course, if you have too many cattle already—"

"Why should you pay me," demanded the major, "when I am getting your land? Do you see how that bar out there is growing? I 've sat here day after day and watched your farm coming over. First the pasture came, then the corn-field, then the cows. Why it is, I don't know. I

don't need them. I don't want them: I don't want *anything*," he added bringing his fist down hard upon the table, "that confounded river is bringing over here!"

He stopped abruptly. Judith had risen and was moving toward the door. She was filled with confusion. Conscious that the river had brought herself over, she was fleeing in shame.

The major, seeing his mistake, sprang after her. "Judith, I want to take that back," he said. "There 's one thing I want. I want *you*! Your daisies are coming up 'in my field," he urged, seeing her pause; "your cows seem to like my pasture first-rate. Could n't you be happy here with me?"

Then Judith, who had felt her heart going out to him all summer, piece by piece, very much as her land had done, sped back to him.

When she reached her own home that day, Rachel was in the kitchen with her apron over her head, crying bitterly.

"De buryin'-groun' is gone," sobbed the negress. "Ole marster's grabe went dis mawnin'."

"Rachel," said Judith, cautiously, with a shade of regret in her voice, but a tender, happy light in her eyes, "the old farm will soon all be gone. The major is going to take the rest of the stock over. He wants us to come, too. It looks like we will just *have* to go."

Rachel put down her apron and dried her eyes upon it.

"Well, Mis' Judy," she said, with resignation in her tones, "sence ole marster hisself hez gone ober dar, I reckon de rest of de fambly might as well go, too."



LOVE AND A DAY

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

TAKE all the other loves my heart has known;
 But one, oh, one, leave it and me alone!
 Take all the other loves and days to be;
 But, oh, one love, one day for that and me!



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A MOTHER

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES



SONNETS TO KEATS

I. BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

TORCH of Apollo—wrapt in sudden blaze,
Thy swift soul spent itself—immortal light,
While siren music from Olympus' height
Poured from thy stirring heart its wingèd praise
To beauty, truth, and gods. Thy fever plays
With flashing gleams upon our quickened sight.
As meteor-trail, thy passing in its flight
Scatters great sparks of life. Compelled, we gaze
With thee into the starry realms of space
Whence come thy songs inspired to haunt the race.
Thy name was "writ in water"? Nay, thy name
Is writ across the century in flame.
Cloud-hidden, anon it cleaves the dark asunder
And lingers with an after-sense of thunder.

II. BY HELEN LOUISE GAUSE

THOU dreamer of the dreams of ancient Greece,
Thy life was but a fantasy of night:—
Thou didst not know the dawn of perfect peace
And yet the splendid night-sky lent thee light.
Thou caught'st the music of the classic spheres,
The magic of the cold, white, dreaming moon,
To set them to the ecstasy of tears,
And sing them as the nightingale his tune.
Thine arms were stretched for Love and clasped young Death,
Thou sang'st of Life and she was raptured Art;
Yet though the star of ill-fate gave thee breath
The star of Fame flashed over thy still heart.
The laurel fell on thy dead brows—too late,
But the contentment of thy look was great.



FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

VII

"UGÉNIE, are you there?"

"Yes, papa."

Lord Findon, peering short-sightedly into the big drawing-room, obstructed by much furniture and darkened by many pictures, had not at first perceived the slender form of his daughter. The April day was receding, and Eugénie de Pastourelles was sitting very still, her hands lightly clasped upon a letter which lay outspread upon her lap. These moments of pensive abstraction were characteristic of her. Her life was turned within; she lived more truly in thought than in speech or action.

Lord Findon came in gaily. "I say, Eugénie, that fellow 's made a hit."

"What fellow, papa?"

"Why, Fenwick, of course. Give me a cup of tea, there 's a dear. I 've just seen Welby, who 's been hobnobbing with somebody on the hanging committee. Both pictures accepted, and the portrait will be on the line in the big room,—the other very well hung, too, in one of the later rooms. Lucky dog! Millais came up and spoke to me about him—said he heard we had discovered him. Of course, there 's lots of criticism. Drawing and design, modern and realistic,—the whole *painting* method, traditional and old-fashioned, except for some wonderful touches of pre-Raphaelitism,—that 's what most people say. Of course, the new men think it 'll end in manner and convention; and the old men don't quite know *what* to say. Well, it don't much matter. If he 's genius, he 'll do as he likes; and if he has n't—"

Lord Findon shrugged his shoulders,

and then, throwing his head against the back of his capacious chair, proceeded to "sip" his tea, held in both hands, according to an approved digestive method—ten seconds to a sip—he had lately adopted. He collected new doctors with the same zeal that he spent in pushing new artists.

Eugénie put out a hand and patted his shoulder tenderly. She and her father were the best of comrades, and they showed it most plainly in Lady Findon's absence. That lady was again on her travels, occupied in placing her younger daughter for a time in a French family, with a view to "finishing." Eugénie or Lord Findon wrote to her every day; they discussed her letters when they arrived with all proper *égards*; and, for the rest, enjoyed their *tête-à-tête*, and never dreamt of missing her. *Tête-à-tête*, indeed, it scarcely was; for there was still another daughter in the house, whom Madame de Pastourelles—her much older half-sister—mothered with great assiduity in Lady Findon's absence; and the elder son also, who was still unmarried, lived mainly at home. Nevertheless, it was recognized that "papa" and Eugénie had special claims upon each other, and as the household adored them both, they were never interfered with.

On this occasion Eugénie was bent on business as well as affection. She withdrew her hand from her father's shoulder in order to raise a monitory finger.

"Genius or no, papa, it 's time you paid him his money."

"How you go on, Eugénie!" said Lord Findon, crossing his knees luxuriously as the tea filtered down. "Pray, what money do I owe him?"

"Well, of course, if you wait till he 's

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made a hit, prices will go up," said Eugénie, calmly; "I advise you to agree with him quickly, whiles you are in the way with him."

"I never asked him to paint you," said Lord Findon, hastily, swallowing a sip of tea under the regulation time, and frowning at the misdeed.

"Oh, shuffling papa! Come—how much?—two hundred?"

"Upon my word! A painter should n't propose to paint a picture, my dear, and then expect to get paid for it as if he 'd been commissioned. The girls might as well propose matrimony to the men."

"Nobody need accept," said Eugénie, slyly, replenishing his cup. "I consider, papa, that you have bolted that cup."

"Then for goodness' sake don't give me any more!" cried Lord Findon. "It's no joke, Eugénie, this sipping business—Where were we? Oh! well, of course I knew we should have to take it—and I don't say I'm not pleased with it. But two hundred!—"

"Not a penny less," said Eugénie—"and the apotheosis of my frock alone is worth the money. Two hundred for that—and two-fifty for the other?"

"Welby told me that actually was the price he had put on it! The young man won't starve, my dear, for want of knowing his own value."

"I should n't wonder if he had been rather near starving," said Eugénie, gravely.

"Nothing of the kind, Eugénie," said her father, testily. "You think everybody as sensitive as yourself. I assure you, young men are tough, and can stand a bit of hardship."

"They seem to require butcher's meat, all the same," said Eugénie. "Do you know, papa, that I have been extremely uncomfortable about our behavior to Mr. Fenwick."

"I entirely fail to see why," said Lord Findon, absently. He was holding his watch in his hand and calculating seconds.

"We have let him paint my portrait without ever saying a word of money—and you have always behaved as though you meant to buy the 'Genius Loci.'"

"Well, so I do mean to buy it," said Lord Findon, closing his watch with a sigh of satisfaction.

"You should have told him so, papa, and advanced him some money."

"It's an excellent thing, my dear Eugénie, for a young man to be kept on tenter-hooks. Otherwise they soon get above themselves."

"You have driven him into debt, papa."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I have been questioning Mr. Cuningham. He does n't know, but he *thinks* Mr. Watson has been lending him money."

"Artists are always so good to one another," said Lord Findon, complacently. "Nice fellow, Watson—but quite mad."

"Papa, you are incorrigible. I tell you he has been in great straits. He has not been able to buy a winter overcoat, and Mr. Cuningham suspects he has often not had enough to eat. He does illustration work the greater part of the night,—etcetera."

"The way you pile on the agony, my dear!" said Lord Findon, rising. "What I see you want is that I should write the check, and then go with you to call on the young man?"

"Precisely!" said Eugénie, nodding.

Lord Findon looked at her.

"And that, you suppose, is your own idea?"

Eugénie waited, interrogatively.

"Do you know why I have never said a word to the young man about money?"

"Because you forgot it," said Eugénie, smiling.

"Not in the least," said Lord Findon, flushing like a school-boy found out; "I wanted my little sensation at the end."

"My very epicurean papa!" said Eugénie, caressing him. "I see!—Young man in a garret,—starving—*au désespoir*. Enter Providence, *alias* my papa, with fame in one hand and gold in the other. Ah, *que tu es comédien, mon père. À la bonne heure!*—I now order the carriage!"

She moved towards the bell, but paused suddenly—

"I forgot—Arthur was to come before six."

A slight silence fell between the father and daughter. Lord Findon cleared his throat, took up the evening paper and laid it down again.

"Eugénie!"

"Yes, papa."

Lord Findon went up to her and took her hand. She stood with downcast eyes,

the other hand playing with the folds of her dress. Her father's face was discomposed.

"Eugénie!" he broke out. "I don't think he ought to come so much. Forgive me, dear!"

"You only think what I have thought for a long time," she said in a low voice, without raising her eyes. "But to-day I sent for him."

"Because?"—Lord Findon's face expressed a quick and tender anxiety.

"I want to persuade him—to marry Elsie Bligh."

Lord Findon made a hurried exclamation, drew her to him, kissed her on the brow, and then, releasing her, turned away.

"I might have known—what you would do," he said in a muffled voice.

"I ought to have done it long ago," she said passionately; then, immediately curbing herself, she turned deliberately to a vase of roses that stood near and began to rearrange them, picking out a few faded blooms and throwing them on the wood fire.

Lord Findon watched her, the delicate drooping figure in its gray dress, the thin hand among the roses.

"Eugénie!—tell me one thing!—you are in the same mind as ever about the divorce?"

She made a sign of assent.

"Just the same. I am Albert's wife—unless he himself asks me to release him, —and then the release would only be—for him."

"You are too hard on yourself, Eugénie!" cried Lord Findon. "I vow you are! You set an impossible standard."

"I am his wife," she repeated gently, "while he lives. And if he sent for me—at any hour of the day or night—I would go."

Lord Findon gave an angry sigh.

"You can't wonder, Eugénie," he said impetuously, "that I often wish his death."

A shudder ran through her.

"Don't, papa! Never, never wish that. He loves life so."

"Yes!—now that he has ruined yours."

"He did n't mean to," she said, almost inaudibly. "You know what I think."

Lord Findon restrained himself. In his eyes there was no excuse whatever for

his scoundrel of a son-in-law, who, after six years of marriage had left his wife for an actress, and was now living with another woman of his own class, a Comtesse S., ten years older than himself. He knew that Eugénie believed her husband to be insane; as for him, he had never admitted anything of the kind. But if it comforted her to believe it, let her for Heaven's sake believe it!—poor child!

So he said nothing, as he paced up and down, and Eugénie finished the rearrangement of the roses. Then she turned to him, smiling.

"You did n't know I saw Elsie yesterday?"

"Did she confide in you?"

"Oh, that—long ago! The poor child's dreadfully in love."

"Then it's a great responsibility," said Lord Findon, gravely. "How is he going to satisfy her?"

"Only too easily. She would marry him blindly—on any terms."

There was a short silence. Then Eugénie gathered up the letter she had been reading when her father entered.

"Let's talk of something else, papa!—Do you know that I've had a very interesting letter from Mr. Fenwick this afternoon?"

Lord Findon stared.

"Fenwick? What on earth does he write to you about?"

"Oh! this is not the first time, by a long way!" said Eugénie, smiling. "He began it in March, when he thought he had offended me—by being rude to Arthur."

"So he was—abominably rude. But what can one expect? He has n't had the bringing up of a gentleman—and there you are. That kind of thing will out."

"I wonder whether it matters—to a genius?" said Eugénie, musing.

"It matters to everybody!" cried Lord Findon. "Gentlefolk, my dear, say what you will, are the result of a long natural selection, and you can't make 'em, in a hurry."

"And what about genius? You will admit, papa, that a good many gentlefolks in the world go to one genius!"

The lamps came in at that moment, and it was not lost on Lord Findon, in spite of her flicker of gaiety, that Eugénie

was singularly pale. And he knew well that they were both listening for the same step on the stairs. However, he tried to keep it up.

"Genius?" he said, humming and hawing—"genius? How do we know what it is—or who has it? Everybody's so diabolically clever nowadays. Take my advice, Eugénie—I know you want to play Providence to that young fellow—you think you'll civilize him, and that kind of thing; but I warn you—he has n't got breeding enough to stand it."

Eugénie drew a long breath.

"Well, don't scold me, papa—if I try—I must—" her voice escaped her, and she began again firmly—"I must have something to fill up."

"Fill up what?"

She looked around to make sure that the servants had finished closing the shutters, and that they were alone.

"The days—and the hours," she said softly. "One must have something to think of."

Lord Findon frowned.

"He will fall in love with you, Eugénie—and then where shall we be?"

He heard a laugh—very sweet, very feminine, yet, to his ear, very forlorn.

"I'll take care of that. We'll find him a wife too, papa, when he 'arrives.' We shall be in practice—you and I."

Lord Findon sprang up.

"Here he is!" he said, with very evident agitation. The pronoun clearly had no reference to Fenwick. Eugénie sat motionless, looking into the fire, her hands on her knee. Lord Findon listened a moment.

"I'm going to my room. Eugénie!—if I could be the slightest use—"

"Dear papa!" she looked up, smiling. "It's very simple."

With a muttered exclamation, Lord Findon walked to the farther end of the drawing-room, and vanished through an inner door.

The footman announced, "Mr. Welby."

As soon as the door was shut, Eugénie rose.

Welby hurriedly approached her. "You say in your note that you have something important to tell me?"

She made a sign of assent, and as he grasped her hand she allowed herself a moment's pause. Her eyes rested—just

perceptibly—on the face of the man whose long devotion to her, expressed through every phase of delicate and passionate service, had brought them both at last to that point where feeling knows itself, where illusions die away, and the deep foundations of our life appear.

Welby's dark face quivered. In the touch of his friend's hand, in the look of her eyes, there was that which told him that she had bidden him to no common meeting. The air between them was in an instant alive with memories. Days of first youth; youth's high impressions of great and lovely things; all the innocent, stinging joys of art and travel, of happy talk and ripening faculty, of pure ambitions, hero-worships, compassions, shared and mutually enkindled: these were forever intertwined with their thoughts of each other.

But much more than these!—

For him, the unspoken agony of loss suffered when she married; for her, the memories of her marriage, of the dreary languor into which its wreck had plunged her, and of the gradual revival in her of the old intellectual pleasures, the old joys of the spirit, under the influence of Arthur's life and Arthur's companionship. How simply he had offered all that his art, his tact, his genius had to give!—and how pitifully, how hungrily she had leant upon it! It had seemed so natural. Her own mind was clear, her own pulses calm; their friendship had appeared a thing apart, and she was able to feel with sincerity and dignity, that if she received much, she also gave much,—the hours of relief and pleasure which ease the labor, the inevitable torment, of the artist, all that protecting environment which a woman's sweet and agile wit can build around a man's taxed brain or ruffled nerves. To chat with her, in success or failure; to be sure of her welcome, her smile, at all times; to ask her sympathy in matters where he had himself trained in her the faculty of response; to rouse in her the gentle, diffident humor which seemed to him a much rarer and more distinguished thing than other women's brilliance; to watch the ways of a personality which appeared to many people a little cold, pale, and over-refined, and was to him supreme distinction; to search for pleasures for her, as a botanist hunts rare

flowers; to save her from the most trifling annoyance, if time and brains could do it;—these things, for three years, had made the charm of Welby's life. And Eugénie knew it,—knew it with an affectionate gratitude that had for long seemed both to her and to the world the last word of their situation on both sides,—a note, a tone, which could always be evoked from it, touch or strike it where you would.

And now?

Through what subtle phases and developments had time led them to this moment of change and consciousness?—representing in her, sharp recoil, an instant girding of the will,—and in him a new despair, which was also a new docility, a readiness to content and tranquilize her at any cost. As they stood thus, for these few seconds, amid the shadows of the rich, encumbered room, the picture of the weeks and months they had just passed through flashed through both minds, illuminated, thrown into true relation with surrounding and irrevocable fact. Both trembled,—she under the admonition of her own higher life,—he, because existence beside her could never again be as sweet to him to-morrow as it had been yesterday.

She moved. The trance was broken.

"I do, indeed, want to talk to you," she said, in her gentlest voice. "We sha'n't have very long. Papa wants me in half an hour."

She motioned to the seat beside her; and their talk began.

LORD FINDON sat alone in his study on the ground-floor, balancing a paper-knife on one finger, fidgeting with a newspaper of which he never read a word, and otherwise beguiling the time until the sound of Welby's step on the stairs should tell him that the interview up-stairs was over.

His mind was full of disagreeable thoughts. Eugénie was dearer to him than any other human being, and Welby, his ward, the orphan child of one of his oldest friends, had been from his boyhood almost a son of the house. Eight years before, what more natural than that these two should marry? Welby had been then deeply in love; Eugénie in her first maiden bloom had been difficult to read, but a word from the father she adored

would probably have been enough to incline her towards her lover, to transform and fire a friendship which was already more romantic than she knew. But Lord Findon could not make up his mind to it. Arthur was a dear fellow; but from the worldly point of view it was not good enough. Eugénie was born for a large sphere; it was her father's duty to find it for her if he could.

Hence the French betrothal, the crowning-point of a summer visit to a French château where Eugénie had been the spoilt child of a party containing some of the greatest names in France. It flattered both Lord Findon's vanity and imagination to find himself brought into connection with historic families all the more attractive because of that dignified alienation from affairs imposed on them by their common hatred of the Second Empire. Eugénie, too, had felt the romance of the *milieu*; had invested her French suitor with all that her own poetic youth could bring to his glorification; had gone to him a timid, willing, and most innocent bride.

Ah, well! it did not do to think of the sequel. Perhaps the man was mad, as Eugénie insisted; perhaps much was due to some obscure brain effects of exposure and hardship during the siege of Paris,—for the war had followed close on their honeymoon. But, madness or wickedness, it was all the same; Eugénie's life was ruined, and her father could neither mend it nor avenge it.

For owing to some—in his eyes—quixotic tenderness of conscience on Eugénie's part, she would not sue for her divorce. She believed that Albert was not responsible, that he might return to her. And that passionate spiritual life of hers, the ideas of which Lord Findon only half understood, forbade her, it seemed, any step which would finally bar the way of that return, unless Albert should himself ask her to take it. But the comte had never made a sign. Lord Findon could only suppose that he found himself as free as he wished to be, that the ladies he consorted with were equally devoid of scruples, and that he therefore, very naturally, preferred to avoid publicity.

So here was Eugénie, husbandless and childless at eight and twenty,—for the only child of the marriage had died

within a year of its birth; the heroine of an odious story which, if it had never reached the law courts, was none the less perfectly well known in society; and, in the eyes of those who loved her, one of the bravest, saddest, noblest of women. Of course Welby had shared in the immense effort of the family to comfort and console her. They had been so eager to accept his help; he had given it with such tact and self-effacement; and now, meanly, they must help Eugénie to dismiss him! For it was becoming too big a thing, this devotion of his, both in Eugénie's life and also in the eyes of the world. Lord Findon must needs suppose—he did not choose to *know*—that people were talking; and if Eugénie would not free herself from her wretched Albert, she must not provide him—poor child!—with any plausible excuse.

All of which reasoning was strictly according to the canons as Lord Findon understood them; but it did not leave him much the happier. He was a sensitive, affectionate man, with great natural cleverness and much natural virtue, wholly unleavened by either thought or discipline. He did the ordinary things from the ordinary motives; but he suffered, when the ordinary things turned out ill, more than another man would have done. It would certainly have been better, he ruefully admitted, if he had not meddled so much with Eugénie's youth. And presently he supposed he should have to forgive Charlie!—Charlie was the son who had married his nurse—if only to prove to himself that he was not really the unfeeling or snobbish father of the story-books.

Ah! there was the up-stairs door! Should he show himself, and make Arthur understand that he was their dear friend all the same, and always would be?—it was only a question of a little drawing-in.

But his courage failed him. He heard the well-known step come down-stairs and cross the hall. The front door closed, and Lord Findon was still balancing the paper-knife.

Would he really marry that nice child Elsie? Elsie Bligh was a cousin of the Findons; a fair-haired, slender slip of a thing, the daughter of a retired Indian general. The Findons had given a ball

the year before for her coming-out, and she had danced through the season, haloed, Euphrosyne-like, by a charm of youth and laughter—till she met Arthur Welby. Since then Euphrosyne had grown a little white and piteous, and there had been whisperings and shakings of the head among the grown-ups who were fond of her.

Well, well; he supposed Eugénie would give him some notion of the way things had gone. As to her—his charming, sweet-natured Eugénie!—it comforted him to remember the touch of resolute and generally cheerful stoicism in her character. If a hard thing had to be done, she would not only do it without flinching, but without avenging it on the bystanders afterwards. A quality rare in woman!

"Papa!—is the carriage there?"

It was her voice calling. Lord Findon noticed with relief its even, silvery note. The carriage was waiting, and in a few minutes she was seated beside him, and they were making their way eastwards through the twilight streets.

"Dear?" he said with timid interrogation, laying his hand momentarily on hers.

Eugénie was looking out of the window, with her face turned away.

"He was very—kind," she said, rather deliberately. "Don't let us talk about it, papa—but wait—and see!"

Lord Findon understood that she referred to Elsie Bligh—that she had sown her seed, and must now let it germinate.

But herself—what had it cost her? And he knew well that he should never ask the question; and that, if he did, she would never answer it.

By the time they were threading the slums of Seven Dials she was talking rather fast and flowingly of Fenwick.

"You have brought the check, papa?"

"I have my check-book."

"And you are quite certain about the pictures?"

"Quite."

"It will be nice to make him happy," she said softly. "His letters have been pretty doleful."

"What has he found to write about?" exclaimed Lord Findon, wondering.

"Himself mostly!" she laughed. "He likes rhetoric, and he seems to have found

out that I do too. As I told you, he began with an apology; and since then he writes about books and art, and—and the evils of aristocracy."

"Bless my soul, what the deuce does he know about it! And you answer him?"

"Yes. You see, he writes extremely well, and it amuses me."

Privately, he thought that if she encouraged him beyond a very moderate point, Fenwick would soon become troublesome. But whenever she pleaded that anything "amused" her, he could never find a word to say.

Every now and then he watched her, furtively trying to pierce that gray veil in which she had wrapped herself. To-morrow morning, he supposed, he should hear her step on the stairs, towards eight o'clock,—should hear it passing his door in going, and an hour later in coming back,—and should know that she had been to a little Ritualist church close by, where what Lady Findon called "fooleries" went on, in the shape of "daily celebrations" and "vestments" and "reservation." How lightly she stepped; what a hidden act it was,—never spoken of, except once, between him and her! It puzzled him often; for he knew very well that Eugénie was no follower of things received. She had been a friend of Renan and of Taine in her French days; and he, who was a Gallio with a leaning to the Anglican Church, had sometimes guessed with discomfort that Eugénie was in truth what his Low-church wife called a "free-thinker." She never spoke of her opinions, directly, even to him. But the books she ordered from Paris or Germany, and every now and then the things she let fall about them, were enough for any shrewd observer. It was here too, perhaps, that she and Arthur were in closest sympathy; and every one knew that Arthur, poor old boy, was an agnostic.

And yet this daily pilgrimage, and that light and sweetness it breathed into her aspect!—

So, one day, he had asked her abruptly why she liked the little church so much, and its sacramental "goings-on."

"One would n't expect it, you know, darling, from the things you read."

Eugénie had colored faintly.

"Would n't you, papa? It seems to me so simple. It's an *Action*—not words

—and an action means anything you like to put into it—one thing to me—another to you. Some day we shall all be tired—sha'n't we?—of creeds and sermons, but never of 'This *do*, in remembrance of Me!'"

And she had put up her hand to caress his, with such a timid sweetness of lip, and such a shining of the eye, that he had been silenced, feeling himself indeed in the presence of something he was not particularly well fitted to explore.

Well, if she was insequent, she was dear!—and if her mystical fancies comforted and sustained her, nobody should ever annoy or check her in the pursuit of them. He put a very summary stop to his wife's "Protestant nonsense," whenever it threatened to worry Eugénie; though on other occasions it amused him.

THE landlady in Bernard street greeted them with particular effusion. If they had only known, they represented to her—cautious yet not unkindly soul!—the main security for those very long arrears of rent she had allowed her lodger to run up. Were they now come—at this unusual hour—to settle up with Mr. Fenwick? If so, her own settling up—sweet prospect!—might be in sight. Cuningham and Watson had recently left her, and taken a joint studio in Chelsea. Their rooms, moreover, were still unlet. Her anxieties therefore were many, and it was with lively expectation that she watched the "swells" grope their way upstairs to Mr. Fenwick's room. She always knew it must come right some day, with people like that about.

Fenwick received them with mingled pleasure and astonishment. He was at work on a large canvas which had only just been set up. He had been measuring, spacing, planning,—preparing, in fact, for a large subject,—and was evidently in a fervor of composition. But both father and daughter were painfully impressed by his strained and harassed look. He was pale, hollow-eyed, and threadbare. No news, it was clear, of his Academy good fortune had yet reached him.

"We could n't help coming," said Lord Findon, laying his hand on the young man's arm. "We're in your way,

I know, but I think you 'll forgive us! Your two pictures are accepted, my friend!—and will be admirably hung,—both on the line, and one in the big room.”

Fenwick flushed deeply.

“Are you sure?” he said, stammering and looking from one to the other.

Findon gave his authority, and then Eugénie held out her hand.

“We *are* so glad!”

She had thrown back the gauze veil in which she had shrouded herself during her drive with her father, and her charming face—still so pale!—was full of sympathy.

Fenwick awkwardly accepted her congratulation, and shook the proffered hand.

“I expect it 's your doing,” he said abruptly.

“Not in the least!” cried Lord Findon. His eye twinkled a little. “My dear fellow, what are you thinking of? These are the days of merit and publicity!—when every man comes to his own.” Fenwick shrugged his shoulders. “You 've earned *your* success, anyway, and it 'll be a thumper. Now look here, where can we talk business?”

Eugénie discreetly withdrew to the farther end of the room, and busied herself with some wood blocks on which Fenwick had been drawing. The two men remained hidden behind the large canvas, and she heard nothing of their conversation. She was aware, however, of the scratching of a pen, and immediately after her father called to her.

“Eugénie! come!—we must get back for dinner.”

Fenwick, looking up, saw her emerging from the shadows of the farther room into the bright lamplight, her gray veil floating cloud-wise round her. As she came towards him, he felt her the emblem and angel of his good fortune. All that closer acquaintance, to which during the preceding weeks she had admitted him, throbbled warm at his heart. His mind was full of gratitude—full also of repentance!—towards Phœbe, and towards her. That very night would he write his confession to her, at last!—tell all his story, beg her to excuse his foolish lack of frankness and presence of mind to Lord Findon, and ask her kindness for Phœbe and the child. He already saw little Carrie on her knee, and the ægis of

her protecting sweetness spread over them all.

Meanwhile the impression upon her was that he had taken the news of his success with admirable self-restraint, that he was growing and shaping as a human being, that his manner to her father was excellent, neither tongue-tied nor effusive, and his few words of thanks manly and sincere. She thought to herself that here was the beginning of a great *carrière*, the moment when the streamlet finds its bed and enters upon its true and destined course.

And in the respectful homage, the evident attachment, she had awakened in the man before her, there was for Eugénie at the moment a peculiar temptation. Had she not just given proof that she was set apart—that for her there could be no more thought of love in its ordinary sense? In her high-strung consciousness of Welby's dismissal, she felt herself not only secure against the vulgar snares of vanity and sex, but, as it were, endowed with a larger spiritual freedom. She had sent away the man of whom she was in truth afraid, the man whom she *might* have loved. But in this distant, hesitating, and yet strong devotion that Fenwick was beginning to show her, there was something that appealed—and with peculiar force, in the immediate circumstances—to a very sore and lonely heart. Here was no danger to be feared!—nothing but a little kind help to a man of genius, whose great gifts might be so easily nullified and undone by his thorny vehemence of character, his lack of breeding and education.

The correspondence, indeed, which had arisen between them out of Fenwick's first remarkable letter to her had led unconsciously to a new attitude on the part of Madame de Pastourelles. That he could paint she knew; that on subjects connected with his art he could talk copiously and well,—that also she knew; but that he could write with such pleasant life, detail, and ingenuity was a surprise, and it attracted her, as it would have attracted a Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century. Her maimed life had made her perforce an “intellectual”; and in these letters the man's natural poetry and force stirred her enthusiasm. Hence a new interest and receptivity in her, quickened

by many small and natural incidents,—books lent and discussed, meetings in picture-galleries, conversations in her father's house,—and throughout it that tempting, dangerous pleasure of "doing good" that leads astray so many on whom Satan has no other hold! She was introducing him every week to new friends—her friends, the friends she wished him to have; she was making his social way plain before him; she had made her father buy his pictures; and she meant to look after his career in the future.

So that, quivering as she still was under the strain of her scene with Welby—so short, so veiled, and at bottom so tragic!

—she showed herself glitteringly cheerful—almost gay—as she stood talking a few minutes with her father and Fenwick. The evident delight in Fenwick's face and movements gave his visitors, indeed, so much pleasure that they found it hard to go; several times they said goodbye, only to fall back again into a laughing gossip. Till Lord Findon remembered that Eugénie did not yet know that he had offered Fenwick 500*l.* for the two pictures instead of 450*l.*; and that he might have the prompt satisfaction of telling her that he had bettered her instructions, he at last dragged her away. On this day of all days did he wish to please her!—if it were only in trifles.

(To be continued)



THE PRESIDENT AND THE RAILROADS

BY CHARLES A. PROUTY

Member of the Interstate Commerce Commission

IN THE JANUARY CENTURY was published an article by Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, entitled "Railway Rates and Industrial Progress." We here present an article on the same subject, from the point of view of those who favor the extension of government control over railway rates, by one intimately familiar with the President's attitude.



HE railways assert that to adopt the policy of regulation advocated by President Roosevelt would paralyze or at least seriously interfere with the industrial and commercial operations of this country. I am asked by the Editor of THE CENTURY to discuss that phase of the railway problem.

No discussion can be intelligent that does not begin with a clear understanding of the matter under debate; and this is specially true here, where most of the honest doubt as to the wisdom of the President's recommendation arises from a

misconception of what that is. Let us begin with a statement of the exact proposition.

A railroad is a public highway. In many countries railroads are built and operated by the government itself; in ours they are, almost without exception, owned by private capital: but this makes them none the less public in their character. These two facts—first, that the railroad is private property; second, that the function discharged is of a public nature—must be kept thoroughly in mind. In so far as can properly be done, the private capital invested in a railway should be left as free and untrammelled

as that invested in any other enterprise; but, like all other property, it must observe the law.

In its organization and construction a railroad is given certain extraordinary privileges. It can appropriate to its own use the property of a private individual against his most earnest protest. In operation it is a practical monopoly. The individual must use it and must pay for the service whatever is demanded.

These extraordinary privileges are given to the railway because it discharges a public duty; and in consideration of these privileges the railway assumes certain liabilities in the discharge of that duty. It must treat all members of the public alike, and it must render its services to the public for a reasonable compensation. If a railway imposes upon me an unjust charge for the transportation of my person or my property, it violates the law, precisely as I should if I declined to pay a reasonable charge for that transportation.

A SUIT AT LAW IS NO REMEDY

ORDINARILY, if an individual suffers through a violation of law, his remedy is by suit in court and a judgment for damages. This is not universally true. When that does not afford an adequate remedy, the law provides another. Injunction is used, and the specific execution of contracts is decreed. In the business of transportation itself the railway is not obliged to sue for the amount due, but may retain possession of the property transported until payment has been made.

Now it is generally understood that a suit at law and a judgment in damages is no remedy in most instances for the imposition of an unjust railway rate. The Commission recently heard testimony in a case where the complainant alleged that he had been compelled to pay too high a passenger fare. The amount in issue was \$1.08, but the passenger agent of the defendant railroad testified that to put in effect the rate upon which the complainant insisted would reduce its revenues \$40,000 annually. The coal-dealer who pays the freight on the anthracite coal which we consume in New England has no interest in the amount charged. He simply adds it to the price of the coal to the consumer. The person who is ulti-

mately affected neither can nor would maintain a suit. For these and other reasons, the only remedy which can afford much practical relief from the imposition of an unjust or a discriminative railway rate is the correction of the rate itself.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSITION

THE proposition of President Roosevelt is just this: Whenever an individual, in behalf of himself and others similarly affected, whenever a community through some local organization, whenever a State by its railroad commission, in the interest of its citizens, questions the lawfulness of a railway rate, a government tribunal shall be provided which has power to hear that complaint and, if it finds the railway in violation of law, to stop the wrong by compelling it to put in effect a rate which is lawful. He would simply force the railway specifically to execute its contract with the public to impose just and reasonable charges.

This is not a proposition to "make" the railway rates of this country. It is only after a rate has been fixed by the railway, complained of, and declared to be unlawful, that it can be corrected. This is no attempt to manage our railways by government commission. The railroad is perfectly free to manage its own business until it impinges upon the rights of others; then it should be restrained. What the President proposes is to use a remedy which every court has declared to be legal to redress a wrong which can be redressed in no other way. Just how will it injure the commerce and industry of our land if its railways are thus obliged to treat their patrons with fairness and with justice?

THE CLAIM OF THE RAILWAYS

THE first claim of the railways seems to be that rate-making is an extremely delicate process requiring ability of a high and peculiar order which is possessed by only a few persons and can be exercised by them only after long experience. As well attempt to remodel a statue of Phidias or retouch a play of Shakspeare by government commission as to revise the work of these traffic experts in that manner. To interfere with the rates and the rate adjustments which these gentlemen have

fixed will disarrange the operations of the entire country and bring down commercial disaster.

If an impious person had penetrated into the sanctuary where the ancient priestess of Delphi delivered her inspired prophecies, he would probably have found a female of ordinary proportions sitting on a tripod which any good carpenter could make. It was the mystery which gave weight to her oracular utterances. So here, if we can get by the railroad lawyers and railroad presidents who stand without the temple warning off the profane with wild gesticulation, and into the edifice itself, we can form a much clearer notion of the exact situation. There is no fairer way than to present to the reader two or three actual cases illustrative of the questions which arise, and let him say whether they ought to be dealt with by the government at all, and whether an attempt to deal with them in this manner will result in the dread consequences which are foretold. As the first illustration, let us take the last case involving the inherent reasonableness of a railway rate upon which the Interstate Commerce Commission has made a report.

ADVANCES IN CATTLE RATES

ON February 1, 1899, rates on cattle from Texas to the various markets of consumption were advanced two and a half cents per hundred pounds; on December 15 of the same year they were again advanced three cents per hundred pounds; and on March 5, 1903, there was a third advance of three cents per hundred pounds. Advances were also made at various times from other regions west of the Missouri River and from the Texas breeding-pastures to the Northern ranges, aggregating from two to eight cents per hundred pounds. The Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas filed with the Commission a complaint attacking all these advances, and that complaint was made the subject of extended investigation.

Let the reader clearly apprehend the significance of the question at issue. Eight and one half cents per hundred pounds is about one twelfth of one cent per pound. If this increase in the transportation charge were borne entirely by the consumer, it could add to the cost of

beef upon his table only the fraction of a cent to the meal. As applied to the carload, its effect is more manifest. The ordinary loading of cattle is 22,000 pounds, so that the total advance from Texas points would amount to about eighteen dollars per car. This, while considerable, is not a large sum. It is only by turning to the aggregate result that the true importance of these advances is appreciated. The exact amount cannot be stated, but it can be affirmed with confidence that the advances put in issue by this complaint would yield to the carriers from three to five millions of dollars per annum. But even this does not convey a correct idea of the real meaning of the increase. The value of a railroad depends upon the net result of its operations. An increase in rate, other conditions remaining equal, adds so much to net revenue. Railway securities at the present time sell, perhaps, upon a four-per-cent. basis. A permanent addition of four millions of dollars to the net income of these railroads means an addition of one hundred millions of dollars to the value of the properties themselves.

ADVANCES MADE BY AGREEMENT

THE manner of making the advances should also be noted. While there are several independent lines which transport cattle from Texas to the Northern markets, it appeared that these advances had been made as the result of concerted action. The traffic officials of these railways had imposed this additional charge without consultation with the shippers and against their protest.

This is an actual, not a supposititious, case, and, in view of it, what says the President? That there shall be a tribunal which can hear these parties and determine their rights. That tribunal shall be fair; but it must have power to administer an adequate remedy. If it finds the present rate too high, it shall determine what would be reasonable and compel the carriers to change their tariffs accordingly. No, declares the railway; there shall be no tribunal with power to change this rate, no matter how unjust it is. It must be left to our unrestrained discretion to determine what that rate shall be. No government tribunal can justly hear and determine that question.

But why? What is there in this question which cannot be understood? What were the reasons alleged by the railways for these advances? The first was that the old rate was not sufficient to cover the cost of moving the business. That is an operating, not a traffic, question. Certainly it involves nothing which an intelligent man, familiar with railroad operations and constantly engaged in hearing similar cases, cannot fully understand and appreciate. It was alleged, secondly, that cost of operation had increased, and that therefore the rate might properly be increased. The complainants admitted that most of the items which went into the cost of operation had advanced in price, but insisted that this was more than offset by the great increase in traffic, so that the actual expense to the railway of moving a ton of freight to-day was less than formerly, while the number of tons moved was much greater. This is another operating question which certainly is not beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind. The railways said, in the third place, that the country was prosperous, and that they were entitled to share in this general prosperity, to which the complainants made answer: Whatever may be the condition of the country, the cattle industry is prostrate; while your profits have enormously increased, ours have shrunk to nothing. This issue, again, is one about which the traffic men had no exclusive knowledge, and upon which the shipper was entitled to be heard.

I have stated these issues at some length so that the reader may judge for himself. The reasonableness of railway rates presents a most perplexing problem, but the difficulty arises rather from the absence of a standard of comparison than from inability to understand and apply the considerations which should govern.

NO ATTACK ON RAILWAY REVENUES

It is said that if this law were enacted every rate in the country might be complained of and reduced, and that this would so diminish the revenues of the railways as to cripple their operations and impair their securities.

Every rate might certainly be attacked and, if found excessive, reduced. There is no probability that this would be done.

Nothing could be more foolish than to impair unjustly the revenues of our railroads, and what warrant is there for assuming that a government tribunal would, in defiance of law, be guilty of such folly? It ill becomes the representatives of our railways to put forth this suggestion. What manner of man is that who assert in one breath that he is fair enough to determine without restraint what the public shall pay him, and in the next, that a branch of the government sworn to judge fairly between him and the public will confiscate his property?

But even if this tribunal were foolish enough and wicked enough to make the attempt, it could not succeed. The Federal Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, declares that no legislature and no commission can impose upon any railway a schedule of rates which does not yield a fair return upon its investment. This protection is not a fanciful one; it has been several times invoked and exercised.

ARE THERE NO "UNREASONABLE RATES"?

The railways assert that this right to reduce a rate which has been found unreasonable is of little consequence, since there are to-day in this country no unreasonable rates. Numerous witnesses testified before the Senate Committee that there was no complaint of unreasonable rates. This is a matter of fact which I wish to deny in the most emphatic manner possible. The most serious complaints which have come to the Commission in recent years have been directed against the inherent unreasonableness of rates. I have said elsewhere, and I repeat here, with full knowledge of the meaning of the statement, that within the last three years the Interstate Commerce Commission has investigated complaints against the unreasonableness of the rate,—complaints attacking generally an advance and sometimes a second or a third advance,—in which the amounts fairly in issue would build and equip every railroad in my native New England.

A SUBTLE AND ALL-PERVADING TAX

No other tax is so subtle and all-pervading as the railroad rate. It enters into the cost of every commodity, it lays trib-

ute upon every activity of life; and yet so unobtrusive is its action that he who finally pays it is hardly aware of that fact. In no other manner can the fruits of monopoly be so safely gathered. One mill per mile added to the passenger fare of all the passengers carried by our railroads for the year ending June 30, 1904, would add to the revenues of these railroads \$21,923,213; an increase of one cent per hundred pounds in the freight rate for the same year would have increased their revenues by \$128,336,109. It is the right to impose this tax without legal restraint, with all the tremendous financial, social, political power which that right carries, for which the railways are expending millions in this contest.

But while this is in fact the vital thing, it is kept as much as possible in the background. The white-sheeted specter which stalks through the editorial columns of railway newspapers, and enters the deliberations of commercial organizations, is not the absolute, but the relative, rate. Shall a "political commission" determine the rates which one community shall enjoy in comparison with some other community? This is the feature which is most dwelt upon in these discussions and which gives rise to most doubt.

Here again it is important to understand at the outset just what the proposition is. I can best illustrate this by a simple diagram.



A and B are points of production, either communities or individual plants; C is a point of consumption. So long as the railroad leading from A to C is independent of the railroad leading from B to C, the government has nothing to say as to the relative rate; but if both lines are owned and operated by the same company, the relative rate from A to C as compared with the rate from B to C is subject to adjustment. So long as there can be competition, each community and each industry must take its chances in the competitive struggle; but when competition has ceased, when some single will dominates that situation, then the government may interfere to prevent injustice. It is not proposed to destroy competition, but to prevent the abuse of monopoly.

FREE TO MEET LOCAL CONDITIONS

THE railways urge that their traffic officials are better acquainted with the conditions of the communities they serve, that they better understand their needs, better appreciate their commercial conditions, and are therefore better fitted to name the rates for these communities than any government tribunal. All this is certainly true. A railroad can manage its own business much more intelligently, and understands the territory which it serves vastly better, than any government official can. For these reasons, as well as for the further reason that the private capital invested should be given a free hand as far as may be, the railways should be allowed to name their own rates, to develop their business, to meet the wants of their patrons. President Roosevelt has expressly said that, in his opinion, these rates should be first made by the railways themselves. But if, after they have been fixed, a community conceives that it is unjustly dealt with, if a particular shipper asserts that his business has been sacrificed to that of his competitor or to the self-interest of the railway, what then? Must he submit without appeal, or shall there be some tribunal where he can be heard and his rights adjudicated? I can best illustrate this by another actual case, and will select once more the last complaint of this character upon which the Commission has reported.

A RECENT CASE IN ILLUSTRATION

THE State of Texas consumes more corn than it raises, and it obtains this surplus from the corn-bearing regions of the Middle West. Large quantities of this corn are ground before being consumed. It is evident that if the freight rate on corn and corn-meal is the same from the point of production on the Missouri River to Texas, the grinding may be done at either place; but if the rate on corn-meal is materially higher than the rate on corn, then the corn will of necessity be taken to Texas and ground there. In other words, the relation between these rates determines whether the mill shall be located on the Missouri River or in the State of Texas.

In most parts of the country rates on corn and the products of corn are the

same, so that the process of manufacture is possible at almost any point where natural conditions permit; but for some reason there has obtained for a long time a differential of three cents per hundred pounds from the Missouri River to Texas points in favor of corn,—that is, the rate on meal has been three cents higher than the rate on the raw article. Under this adjustment of rates, corn has been freely ground both in Texas and in Kansas.

In the early spring of 1905 this difference was made nine cents instead of three cents. Since the profit in grinding corn does not exceed from one to three cents per hundred pounds, this change in rates absolutely prohibited the manufacture of meal at the Northern mills. Complaint was made to the Commission, the matter was investigated, and the following facts appeared:

Texas has a railroad commission which establishes the rates applicable within the borders of that State. That commission had given notice in the early part of 1905 that it would hear shippers upon the proposition of reducing rates on corn and the products of corn. The railways of Texas felt that the millers were likely to appear and insist upon this reduction, and that unless they did appear, no one else probably would. Thereupon they approached these Texas millers, saying to them: You desire a wider differential between corn and corn-meal; we wish to prevent the reduction of Texas rates; now if you millers will agree not to appear before the Texas Commission and demand this reduction, we upon our part will increase the differential from three cents to nine cents. This bargain was struck. The Texas millers did not appear, and the railroads did increase the differential.

It has been intimated that this particular injustice will be corrected by restoring the original differential. But the question is not whether this particular wrong has been righted by grace of those who committed it, but whether similar wrongs can be, and should be, corrected by law. Many recommendations of the Interstate Commerce Commission are followed to-day which, in the ordinary state of public opinion, would receive scant attention. I ask the reader whether there is anything in the nature of this case which cannot be intelligently understood and

passed upon by a body of men chosen for that purpose and dealing continually with these questions, even though their souls have never been attuned to the harmonies of rate-making in a railroad freight office? Shall the miller of the Missouri River be heard before his property is confiscated in the self-interest of the railways, and will it afflict this country with commercial paresis if the government lays its hand on performances of that character?

The fixing of a differential is a question which, in the very nature of things, admits of no exact solution. So long as it can be left to the determination of competitive conditions, that should be done, but when it has come to pass that there is no competition, when it must and does rest in the breast of some one man to say where business shall be done and by whom it shall be done, then, and to that extent only, it is safer and better that this power should be lodged in a disinterested representative of the government than that it should be left solely to the interested determination of the railway.

ANOTHER CASE

To this proposition that the traffic official can alone be safely trusted to protect the business interests in his territory, and that any interference with his decree means business disaster, let me cite one more case,—this again the last one of its kind which the Commission has considered.

The Fairmont coal district in the State of West Virginia extends some twenty-five miles north and south by sixteen miles east and west, and contains at the present time seventy or eighty coal operations. The Red Rock Coal Company has recently purchased and owns four thousand acres of coal-bearing lands which it desires to work. For that purpose it has begun the construction of a tippie and has opened to some extent its mine. It applied to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for a switch connection such as are allowed to the other mines in that district, which was refused upon the ground that there were already too many mines in operation. It appeared, upon investigation, that it is the policy of that railroad company not to permit the opening of other mines, and that several applications previous to that of this company

have been declined in obedience to that policy.

It further appeared that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was itself, directly or indirectly, the owner of a majority in capacity of the coal operations in that district. In the year 1904 seventy per cent. of all the coal produced and shipped out was by mines owned or directly controlled by that railroad company. What this company does, therefore, is to say that neither the four thousand acres of the Red Rock Company nor the lands of any other company shall be put upon the market as a coal proposition in competition with its own mines.

When it is insisted that this Red Rock Company shall have some tribunal before which its rights can be determined and enforced, the railway makes this answer: The feelings of those gentlemen are not, perhaps, unnatural, but really they fail to grasp the actual situation. These traffic problems can be dealt with only by traffic experts. We have in our employ one hundred clerks whose entire time is devoted to the making of rates. Many of them have grown old in that service. Some of them are paid large salaries,—why, several traffic officials in this country receive as much as \$50,000 per year! If you permit a government commission to lay its rude hand upon this delicate piece of mechanism, a universal crash must follow.

MONOPOLY OF BITUMINOUS COAL

It requires no expert to foretell what will happen in this case unless some restraining influence is imposed upon the operations of this traffic machinery. The Baltimore and Ohio already owns three fourths of the mines in operation in the Fairmont district. If that company can decline such applications as that of the Red Rock Coal Company, it can presently own at its own price all the coal-bearing lands of that district; and when that happens, the social problem is one degree more difficult than it is now. The Pennsylvania Railroad to-day controls, with some assistance from the New York Central, the transportation of most of the bituminous coal which reaches tide-water at Norfolk and north upon the Atlantic seaboard. It will, if this process continues, control not only the transportation, but the coal itself.

ANTHRACITE COAL MONOPOLY

THE same result is being worked out with bituminous coal which in the last few years has been effected in the case of anthracite coal. Three or four railroad companies now have a practical monopoly of all the anthracite in the eastern part of the United States, and they have acquired and are maintaining that monopoly through their ability to regulate the supply. Note the financial result of these operations in the anthracite field.

The company most interested and most affected is the Reading, a control of whose stock is now owned by the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. This is written October 13, 1905. Seven years ago, October 13, 1898, the stocks of the Reading Company were worth at the market price on that day, in round numbers, thirty-one millions of dollars. To-day those same stocks are worth one hundred and fifty-three millions of dollars, an increase of one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars in amount—almost four hundred per cent.

There are three other railroad companies with which anthracite coal may be said to be of the essence of things, and these are the Delaware and Hudson, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and the Lehigh Valley. The comparative market value of the stocks of those companies upon the dates above named on the basis of \$100 shares was as follows:

	1898	1905
Delaware and Hudson	\$104	\$220
Lehigh Valley	40	145
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western	148	489

It would appear that while these astute traffic gentlemen are looking after the interests of the country, they are not entirely oblivious of their own.

The railways assert that the adoption of the President's policy would dry up the fountains of industry.

The industry which our famous captains of industry have most assiduously cultivated in the last eight years has been the creation and exploitation of monopoly, and in no field have these operations been so extensive or so profitable as among the railroads. A proper enforcement of such a law as the President recommends might

perhaps somewhat diminish the fountains of that industry; no legitimate industry could be affected.

RAILWAY RATES NOT A COMMODITY

It is earnestly urged against the proposed policy that railway rates are the product of commercial forces and competitive conditions; that you can no more fix the price of transportation than you can fix the price of other commodities, and that to do so would be as disastrous in the transportation world as the artificial fixing of prices would be in the business world. Having conclusively shown that railway rates can be made only by ability of the highest order, these gentlemen now proceed to show with equal conclusiveness that railway rates are not made at all. My space is exhausted, and I can only indicate the answer to this proposition.

A railway is a business enterprise. Its revenues come from its traffic. Without traffic it has no revenue and yields no return. Its transportation charges must, therefore, be so adjusted as to develop its business,—such that its lumber can move from its forests, its coal from its mines, its iron from its furnaces. The self-interest of the railway often compels it to establish rates, in order that its traffic may move, which are lower than would be fixed by any government tribunal invested with that authority. Laying hold on this undoubted truth, the opponents of railway regulation insist that the self-interest of the railway is ample protection to the shipper, since the rate will not be so advanced as to interfere with the movement of the traffic.

It is certainly true that this principle is an important one in its application to railway operation, and that it has exercised a highly salutary influence upon the development of the resources of our country. It is a most substantial reason why railways should be given the initiative in the making of their rates; but it does not afford adequate protection against the imposition of unjust rates, for the reason that the rate may be too high and the traffic still move.

Consider once more our cattle case. Here was an advance of twenty-five per cent. in cattle rates to market—an addition of four millions of dollars annually to the

revenues of those railroads and a hundred millions to the value of their properties. And yet the testimony in that case shows that its effect upon the movement of the traffic was comparatively slight. The amount of loss through reduction in tonnage was as nothing compared with the gain through increase in the net revenues.

Will the astute traffic manager kill the hen which lays the golden egg? No; but if the animal is confided to his exclusive custody, he may appropriate all the eggs, and he certainly will appropriate more than his share.

MARKET COMPETITION DISAPPEARING

MARKET competition is much in evidence in these discussions, and the relative rate on cotton piece-goods from New England mills as compared with that from Southern mills has often been referred to as an illustration.

Until a comparatively recent period cotton cloth was mostly manufactured in New England, but in later years cotton-mills have sprung up in the South. This cloth, whether woven in New England or in the South, is largely consumed in the Middle West, of which Chicago may be taken as a type. The Southern mill in its infancy said to the railroads which connected it with Chicago: We must have a low rate to help us against our established competitors in New England. As the Southern mill waxed strong, the New England mill appealed to its railroads, saying: Our rate must be reduced to protect us against the competition of the Southern mill, whose raw material, whose power, whose labor, is cheaper than ours. Thus the railroads from New England to Chicago were placed in competition with those from the South to the same point. This seems to be what is meant by market competition, and there is not the slightest doubt that this form of competition did force down the rate on cotton piece-goods, and that in numberless other instances it has exercised a marked effect in the reduction of rates. Under present conditions, however, this kind of competition is rapidly diminishing, and bids fair well-nigh to cease, as the following considerations will show:

The present rate on cotton cloth to Chicago is sixty-five cents per hundred pounds*

from New England and fifty-five cents from the Carolinas. The rougher kinds of this material run from two to six yards to the pound. A variation of five or ten cents in the freight rate produces a very slight difference in the price. No reduction in rates can reduce the selling price of this commodity sufficiently to affect materially the amount sold. In other words, a lowering of the freight rate does not increase the total tonnage, but simply determines whether that tonnage shall pass over the rails from New England or from the South. This creates a highly competitive condition so long as the lines of railroad are independent; but when the same man owns both, it is a matter of comparative indifference to him whether the tonnage moves via one route or the other, and the competition which formerly tended to reduce the rate no longer exists. This is exactly what has happened and is happening in all parts of the country. Where there is not absolute identity of ownership in the railways serving different markets, that ownership is so concentrated that it has become possible for the owners of different properties to sit down in conference and determine that "suicidal competition" shall no longer prevail. With notable exceptions, market competition can no longer be relied upon either to reduce rates or to prevent their advance.

It is urged that the system of rate-making now in vogue has in the past developed our resources to an unprecedented degree, and has brought about an extremely low average of rates; and it is asked why the same results may not be expected in the future, and whether it is not folly to substitute a different system. The answer is twofold.

First. It is not proposed to substitute a different system. The railways will make their rates in exactly the same manner that they have, and will have precisely the same inducement to make low rates. Railways develop the resources of a country by reducing, not by advancing, their transportation charges, and they will still be as free to make those reductions for that purpose as they ever have been.

RAILWAY COMBINATIONS

SECOND. Within recent years conditions have radically changed, and this

makes more imperative the need of supervision. No longer ago than 1896, when I came to have a practical knowledge of these matters, there was the most active competition of all kinds in railway rates, and these competitive conditions continually tended to force down transportation charges. This is no longer true, owing mainly to the concentration of railway ownership and management. Last winter I caused to be compiled, mostly from the returns of railways to the Interstate Commerce Commission, a statement showing certain facts as to six of our great railway systems, from which it appeared that these six systems embraced fifty-five per cent. of the total railroad mileage, sixty per cent. of the railroad capital, and sixty-six per cent. of the railway gross receipts of the United States. If the six systems next in importance had been added to these, the twelve would have included all the important railway mileage in our country. The competition of nine years ago has almost gone, and what is left of it will speedily go.

As a result, rates upon almost every staple article—upon hay, upon grain and the products of grain, upon coal, upon lumber, upon live stock—have within the last five years been materially advanced. They are not being advanced now. They will not be advanced so long as this agitation continues. On the contrary, they are quite likely to be reduced as an object-lesson. But this concentration of control carries with it the ability to increase enormously the transportation charge, and that ability is certain to be exercised in the end. Human nature is not yet so good that it may be trusted to take just what belongs to it if it has the power to take more.

It is this concentration of control which stands out above everything else. In the face of it, the most conservative must reconsider his opinions. Whether these combinations are lawful or unlawful, they are here, and they cannot be dissolved. However desirable, competition in the railway rate is impossible. We have attempted to secure it by law, and have utterly failed.

The only way to regulate the railway rate is by laying hold on the rate itself. Some administrative body must be clothed with the power to determine and prescribe

for the future. That method of regulation is absolutely fair if the tribunal which exercises it is intelligent and just. Is it not the wise thing for all parties to recognize the conditions which exist, and to

join with the President in his attempt to provide a tribunal which can and will do justice between all parties? If the Interstate Commerce Commission is not such a body, let us have one that is.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

MANNERS, MIND, AND MONEY

THE manners of the "young person" of America have been so long a target for foreign criticism that it must be a wonder to our transatlantic friends that our older generation (who must once have been young) have anything admirable left, aside from the extraordinary energy which, with a little aid from natural resources, good crops, and a variety of climate, has given us a certain preëminence in material wealth. Manners are simply a refinement of amiability—"just the art of being kind," which, as Mrs. Wilcox says, "is all this sad world needs"—but note! an *art*. A prominent English student of the United States has said that, on the whole, Americans are the least cruel people in the world. The absence of cruelty may be said to be the passive principle of kindness, and a very good foundation on which to begin a structure of manners. But much remains to do if we are to attain to the fine art of social conduct—that supremacy of graciousness which is the bloom upon the fruit of the highest civilization. Without manners life becomes, under whatever glossy name, a vulgar scramble for the trough.

A fundamental principle of social intercourse is, within the range of self-respect, *deference*—not deference to the point of weak complaisance or obsequiousness, but consideration of each in the true measure of his worth or needs: deference to parents, to the aged, to women, to persons of real distinction, to guests—nay, to one of a casual encounter—the guest, as it were, of the passing moment. This is true humility, that Lost Pleiad of the virtues, and that may consist with the firmest

character. With the change of régimes and forms of government this code of deference changes its gradations, but it is as necessary to a democracy as to an empire.

Will any one say that, in this seething New World, in a flood of immigration such as never before has been witnessed, and in the sudden elevation to opportunity, through newly acquired wealth, of thousands who clamor for the "open door" of society, American manners are growing in refinement and charm? We yield to no one in loyalty to the admirable types of women and men which America produces; at their best there are none finer. What we are considering is the average. Nor are we now engaged with the kindergarten of society: the knowledge of how to enter or leave a drawing-room, or the passing of the small change of conversation, etc., things that may be taken either too seriously or not seriously enough. The main question is, Has our conception of society kept pace with our opportunities, or has it fallen behind? Have we, for instance, the French esteem for things intellectual, by which a writer or artist of distinction, or a great scientist, takes precedence of the merely rich? Is the man who serves the state faithfully, whether in or out of office, as welcome, his social acceptability being equal, as the polished manipulator of great financial enterprises? We need not go across the ocean for traditions of a society ruled by the higher types of mind and taste. Cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, New Orleans, St. Louis, each in its individual way, were once conspicuous in the cultivation of what we now know as old-time gentility. They had then as now a firmly

drawn line of exclusion; but is it to-day as inimical to the purse-proud, or the scheming promoter, or the vulgar rich?

Not until after the present unsettled era of prosperity shall have been succeeded by the repose of normal conditions will society be in the way of discovering and remedying the glaring defects that deprive it of the power which should belong to it.

FICTION IN AMERICA

THE art of fiction, which holds such immense possibilities of method and content, has been much abused of late, and not least in America, where a successful popular appeal means such enormous financial rewards. Not only from such accomplished hands and under such established fames as those of Howells and James, but from other hands of skill, appears now and then an American novel which proves anew the growing power of our native literature to deal with native subjects in the highest spirit of art.

The brain which years ago gave to our fiction what promises to be accepted as a classic historical novel, American in scene and sentiment, has lately put forth a novel whose time is the period just after our great civil contention—a novel as artistic in large construction as it is satisfying in literary detail, as fine and true and soundly ethical in foundation as it is admirably written. To the fashioning of the story of "Constance Trescot" Dr. Mitchell brought not merely the special knowledge of what may be called the practical psychologist, but the skilled, conscientious, and fortunate touch of the literary artist. It is a story of fate, a story of the tragedy not only of social and political situation but of inherited and natural disposition and character; and it is a veracious picture of American life in the time and circumstances depicted. Its author knew well the period in which his tragedy was placed, the currents of opinion, and the deep memories which dominated districts, groups, and individuals. But his material, the fact behind the fiction, was never subversive of the art of imaginative narration.

Another veracious picture of the time and circumstances depicted is Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth." Those who should regard it as a complete represen-

tation of the American society of our own period would be much misled. It reflects, of course, only a fragment of that society,—it may be, only a possible group in that society,—which, like all other large societies, has its good and its bad, whereas here there is not much besides the bad. If as a report of fact the book has a fault, it is in giving so little hint of the better side, for it would seem almost impossible for so few elements of that better side to have crossed the existence of the group here so delicately and vitally set forth. But the book is what it is by thoughtful intention; it reports that which is true, and it does so with remorseless accuracy, the ease of an expert, and the wit, vividness, unwastefulness, of a master of expression. It has the finished detail of the Dutch or Japanese painter, and it has, too, the large effect of those artists. It has the moral basis of Hawthorne, and it is as free as Hawthorne from inartistic and intrusive preaching.

In substance Mrs. Wharton's book has timely importance, for if our insurance revelations show how our rich men grow rich and richer, "The House of Mirth" shows how some of them spend their riches—in that section of our society that is barren of character and of noble effort and association, and that is bent only upon amusement which tends not to happiness, and upon luxury which is close to the sensual; a society preposterously intent, when at home in America, upon an exclusive association with and circulation among its own ineffable inanities.

In the Old World there are social groups as vivid and vulgar as those of "The House of Mirth," but a story of their happenings would probably be relieved by some background of historic charm, some hint at least of names of persons, places, or things associated with great accomplishment. In choosing to show us, in the present work, the poorer phases of our social life, the author has been unflinching in portraying their utter emptiness and vanity. But one great interest in reading a work like this is that it suggests the possibilities of further accurate and masterly dramas of American life by the same hand, and by other hands similarly skilled and inspired.

For the art of "Constance Trescot" and of "The House of Mirth" is tonic

and exemplary both in its ethical soundness as affecting the public that reads, and in its upholding of noble artistic standards in the minds of the people, and in the

consciences of the tellers of tales. Good books—good artistically and good ethically—increase the demand for good books, and fortunately the supply also.

OPEN LETTERS

"Saving California's Fruit Crops"

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SEARCH FOR PARASITES

Postscript (see page 581)

THROUGH the courtesy of the Hon. Ellwood Cooper, Commissioner of Horticulture of California and a leader in this movement since it was first undertaken in the State, I am able to give herewith extracts from a letter from Mr. George Compere, written to the commissioner from Hongkong, China, under dates of September 18 and 30, 1905. Mr. Compere's letter suggests the difficulties under which the work of securing these enemies of insect pests is carried on in foreign lands. He says:

"Since I wrote you last I have visited Macao, Canton, and other places in that direction. I think I can safely say that I have now the parasite which will result in the destruction of the red and purple scales [two scales which, unless checked, menace citrus fruits in California]. It is, however, difficult to find either scale unpunctured by the parasite. At Chin San, a small Chinese city some miles from Macao, I found two small rose-plants in pots standing in the private garden of the late Low Hang. This garden was for years one of the finest flower-gardens in the south of China. Upon one plant there was considerable red scale, while the other had but few: but upon this scale I found at work one of the most peculiar chalcid flies that I have yet met with; on the other, a small yellow species. Am sending specimens [microscopic] of both. I purchased the plants and have them now on my roof-garden here, where the little parasites are to be seen at work upon the scale. In another garden I found a shade-tree in pot, which contained a few specimens of live red scale and also a few purple ones. This I also have upon my roof and will send by this steamer, and you may be able to secure a few of each parasite.

"From Macao I returned here and at once started for Canton, as in that district there are thousands of orange-trees. But not a single live scale was I able to find there, and the

same on the Hoo Nan side of the river. But there I found again what I once saw here at Hongkong, the small grayish, mottled chalcid fly which I think is the true parasite of the purple scale. This parasite was noticed at work upon the purple scale infesting a small orange-tree in pot at one of the gardens on the Hoo Nan side of the river. I secured this tree and now have it placed between the two trees which you sent.

"From Canton I returned here and at once left again for Macao, as there was a large garden there, belonging to the Portuguese governor, which contained many orange-trees and which I had been unable to gain access to on my first visit here. I failed to find a single live red or purple scale after looking over every tree and plant in the whole garden.

"September 30.—Since I wrote the above I have visited Swatow and Chou Choo Fu, and experienced the worst trip of my life. Swatow itself has no 'gardens or orchards, but is the shipping port of Chou Choo Fu, a very fine agricultural section situated thirty miles inland. From Chou Choo Fu to the nearest orange-groves is twelve miles. It was impossible for me to find any scale-infested trees in any of the orchards. Seldom was even a single scale met with. Yet every species of scale-insects known to attack citrus fruits or trees is to be found there.

"Finding it was impossible to obtain enough scale in the orchard from which to rear parasites, I turned my attention to the private gardens in the towns. In one garden I found an orange-tree in pot infested with purple and many other species of scales and other insects, with the parasites at work upon the purple as well as the other species. This tree I secured, and you will know it by its being packed in the case you shipped the two trees in. In another garden I found a sago-palm tree well infested with the purple scale, and the species of parasites at work upon it. It also contained some red scale, with the yellow parasite at work upon it. This mottled parasite of the purple scale is

very difficult to detect with the naked eye, owing to its color being so much like that of the scale.

"To secure this palm-tree was not an easy matter, it being one of a pair standing on each side of the front-door steps, and the owner did not at first want to part with it under any circumstances. But when I finally offered him a five-dollar bill (Mex.) he changed his mind and let me have it. In another garden I found another old sago-palm tree growing in the open ground, the lower leaves of which were thickly covered with red scale and thousands of the little yellow parasites at work. Owing to its size and age, I could not have the tree dug up, but I cut every infested leaf off and the half I am sending with this. If they reach you in anything like good condition, you should have no difficulty in obtaining thousands of parasites from them. All told, there are seven packages, five of which will have to be placed upon the manifest. One small package contains two species of *Novius* and a few slides, together with a little wild-pear seed.

"The greatest precaution must be taken in the handling of the trees I am sending, as they are attacked by about every species of insects known which attack the citrus-trees, as well as fungi. They should be kept in a closed room under lock and key. The packing and boxes should be burned at once, as the boxes are infested with white ants. And I would advise that, as soon as you secure a stock of the parasites from the trees, the trees be burned up also.

"I am at present in a bad fix in send-

ing things from here to Australia, owing to the blockade of the Suez Canal by a sunken steamer, which will not be cleared out for five or six weeks. There is no chance to send via Colombo, and the boats going direct to Sydney from here have very poor cold-storage accommodations. Having only a very limited stock of the Macao red-scale parasites, and no possibility of finding any more this season, and there being so much need of it both in California and Australia, I have made up my mind to leave here on October 4, with the insects, for Sydney, and breed them on the way upon the infested palm-leaves. From Sydney I can send them north to Perth with safety. . . . It is all very well to visit Chinese seaport towns, but in a region where you seldom see any Europeans it is another matter. One takes his life in his hands by going alone to these out-of-the-way places. The better class of the Chinese are a fine race of people and treat you well, but when you get among the coolies in the country districts you are not safe a moment."

The trees of which Mr. Compere writes, bearing the parasites of these two dangerous scales, reached San Francisco in good condition and were placed in the breeding-cases to await the issuance of the parasites. The balance of nature, by Mr. Compere's report, is well maintained in the Chinese districts where the scale and the parasite are found together, and there appears to be no reason why the distribution of the parasites over the infested regions of California should not result in the control of the pest.

W. S. Harwood.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Uncle Sam to his Best Girl

NOTE. The Yankee school-marm has become a power in the Philippines.

HERE 'S to the best of my very best—
To the girl with the spirit to
Pull out from the old things of the West
And go to the East and the new;
To take to the youth of the Orient
Her Yankee ways and the heart
To teach them what
A kid has got
To tackle to get a start.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

Her scepter 's a switch, and where she rules
The little and big must obey;
She bosses the best in the white man's schools,
And the yellow must come her way.
She will show to the kids of the Orient
The paths in which they should tread;
And if they shy,
Her switch will fly
Till their yellow skins are red.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

She steps straight out, prepared to go forth
In her country's cause and its name;

She comes from the South, she comes from
the North,
But she 's Yankee just the same;
And she goes to the far-off Philippines
With her mind made up to guide
Those Philippine youth
To the light and truth,
Or take it out of their hide.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

William J. Lampton.

The Testimony

It has been demonstrated that docking a horse's tail
is a painless operation. *Daily paper.*

THEN up stepped Reggie Toodlekins, the
celebrated whip,
Who 's tooled the good coach *Tally-ho* on
many a summer trip;
He bowed before the jury and he smiled
upon the judge,
And when they asked, "Does docking
hurt?" he answered them, "Oh, fudge!
"I 've driven sixteen hundred steeds and
every one was docked,—
Indeed, had they been otherwise, e'en they
would have been shocked,—
And I assure you—'pon my word, I 'll
gladly swear to it—
I never felt the slightest pain, not e'en a
tiny bit!"

Then up rose Pauline Vandergold, the
sporting heiress maid,
Who gazed upon the jury with a blue eye
unafraid.

"Does docking hurt?" She giggled then.
"Excuse me if I smile,
But really that 's the funniest thing I 've
heard in quite a while.

"I 've thirty horses in my stalls, O Mr. Law-
yer-man,
And banded is every tail of them from Jessie
V. to Dan;
And though I 've lived among them since
'way back in '93,
Not one of all my equine pets has e'er
complained to me."

Then up spake Mike O'Shaughnessy, a
fresh-faced stable-boy—
A corner he in freckles, with a brogue
without alloy.

"Doos dockin' hur-ur-rt? Will, Oi din-naw!"
he added with a cough;
"Oi niver hod a tail meself, so no wan 's cut
it off.

"If Oi'd your job, your honor, judge, a-sittin'
in the chair,
And yours, O jury gintlemin, a-frownin'
over there,

Wid such a ca-ase for sittlemint, Oi rather
t'ink moi course
Would be to l'ave dood witnesss, an' go
an' ashk the horse."

John Kendrick Bangs.

'Lasses an' Buttermilk

DERE 's two things dat we useter hab
Endurin' slave'y time
Dat I ain't neber had none like—
Ha! but dey sho was prime!

De fust was good thick buttermilk,
Right fresh from out de churn:
Ol' mis' was mighty 'ticular
About de tas'e er hern.

An' 'lasses was de udder thing—
An' good! Well, I should say!
I'd give five yehs from off my life
Fo' some er hit to-day.

Dey useter cut de sugah-cane
Right dere on marster's place,
An' I ain't had no 'lasses since
Dat had dat ol'-time tas'e.

Dey say de streets er heaben flow
Wid milk an' honey sweet,
An' some folks think dat dem two things
Are mighty hard to beat.

But I cyan't keep from hopin' dat
At leas' one street will flow
Wid 'lasses an' fresh buttermilk
Like dat er long ago.

Eloise Lee Sherman.

Progress

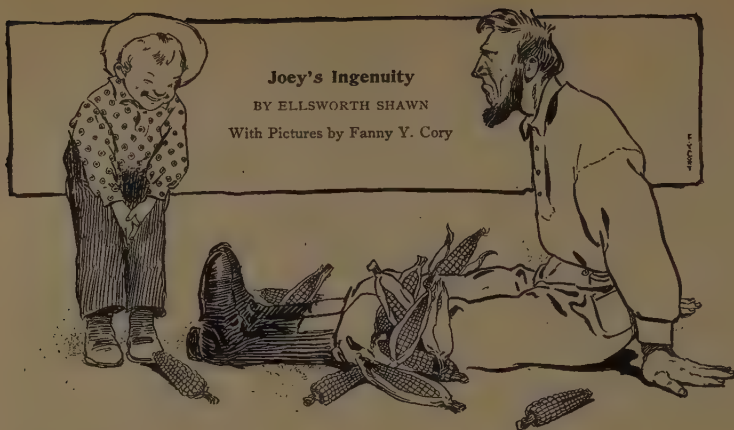
TRIUMPHANT ART! Proudly we see to-day
Thy colored pictures in the magazines;
Perfervid pigments vividly portray
The atmosphere of realistic scenes.

Here note a maid, with rich plum-colored
cheek,
Plucking red-flannel roses from a tree;
Green and vermilion clouds with feeling reek,
And pale-pink ships float in an ocher sea.

Again, behold in violet evening dress
A youth beneath an orange chandelier;
His light-green face aglow with happiness,
He murmurs in his love's magenta ear.

What matter, then, the lithographic slips
Which show a bright-green blossom
scarlet-leaved,
Or crimson teeth laughing 'twixt pure white
lips,
Since color-process pictures we 've
achieved?

Carolyn Wells.



Joey's Ingenuity

BY ELLSWORTH SHAWN

With Pictures by Fanny Y. Cory

"WHAR 's the liniment, maw?" inquired Farmer Mullins, peevishly, as he limped through the kitchen doorway. "Drat that thar boy!" he went on, without waiting for a reply; "he 's jest railroaded this here farm purty nigh ter death. I don't dare to put him to plowin' but he 'll go a-tootin' the team ercrost the field, ner let him drive the waggin, fer sure 's I do he 'll begin his infernal railroadin'. Fust he 'll walk the pole to the hosses' heads an' jump kerslap out in front uv 'em, run eroun' an' step up by the hub uv a wheel. Says he 's practisin' to be a brakeman. Everythin' 's railroad! I wish ter gracious we 'd never seed or hearn tell uv a railroad! Fust they come's right through here an' takes forty acres uv my best timber, an' never says 'Thank yer.' I tried to law 'em, but I 'd 'a' been a mighty sight richer if I had n't. Now, 's if to rub salt into my sore, here 's Joey a-wantin' to railroad me everywhar."

Ezra paused as if expecting a word of sympathy from his good wife Betsy; but the gentle-faced partner of his hardships only smiled, as if to say, "That's the same old story, Ezra," but she did n't voice it.

The childless Mullinses had taken little Joey Perkins from the Orphans' Home mission, and, although the farmer made a desperate fuss about Joey's misdirected energy, it was a common subject for dispute among the country folk as to whether Ezra or his wife lavished the greater amount of affection upon the little waif.

There had been an added importance noticeable in Ezra's step since the day little Joey was brought home and safely deposited upon the big four-poster bed in the best room. And it was "maw" this and "paw" that between Ezra and Betsy all day long. They were determined to make up for that seventeen years of paternal and maternal yearning.

Joey had grown some, and was bright, good-natured, and winning, but sorely afflicted with a budding genius for "railroading" and the invention of contrivances of more than doubtful utility.

"This mornin'," the farmer continued, as if determined to have his say out, "'stead uv carryin' the corn to the hog lot, what must Joey do but beg me to try his railroad, a dern riggin' he 'd fixed up with a lot uv planks, a passel uv wheels an' gear f'om a' ole thrashin'-machine, an' a' ole sleigh body. The fool thing did look reasonabul, specially when that boy 'd go over the p'int's with that oily tongue o' hisn. I got so almighty interusted in the cantankerous thing I plumb forgot Joey was a-makin' me carry corn up to the loft to load the train with. That was harder 'n carryin' it to the hog lot.

"Well, when we got the car full uv corn I was more excited 'n Joey was.

"Now, Paw Mullins," says he, "you 'll haf to set on top uv these bags to keep 'em steady, an' you 'll get there in a jiffy."

"Betsy, have you ever noticed anything wrong with me—anything like mental lapses er moral lapses, what the preacher tells about? Huh? Well, I must 'a' had a whole litter uv lapses when I was a-gettin' on that murderin' railroad. Blame fool that I was, I did n't even ast Joey why he did n't ride it himself—an' him so all-fired fond uv ridin', too.

"Then Joey hesays, 'Now, Paw Mullins, hol' tight with both han's, an' when you 're ready say, "All aboard," an' I 'll cut the rope; if she goes too fast, put on the brake.'

"All aboard," says I, an' then somethin' give 'way. I knowed I 'd been caught like a rat in a trap the minute the dern thing started, but ther I was an' ther I had ter stay; er break my neck by jumpin'. I tried to put on the brake, an' that 's where I showed my low forrad. The cussed thing jest bucked like one uv

them trick ponies at the Wil' West Show, an' kerchunk I went through the trussel, with every tarnation bag on top uv me.

"When I got out uv the wreck and looked back ter the barn, Joey he was a-holdin' both han's ter his stummick an' a-actin' like he had cramps. Purty soon here he comes a-runnin' down, an' when he gets me outen the wreck he says, 'Paw Mullins, that brake are no good.' 'It's too almighty good,' says I, rubbin' my shins. 'Come here an' shoulder a sack uv this here corn, an' stop yer gosh blame railroadin'.'

"Afore we 'd done feedin' the hogs, Joey he was a-splainin' ter me how we could fix up the clothes-line f'om the house to the barn, an' by usin' a pulley an' buckets save carryin' water to the horses. 'Joey,' says I, 'that sounds mighty like railroadin'.' But he said it was only a simple labor-savin' device. 'So was yer hog-feedin' railroad,' says I.

"Joey seed I warn't to be moved, an' give it up. He's a natural-born inventor, that boy is, an' he's got more bright p'intn than a new-filed whip-saw; but he'll have to practise an' 'speriment on somebody else."

While Betsy was soaking a bandage with liniment, Joey came in, his bright little face alight with the importance of his latest inven-

tion. "We don't haf to carry no water to the horses no more," he announced as he sidled toward Betsy. Forgetful of her husband's bruises, Betsy clasped the little towhead to her bosom.

At the sound of Joey's voice, Ezra gave a sudden start as though some one had touched a bruised spot on his body or a tender one in his memory.

"What hev ye done now, Joey?" he inquired uneasily, turning to get a better light on the young wizard's face.

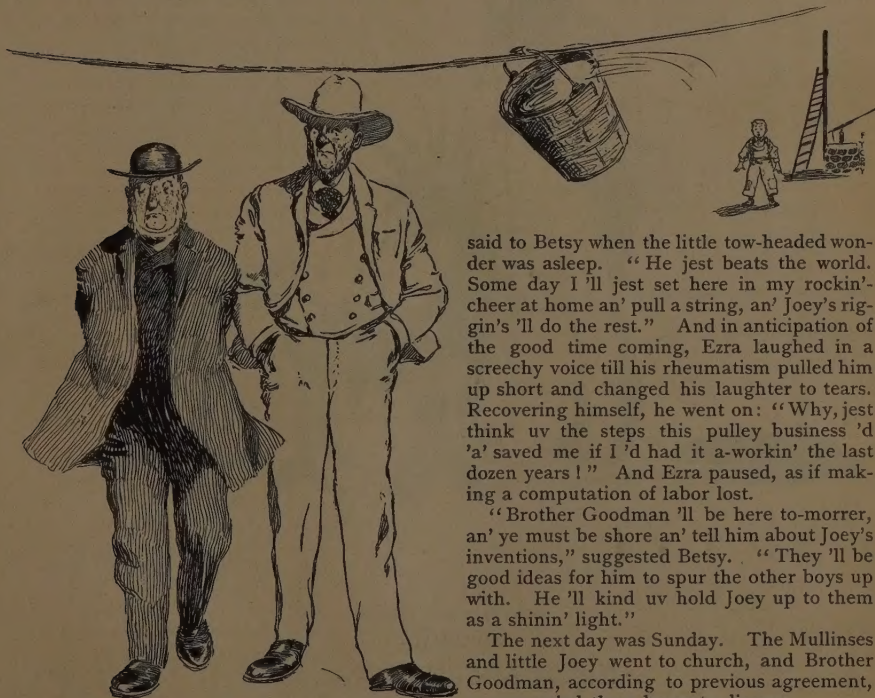
"I've done put up the clothes-line an' pulley," said Joey, in his most persuasive tone, "an' tested it; sent six buckets uv water to the trough at the barn an' never spilt a drop."

"The dickens ye did!" exclaimed Ezra, suddenly alive with interest and admiration, forgetting all former lessons. "An' how do she work, Joey?"

"Jest come here an' see, paw," and Joey eagerly led the way to the well, Ezra limping after him.

The demonstration was doubtless a complete success, for at supper-time the simple farmer was enthusiastic in his praises of Joey's ingenuity.

"My, but I'm glad we got that boy!" he



"THEY HAD NO THOUGHT OF OUTWARD AND PHYSICAL DANGERS."

said to Betsy when the little tow-headed wonder was asleep. "He jest beats the world. Some day I'll jest set here in my rockin'-cheer at home an' pull a string, an' Joey's riggin's 'll do the rest." And in anticipation of the good time coming, Ezra laughed in a screechy voice till his rheumatism pulled him up short and changed his laughter to tears. Recovering himself, he went on: "Why, jest think uv the steps this pulley business 'd 'a' saved me if I 'd had it a-workin' the last dozen years!" And Ezra paused, as if making a computation of labor lost.

"Brother Goodman 'll be here to-morrer, an' ye must be shore an' tell him about Joey's inventions," suggested Betsy. "They 'll be good ideas for him to spur the other boys up with. He 'll kind uv hold Joey up to them as a shinin' light."

The next day was Sunday. The Mullinses and little Joey went to church, and Brother Goodman, according to previous agreement, accompanied them home to dinner.

Joey divested himself of his good clothes

immediately. They were not very fine, but "best" clothes are only a hindrance to a boy who is working out great problems.

Father Mullins and Brother Goodman went to the barn, where they supplied the horses with a liberal dinner before going to the house to see what Betsy had provided for themselves.

It just then occurred to Joey to test again the efficiency of his latest invention with a view to its probable improvement. Going to the well, he drew a bucket of water, intending to send enough to the barn to satisfy the thirst of the horses. No sooner had he let go of the bucket, which was on the trolley line, than Paw Mullins and Brother Goodman emerged from the barn, so earnestly engaged in a discussion of inward and spiritual matters that they had no thought of outward and physical dangers.

"Look out there, paw!" yelled Joey, excitedly; but Paw Mullins, with his customary deliberation, stopped to push the minister out of harm's way. And that's where Ezra suf-

fered another lapse. The bucket, which was not under proper control from the well end, struck Paw Mullins a ringing thump on the head and knocked him against Brother Goodman so hard that both were sent sprawling in the dust of the barn lot. The bucket turned a somersault, spilling its contents over the prostrate victims and making a mortar that did not in the least add to their appearance or comfort.

Mr. Ezra Mullins, painfully dignified and devoid of all interest in labor-saving inventions, made rigid inquiry of Betsy concerning Joey's whereabouts, but the good motherly heart was always ready to shield the orphan.

"He said he heard the dogs a-barkin' down ter the branch, an' he thought they 'd treed somethin', likely," was Betsy's reply.

If Ezra's ears had been a bit keener he might have heard some hard breathing and other suspicious noises under the bed in the next room, but he did not.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

DIPLOMACY

BARBER: How do you like your hair?

CUSTOMER: Neither too long nor too short, please.



From the painting by Henry Golden Dearth, owned by Colonel Robert M. Thompson

SUNSET IN PICARDY